PAGES 1 TO 4 CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF HEARST'S BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN, SUNDAY, DEC. 4, 1904
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THE BIBLE STORY OF SAMSON

"And Samson bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were within."—*Judges xvi: 30.* Copyright, 1904, by De Brunoff

IMPRESSIVE PICTORIAL INTERPRETATION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT NARRATIVE IN TEN VIVID PAINTINGS BY J. J. TISSOT THE GREATEST OF MODERN RELIGIOUS PAINTERS

The Moral Lesson of Samson.

Of all the characters of the Old Testament, Samson stands out the strongest, and not the weakest. He could carry off the huge gates of a city, or slay a thousand men with an ass's jaw-bone, but he was too weak to resist the blandishments of a designing woman. In the pictorial narrative told in these pages to-day is presented for the first time the true parallelism by Christ, the greatest of modern religious painters, portraying with wonderful emotion the chief events in the life of Samson. These pictures are a part of some four hundred paintings illustrating Old Testament scenes and characters for an Illustrated Bible which will soon be published.

The tremendous feats of strength of Samson are familiar to every Sunday-school child; how Samson, wedding companions and virtuous enemies, tying fire to foxes with a young lion and bore the gates apart; how, at a time of rare distress, Samson, armed with the jaw-bone of an ass, slew a thousand Philistines and vanquished the enemies of the chosen people.

The Philistines, eager to discover the secret of his strength, bribed the woman Delilah to ensnare him in her wiles and tell them the secret by which they might subdue their enemy. At first he amused himself with her attempts, and three different times misled her and her employers by pretending to reveal the secret of his strength.

Finally the giant yielded, and, shorn of his hair—his strength—Samson was made a blind prisoner, and the Philistines brought him forth on a gala day to make sport for them. Standing between two of the central pillars of a great temple, and attacked and insulted by thousands of his foes, Samson prays for the recovery of his former power and vengeance upon his enemies. God hears him and endows him for a moment with his powers of old. Samson straddle forth the pillars and with one mighty effort pushes them apart. At once the great temple collapses, bringing down broken pillars and tumbling capitals on the heads of the tormentors, and "the dead which Samson slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

The story of Samson is one of the most impressive in the Old Testament, and teaches the great moral lesson that whatever one's worldly achievements may be, they are of little consequence if moral strength is lacking.

Samson's wife enticing him to tell her the answer to his riddle.

Judges xiv. 17.

Copyright, 1904, by De Brunoff.

Samson, unarmed, slaying the young lion.

Judges xiv. 6.

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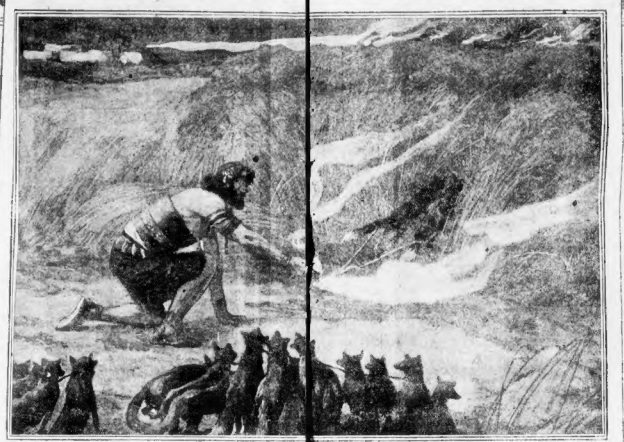

Samson tying the foxes' tails together and harnessing them to burning firebrands and turning them loose in the cornfields of the Philistines.

Judges xv. 4-5.

Copyright, 1904, by De Brunoff.

Samson revealing to Delilah the secret of his great strength.

Judges xvi. 6.

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Samson escaping from Gaza, carrying the city's gates with him.

Judges xvi. 3.

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Delilah promising to betray Samson to the lords of the Philistines.

Judges xvi. 5

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Delilah cuts off Samson's hair and delivers him, powerless, to the Philistines.

Judges xvi. 19

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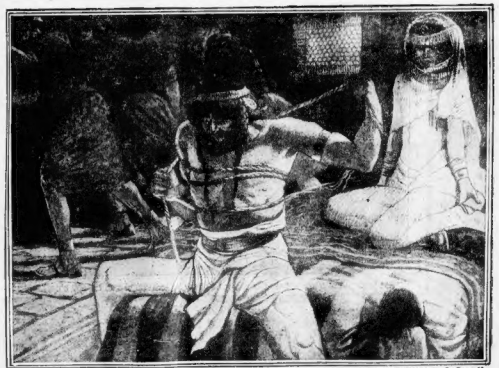

Samson breaking the ropes with which Delilah had treacherously bound him.

Judges xvi. 9.

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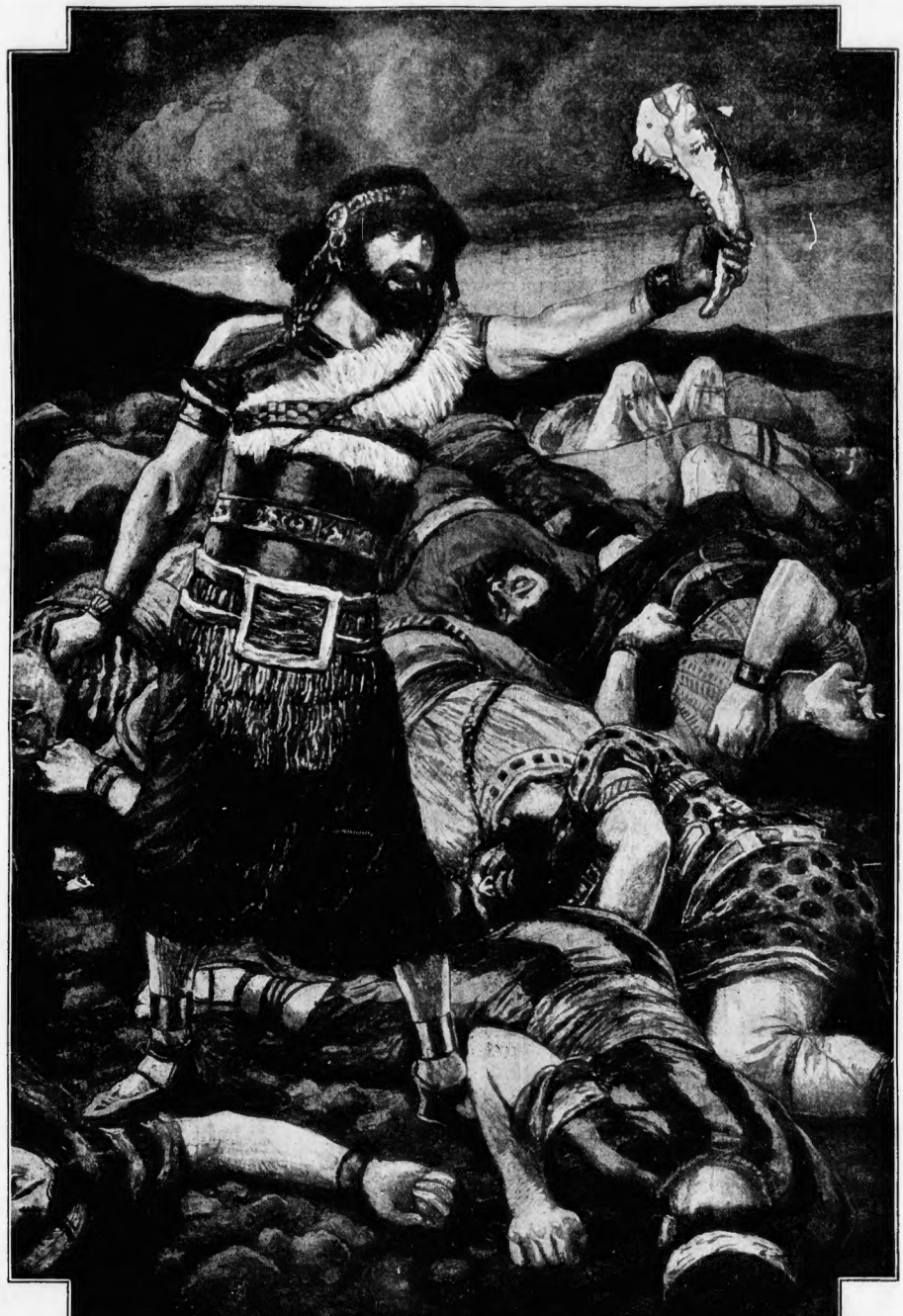

"And Samson found a new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith."—*Judges xv: 15.*

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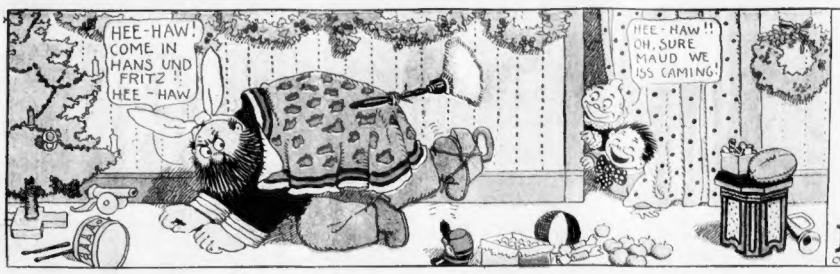

COMIC SUPPLEMENT OF

HEARST'S BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN

DECEMBER 4th 1904

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And Their Names Were Hans and Fritz and Maud!

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KEERFULL BOYS! GIVE HER ALL THE OATS SHE CAN EAT!
FREE TO ONE MULE
OO-OO!! DON'T MAUD EAT FAST!
OATS
LET HER EAT HANS, LET HER EAT- DOT MAKES HER STRONG!
1
MORE OATS FRITZ QUICK
FOR YOUR LIFE DON'T LET HER STOP EATING HANS!
2
ACH! DOT MISTLETOE WILL FIX DER POOR OLD CAPTAIN!
MY! MY! SUCH A BIG APPETITE!
3
FINE!! FINE!!
OH CAP! SEE DER MISTLETOE SEE DER NICE LADY!!
IF ONLY DOT OATS WILL LAST LONG ENOUGH!
4
SH-H-H NOT A SOUND!!
AH! DER CAPTAIN ISS A SPORT ALLRIGHT ALLRIGHT!
5
6
HEY! YOU ISS NO LADY TO DO DOT!!
HE'S GOT NERVE ALLRIGHT!
7
PLUNK!
NOBODY BUT A SAILOR COULD MAKE SUCH A FINE DIVE!!!
8
HEE HAW
IT'S MAUD
WHY DOD GAST IT!! DER MISTLETOE WAS RIGHT OVER HER HEAD!!
DIDN'T I SAY "NEVER BRING ME A MULE IN DER PARLOR VOT!"
9

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

LEANDER'S MERRY CHRISTMAS!

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1. LULU: "Oh, Charley! Oh, Lieutenant! I am so glad to see you. Don't you think our Christmas tree looks lovely? Leander trimmed it."
LEANDER (aside): "Ah, to hear such praise from lose ruby lips before those butters-in."

2. CHARLEY ONTHESPOT: "Yes, but the Lieutenant and I have brought this beautiful swinging angel as a crowning glory to Leander's efforts. This will be what the tree really needs."
LULU: "Oh, how kind and thoughtful of you. Leander, why didn't YOU think of such a lovely top-piece?"

3. CHARLEY: "Yes, we will adjust it from the very topmost branch, Lulu. No, Leander better not touch it. You know he meets with so many accidents. Now, hold tight, Lieutenant, this ladder is wobbly."
LULU: "Oh, how beautiful it will look. You two boys are just too dear and thoughtful for anything."

4. CHARLEY: "W-e-o-o-w! Why didn't you hold it?"
LIEUTENANT SHARPNELL: "Ye gods! It slipped!"
LULU: "O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-h!"
LEANDER (aside): "A-h! H-a-a-a-a-a-h!"

5. CHARLEY: "H-w-a-s s-n a-c-c-i-d-e-n-t!"
LIEUTENANT: "! ! x x ? ? — — x x ! !"
LULU: "Oh, my beautiful Christmas tree! It's ruined! It's ruined!"
LEANDER (aside): "Oh, say, did butters-in ever get it so strong!"

6. LEANDER (aside): "Now listen. This is where I get back at them. Never 'mind, Lulu, love. They have ruined your Christmas tree, but WE will have a merry Christmas for all that. Good evening, gentlemen."
LULU: "Oh, Leander, it was cruel, cruel of them. They did it on purpose to ruin your beautiful work. I never wish to see either of them again."

FOXY GRANDPA

THE BOYS GIVE HIM A SURPRISE, BUT GET A BIGGER ONE IN RETURN

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1. BOYS: "We will give Gran'pa a double surprise this time."

2. GRANDPA: "Well, the boys are trying to get ahead of me again. I'll put on my togs and see if I can't turn the joke on them."

3. GRANDPA: "Ah, here they come. Under the covers for me!"

4. BOYS: "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! We bring you presents and good cheer."

5. GRANDPA: "Why, hello! Yes, a very merry Christmas to you both."

6. GRANDPA: "This is the time we have come out even. Here is your Christmas bag, boys."

HAPPY HOOLIGAN, HIS BROTHER MONTMORENCY AND GLOOMY GUS ABROAD

They Land in Dear Old England

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I SMELL THE FOG
ENGLAND IS A BOID OF A COUNTRY
AH, THE DUKE OF DUBSHIRE. I MUST PRESENT ME BROTHERS
1
I MUST MAKE ME BEST BOW
THE DUKES GOT ICE ON HIS FACE AN INCH THICK
MERRY CHRISTMAS YOUR GRACE. ALLOW ME TO PRESENT ME BROTHERS
2
HAPPY'S BUTTING RIGHT INTO THE NOBILITY
HEAVENS!
3
OH, ENGLAND AINT SO SLOW
HOLD, YOUR GRACE, HES ME BROTHER
CAD!
4
THE DUKE IS NO SLOUCH
'OW DARE YOU HATTACK THE DUKE
STOP 'ITTIN' THE DUKE
HE HOITED ME NOSE
VILLAIN!
5
HERE'S YOUR CROWN
THANKS ME GOOD FELLOW, HERE'S FIVE POUNDS
IT'S A TERRIBLE HOFFENSE TO SOAK A DUKE
THIS IS APT TO BRING ON A ORRIBLE WAR, BETWEEN HENGLAND AND HAMERICA
6
GF. Opper

OUR OLD FRIEND MR. JACK AND A BUNCH OF MISTLETOE

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JIMMY—HE RUNS TO THE LAUNDRY FOR PAPA'S SHIRTS!

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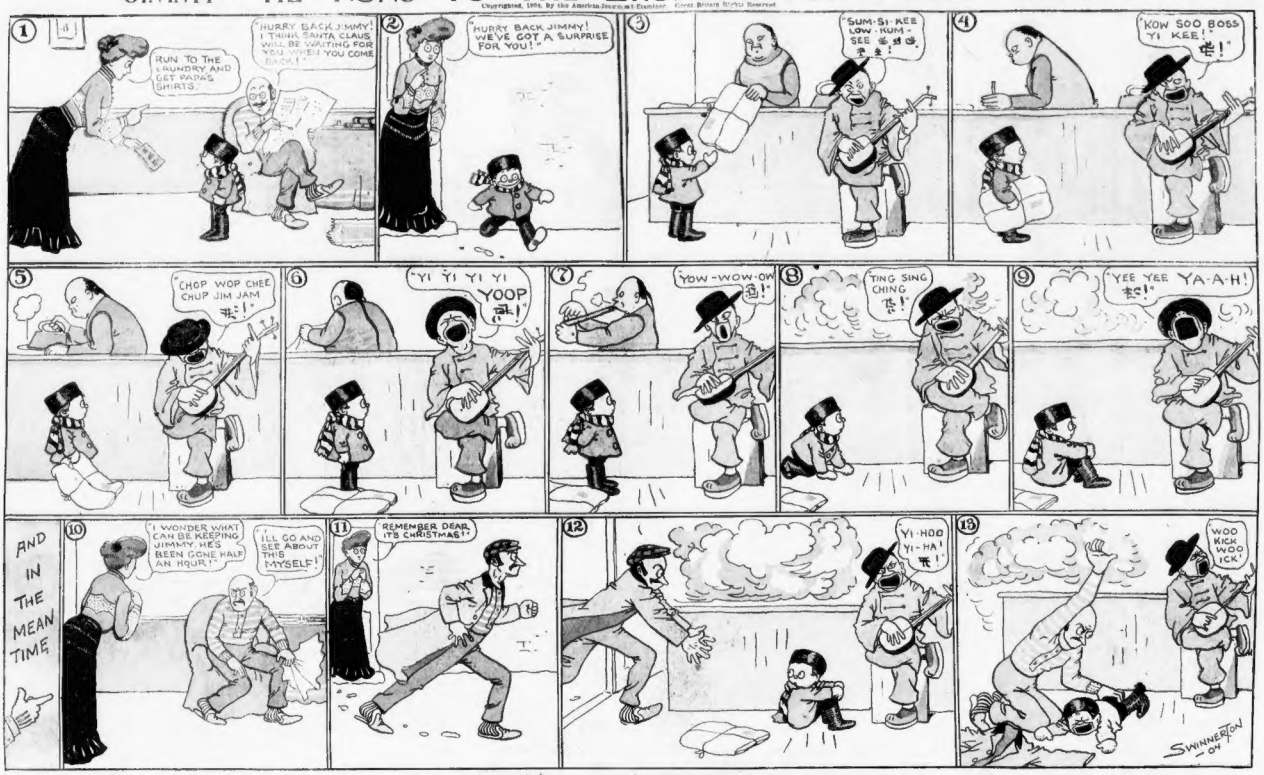

MAGNIFICENTLY DRESSED IN SILK AND LACE

FULL JOINTED BODY

WATCH AND CHAIN

Exactly 24 Inches Tall

The New Mechanical BIG BEAUTY FRENCH BISQUE DOLL

"The Girl from Paris"

FULLY TWO FEET TALL

Latest Doll Wonder of the Century. Dolly can be dressed and undressed, also sleep and call for its little mother as naturally as any real live baby. A magnificent imported doll, beautifully and elaborately dressed in silk, lace and satin. Easily earned by disposing of only THIRTY articles at ten cents each.

This new premium production, "The Girl from Paris," is an extra large size, imported French Doll, with latest improved patent mechanical talking attachment, and is without doubt the largest and most elegantly dressed doll that was ever given away by any concern as a premium.

"The Girl from Paris" is a beauty and will be highly appreciated by every girl who receives her.

Dolly's pretty head is made of bisque, with long, natural curls. Her handsome costume is made of silk and lace, fancy trimmed picture hat, lace trimmed underwear, openwork stockings, pretty satin sash with silver finished buckle, dainty patent leather shoes, watch and chain, etc., complete, neatly and beautifully dressed in the latest French doll fashion. The picture of dolly does not do her justice, as it is not possible to show us her beauty and elegance in this illustration. However, to see her is to love her, as she is a big beauty.

We desire to call your attention to the fact that "The Girl from Paris" is not a cheap, stuffed rag affair, so extensively advertised, but a **full-jointed bisque** doll, elegantly dressed from top to toe. **Exactly twenty-four inches tall.** The only real talking doll in existence that can say papa and mamma perfectly, and not exactly gotten out of order. No unsightly strings to pull or squeaking sound, and no disappointment. Simply press the button under dolly's arm and she will speak as plainly as any living child. This new talking attachment is patented and controlled by us, therefore "The Girl from Paris" is the only talking doll that operates perfectly and gives satisfaction, all others are cheap imitations.

Girls, write us at once for outfit, and we will promptly mail to your address, **thirty useful,** handy and fancy articles, to dispose of at ten cents each; when sold, remit us the money **(three dollars)** and we will promptly forward to you, carefully packed, one of our lovely Talking French Dolls. "The Girl from Paris," fully two feet tall, as illustrated and described in this advertisement.

We are a reliable concern and do exactly as we advertise. Order the thirty articles at once, and receive this Big Beauty Doll in time for Christmas. Address at once

MECHANICAL NOVELTY WORKS
97 BANK BUILDING. NEW MILFORD. CONN.

OAK CUSHIONED ROCKER

This SPECIAL LADIES' SIZE **Oak Cushioned Rocking Chair** can be easily earned by disposing of only **thirty** assorted fancy articles at **ten cents each.** Ladies and girls, send us your address and we will mail the articles when sold, remit us the $3.00 and we will ship you this Rocking Chair.

DOLLY CHAUFFEUSE AND HER TOURING CAR.

Dolly's New Mechanical Touring Car is the latest arrival from doll-land; runs by a spring motor, driving a car containing the doll or chauffeuse in a circle or straight line at a lively rate of speed. Dolly can be easily removed from her car and put to sleep after a long and tiresome ride.

Girls, write us at once for **ten** fancy articles to dispose of at **ten cents** each, remit us the money **(one dollar)** and we will promptly mail to your address, carefully packed, **all postage prepaid,** this pretty **doll baby** and her handsome **Mechanical Touring** Car or Automobile, complete, with clockwork motor. Remember, you will receive **both** the doll and touring car, postage prepaid, for selling only **ten** articles at ten cents each.

New Mechanical Novelty for the Girls

Runs by Spring Motor

One Fourth Yard Long

MECHANICAL MUSICAL DRUM.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION.

NEARLY ONE FOOT IN DIAMETER.

HANDSOMELY FINISHED.

LATEST MUSICAL WONDER.

BRASS BODY.

OPERATES BY A WINDING ATTACHMENT ON SIDE OF DRUM.

MILITARY STYLE.

This Mechanical Musical Drum is one of the latest European novelties, and creates lots of fun and amusement for the boys and girls. By simple turning the crank the drum starts to play, keeping perfect time to music. It "beats" anything you ever saw and is a wonder of the century.

Given for disposing of only **25 Articles** at ten cents each.

WATCHES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STEM WIND AND SET.

This is the handsomely engraved **Gold-Filled Stem-Wind Watch** is a beauty, and fully guaranteed to run and keep correct time. Not a big, clumsy clock watch, but a desirable size watch that will please you in every way. We are giving this elegant watch free (including extra premium) to **boys and girls,** together with a beautiful gold trimmed Silk Fob Chain, complete with Charm, etc., for disposing of only **twenty-five** of our new and useful Novelty Articles for ladies' and gentlemen's wear, at **ten cents each.** A fine and dainty assortment. No trash.

RAILWAY OUTFIT

THIS AIR RIFLE SENT FOR SELLING 20 NOVELTY ARTICLES. This is the Rifle for the day and shoots B. B. shot with great force. The barrel of the gun is nicely nickelled and the stock handsomely rubbed, and stock is of hardwood, with a beautiful polished finish. It is a strong construction, well made throughout, nickelplated, is fitted with rear sights and trigger guard and is just the gun for small game or target practice. Write to-day for 20 articles, with which we trust you can sell and send us the $2.00 and we send you the gun.

CRYING and SLEEPING TWIN BABY DOLLS

A PAIR OF BEAUTIES.

I CAN CRY

FLORODORA

I CAN SLEEP

BEDELIA

THESE lovely pair of **twin sister dolls, Florodora** and **Bedelia,** are the new arrivals from far away doll-land and are real beauties, nearly **one and one-third feet tall.**

Florodora is the new wonder blond doll, with long golden curls, lace trimmed **dress,** hat, ribbon sash, etc. Pull the **string** and Florodora cries in her natural baby **manner.**

Bedelia is a handsome **brunette sleeping beauty doll,** with automatic closing eyes, dark, curly ringlets, bisque head, lace trimmed dress, hat, shoe, stockings, etc., complete. Goes to sleep the same as any good baby.

Girls, would you like to own Florodora and Bedelia, the pretty twin sister dolls, for a little pleasant work after school hours? If so, write us at once and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **twenty** assorted fancy articles to dispose of **at ten cents each.** When sold, remit us the money (two dollars) and we will mail to your address, postage paid, **twenty** assorted fancy articles to dispose of **at ten cents each.** When sold, remit us the money (two dollars) and we will promptly forward you this handsome pair of twin sister dolls, also a Ladies' Chatelaine as an extra present. **Remember,** you will receive **both** the twin sister dolls and Bedelia, for disposing of only **twenty** articles at ten cents each. Girls, send for the twenty fancy articles at once.

WANTED!

Boys, Girls and Ladies to Sell Our Fancy Articles, Novelties, &c.

NO MONEY WANTED UNTIL THE GOODS ARE SOLD.

Thousands can easily be sold in every town and city in the United States and Canada. Handsome premiums offered for a little work. Thirty days' time allowed to dispose of the goods and make returns. We are willing to send goods on credit to all honorable and trustworthy people, no matter what their circumstances may be.

Address all orders to the

JUVENILE PREMIUM CO.
17 American Trust Building,
BRIDGEWATER, - - CONN.

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The Christmas Girl

Drawn by Thomas Mitchell Peirce.

From the Thomas Mitchell Peirce Portfolio Published by Fox, Duffield & Co

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"Of Course, I Was Wise to the Kind of Place the Waldorf-Astoria Is and I Knowed I'd Be Marched Out by the Ear if I Blew in Among Them Plutocrats and Fine Ladies Wearing me Every Dav Full Dress."

Told by the Tramp Who Dined at the Waldorf-Astoria

ABOUT 10 o'clock the other evening an astonishing discovery was made in the dining room of New York's fashionable Waldorf-Astoria—a genuine professional tramp had actually passed the scrutiny of the waiters and had not only filled his eager stomach with a luxurious dinner, but he had ordered and been served with a $4 cigar!—Joseph R. May was the tramp.

With an ancient silk hat which he had picked up as it dropped from the head of a drunken, reeling clubman, a suit of clothes carefully acquired for the very purpose of making himself presentable, with a handkerchief tucked round his throat to hide the fact that he had neither shirt nor collar, and with two rolls of white pasteboard pinned to the inside of the sleeves of his coat doing service as cuffs, Mr. May, tramp, had actually succeeded in getting into the dining room in which sat J. Pierpont Morgan and many other fashionable guests.

Why he did this and how he did it is explained in Mr. May's own words, dictated to a reporter from his cell in Jefferson Market Prison New York, the morning after his adventure.

By Joseph R. May—Tramp.

TRAMPS gets as hungry for a swell feed as people that owns automobiles. And a good smoke goes as good with me as it does with Pierpont Morgan. Feelin' the need of something extra fine, I blew in and cackled the Waldorf-Astoria, and I seen Morgan in there eating little fried fishes with a fork[1].

The only difference between me and Morgan was, he paid for his and I didn't. He had the price. I'm telling you right when I say I don't own any Steel stock—no steals in mine. But it's that ten-dollar dinner and that four-dollar cigar you want to know about. Well, it's a long story—and six months on the Island is what it cost me.

Of course, I was wise to the kind of place the Waldorf-Astoria is, and I knowed I'd get marched out by the ear if I blew in among them plutocrats and fine ladies wearing me every-day full dress. I says to meself, I've got to have a make-up to fit the part. I am a better looking feller than Morgan, thinks I, and if his face is good for a steam yacht, mine ought to be good for a meal. Now, all I needed was a little better layout of clothes. What I had wasn't bad, they just wasn't proper. Now, for a starter, I had two pairs of flannel pants on. They would look kinder middle-class, you know, when I cheated[2] in, but after that they would be under the table. I had two coats—one leaked a little at the elbows, and such a large wad I was afraid of pickpockets. That's how I landed the silk hat.

You want to now about the dinner, sure. Well, ain't I tellin' you how I got the clothes to butt in there. Of the three vests I had on two of 'em wasn't an'thin' much and I gave 'em to a Guinea[3] for six cents and bought a bay rum shave.

Then it was me for the Salvation Army barracks, punchin' out the dents in me silk lid on the way. I had to hand out a little diplomacy to the guy that charities[4] the clothes there. I explained that I was a minister in reduced circumstances, on account of havin' thrown up me job because I had moral doubts. He dove into the pile and pushed out this pair of black pants. Then he found a coat that wasn't black, but was all right for a shady part of the room. There was nothin' doin' in the line of collars, cuffs and haversashers. So I thanked him wid what you want to call simple dignity and put the coat and pants on over what I had.

Then I took a look in the first shop window. There was me pants, fine! an' me silk lid, fine again! an' me genuine bay rum shave, fine some more! me coat, plenty good enough; but no collars and cuffs. I can't four-flush[11] no millionaire without some laundry.

All those swell guys always wears laundry. So I fishes a nice white pasteboard box out of an ash-barrel an' holds up the block in a drug store for a pair of scissors. He laughed and helped me make the cuffs, which was easy, and gave me some pins to pin 'em into my sleeve. I can't make a paper collar, so I got a nice, clean wipe[12] and tucked it 'round me neck.

THE UNLUCKY PAPER CUFFS.

Never mind how I got the wipe—it wasn't off the drug-store man. Now, den, I was all right for to wade into de Waldorf all but me game of talk. I was in a hurry, too, and that's what got me in trouble, 'cause I didn't stop to pin me paper cuffs in proper.

At the Waldorf there was a whole gang just going into the cafe. All the waiters got busy lugging those silk lids a way and pullin' chairs for the ladies, who had enough skirts on 'em to fill two chairs. I hiked in after 'em, and in the shuffle got a chair over in the corner behind a screen, where it wasn't too bright and noticeable. There was one waiter seen me come in, and plied over, lookin' some puzzled.

Outrage! sir, says I before he had time to peep[13]. Outrage! infernal, abominal outrage, says I, lookin' him in de eye, like Morgan does, an' puttin' me hat in de chair so he couldn't see de inside. He forgot his questions what he was goin' to ask, and instead asked what was the trouble.

I took him into me confidence sort of, and told him I was ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, and that when I tried to go into the Subway by the first entrance I saw, they tore my collar acted as if it was the cafe they was paying their good dough for instead of the feed and the booze. I'd like to have one of those boys sit out on a lonely railroad track like I have, with nothin' but a dog-biscuit in his pocket.

Well, the waiter was blamed slow with the beefsteak, and I lapped up four or five more Manhattans. As I told the Judge, I'm sore on the Waldorf, but i'm not sayin' a word against their cocktails.

The waiter got funny an' asked me if I liked little-necks. I took a look at some o' the women, and says I did, fairly well. He says, "All right," and I got nervous, thinkin' he was goin' to introduce me to somebody. But, no; he brings in some raw clams an' says "On the half shell." I says "On the bum," and the fat-heads all around began to laugh.

The steak was good enough, but not very big. I was sort of sore, because he told me it would be big enough for two. I came near tellin' him that Beefsteak John, on Sixth avenue, serves a bigger one than that. But I'm not givin' Beefsteak John's place any advertisin' these days on account of their ungentlemanly way of treating me. The other day the bouncer massaged me face with a bung-starter 'cause I didn't have the price of my grub on me. They get careless down there.

There was some dinky little pies and chewed-up vegetables, besides the steak. They wasn't bad, but it's like a Chinese joint. You can't tell what you are eatin', and the waiter wont tell you, because it is part of his job to give you a French alias for the real name of everything you get.

When all this layout was eaten, the waiter says, "What next, sir?" and I says: "You're dead right—what next? The more you bring the worse it gets. This foolish little ice-cream[14], done up in a paper cuff, is the limit." The fat-heads all laughed again and the waiter looked leary-eyed[15]. I seen I had to do something to squash myself So I says "I don't want any more to eat, but you can bring me the best cigar in the house, if it costs $5."

This feazed the fat-heads all right, and they all watched to see what the waiter would bring. I looked up into what used to be the ping pong gallery and was thinkin' how I got up there once just to look round and how they threw me clear out to the car tracks.

THE $4.00 CIGAR, SERVED ON A PILLOW.

The waiter interrupted me. He had a long thin box, which he opened and showed to me. I almost did a faint. There was one thunderin' big cigar all alone in a box with a lot of plush linin' to it and a pillow for the end of the cigar to rest on, a lot of tin foil and crackely paper and lace, that had been squirted with perfume and lots of other nutty[16] things that you wouldn't believe if I told you.

I looked up quick to see if the waiter was playing a trick on me, but he was lighting a match and solemn as a cop in court. I chewed the end off from it and lit her up. It wasn't much better than lots of others I have smoked, only it was big enough for a night-stick. The waiter brought me a check for $14. That cigar cost $4. I said, "Yes, in a minute," and put my hand to my head as if I was thinking very hard about something else.

This was a mistake, cause when I looked up I seen the waiter was looking down my sleeve. He piped[17] how me paper cuffs was fixed. It was all off. I explained that the hotel people would very soon have to pay me $100,000 damages for the time they called me a drunken bum and threw me out of the ping pong gallery, and I told him to charge the bill or deduct it from the hundred thou', or anything else they liked.

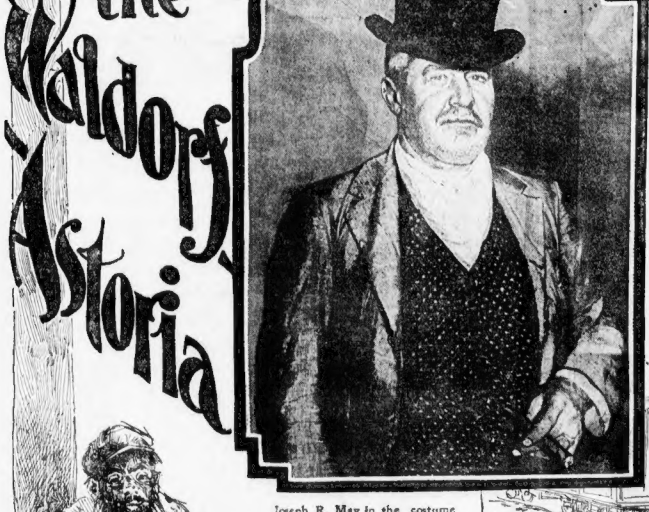
WANTS TO BE INSURED AGAINST PRISON.

But no, some cheap house detectives rough-housed[18] me until they made me swear so they could bring that against me, too, and then had me pinched.

So it's me for the Island for six months. In the Spring I'll be out and sue the Astoria for $150,000.

Say! this goin' to jail is a nuisance. An insurance agent that I went on a jag with once gave me a policy free on the Louisburg—what's its name?—Company. They pay me a little something when I'm sick. But then, I'm never sick. I wish they would give me some sort of prison insurance. That's what I need. Some guarantee to keep me out of jail or to pay for my time when I am in.

Dat's about all there was to it. I'm glad to get a chance to show that hotel up. I had the idea that if I went to a gentleman's hotel I would get treated like a gent, but I wasn't. JOSEPH R. MAY.



Joseph R. May in the costume he wore when he invaded the fashionable Waldorf-Astoria, and the $4 cigar.

(1) Probably felod white bait.
(2) Walked.
(3) Threw it away.
(4) Feel.
(5) Salmon.
(6) Person with ready money.
(7) Drunk.
(8) Hailed.
(9) Italian.
(10) Gives away.
(11) Pretend to be.
(12) Handkerchief.
(13) Say anything.
(14) Walking.
(15) Conceited people.
(16) Probably Biscuit Tortoni.
(17) Squeaks.
(18) Crazy.
(19) Observed.
(20) Jostled.

Why Multimillionaires Do Not Spend The Most Money.

SOME astounding figures as to the prodigal expenditure of American multimillionaires have recently been laid before the public gaze. Everybody who person has been presented to the mental reads the newspapers and magazines has vision of the reader.

been told just what it costs to maintain a steam yacht, a racing stable and a garage full of imported motor cars. The spectacle also full of an American woman being received at court of St. James's with a half million dollars' worth of jewels decorating her

An income of fifty thousand dollars a year, the reader is told, is sufficient to enable its possessor to attain to only the minor peaks of social success. In fact, a really smart party at the fashionable city mere pronounced tendency among those fifty thousand dollars would scarcely pay home of a New York millionaire for, less than ten thousand dollars.

families best endowed with worldly goods the dressmakers' bills for those who would

While there is no doubt that many millions of dollars are spent recklessly every year on the baubles of "Vanity Fair" by a New York debutante are recorded to have cost two thousand dollars. It has often been asserted that it is impossible to give it has been pointed out that there is a far ily of Americans.

to spend their money foolishly. In other words, the greatest spenders are not always the people with the most money.

A French family, it is said, could subsist on the food which is wasted by a fam-

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The Most "Please Tell Me; Am I ONE or TWO." Very Perplexing Embarrassments Every Hour in the Life of These Inseparable Little Bohemian Twins.

Remarkable Interview with the Most Remarkable Girls on the Face of the Whole Earth.

By Mortimer H. Winslow.

LONDON, November 22.

FOR the first time in history the world was to read an interview with a young woman having two heads, two pairs of arms and four legs.

As the representative of the Hearst newspapers I was now in the presence of this yet more wonderful feminine replica of the Siamese Twins—known as the "Bohemian Twins"—and I was lost in amazement, mingled with admiration.

The two heads were well shaped and finely poised on graceful shoulders. The two faces were decidedly pretty, and beamed with intelligence. From four or five inches below the armpits one gown fell in graceful lines to the trim ankles of four nimble little feet.

Despite the two smiling faces, the two pairs of arms and the four little feet in their pretty slippers, I found it impossible to consider her as "twins." I felt myself to be in the presence of one individual marvellously endowed with a double set of limbs and a double mental equipment manifesting itself in two sets of most expressive features.

Which was the dominant intelligence? To which head should I address myself? A merry laugh from the lips on the left broke the spell.

"Although we are very much attached to each other," said the laughing lips, "you had better write of us in the plural number. If you should see Josefa box my ears once you would realize that in our thoughts at least we are often two persons—yet, indeed we have quite different likes and dislikes and we disagree on a great many things."

"Then each of the two heads has a name of its own?" I asked.

"Yes, I am Rose. I am the giddy, impudent one. Josefa is the reserved and dignified one, but you ought to observe her appetite. You see we have two palates, and Josefa requires"—

"Rose!" exclaimed the head to the right, "you haven't a particle of prudence about your eating. But for my discretion our stomach would suffer."

This remark gave me a most fascinating idea. I had noticed that the two faces were slightly turned from each other. It was only by turning their heads quite sharply that they could get even a sidewise glance into each other's eyes. This well illustrated what a celebrated medical man had told me. Their body was really one up to above the waist line, with two sets of functions, but very different from the two bodies of the Siamese Twins, which were connected only by a ligament the size of a man's arm. I hastened to put the question that was in my mind.

"If one side of you is pinched or otherwise bruised, does the other side feel the pain?"

"I knew you were going to ask that question," said the head on the left, while the lips smiled again. "It is very simple. If you should pinch us somewhere on our body, where we are truly one, each of us would cry out with the pain. If you should pinch far to my side I would scream and Josefa would jump a little—and vice versa."

"Suppose I pinched Josefa's arm, or her ear?"

"The experiment has been tried many times," spoke the more serious voice on the right. "I would cry the more serious voice on the right. "I would cry out, and at the same instant Rose would brush her ear, as though a fly had alighted on it."

"How about food? If one of you were unable to eat, could the other eat for both?"

The head on the right and the head on the left joined in a hearty laugh. The merrier one on the left answered mischievously:

"Undoubtedly it would take a long time to starve either of us if the other were unable to take nourishment. But we have never been so ill as to call for such an experiment, and we are too fond of eating to try it out of simple curiosity—Josefa especially."

"Rose!" The eyes to the right gave those to the left a severe sidewise glance, and the voice went on:

"I didn't mind so much having to stay in bed when Rosa had influenza," said Josefa, "but I did think it rather hard that they made me live on gruel just because Rosa had 'flu.'"

"After all, you have no cause to complain," laughed the head on the left. "Before I had influenza Rosa was used to eat just exactly the same amount of food. Now I eat only half the quantity; but you take your usual share, and half of mine as well."

It was quite plain that the head on the right was the dominating one, but without the vivacity of the other. It was high at least an inch above the other, and its features were somewhat larger. The feet on the left, too, were plainly the more agile ones. They were perpetually dancing off across the room, compelling the others to follow. But it was amazing—the perfect physical accord between them all. The four feet moved about as gracefully as two could have done.

I have neglected these facts so far to say that the age of this strange dual person is twenty-six. The family name is Blasek, and the family home is Prague, Bohemia. Until recently the father resisted every offer to allow his Rosa and Josefa to be exhibited in public. When their age was only ten, a distinguished professor of the Paris University offered 200,000 for the privilege of demonstrating with the children before his students. Instead the father kept them at home, where they were well educated and taught to stay together upon visiting. Now that they are modestly proficient, they have been brought to London for a series of concerts.

Both of the heads were now bent over a box of chocolates, and two sets of teeth were nibbling sweet morsels. This gave me another idea.

"You have told stress upon the keenness of your palates," I said to the head on the left. "Are your tastes in the matter of food identical?"

"No!" ejaculated the lips on the left, while one of the feet on the left gave a vicious little stamp.

"Why, Rosa!" exclaimed the head on the right, reproachfully.

"It is true Josefa; you know it is. You have a mania for the roast beef of old England, and you persist in stuffing yourself with it when you know that the sight of it makes me ill."

Hastily, to prevent further recriminations, I changed the subject.

"Being Bohemians, of course we dance," said Rosa. "If it's a waltz it has to be a case of three's company, the partnerless twin having all she can do to keep her own feet out of the way; but we can manage it—with one man."

"We have at least one advantage over everybody else in this world," laughed Rosa. "With our one body and two pairs of legs and arms we can climb trees like a monkey. That is what we were doing when the Duke of Bavaria called to see us. His Grace was delighted and gave us a lot of money and jewels."

Miss Rosa.

Miss Josefa.

"How about dress?"

"Actually," admitted the head on the right, gravely, "we have but one taste in common. That is for sweets. Otherwise our tastes, inclinations and temperaments fall to coincide. But because we are bodily one, and must live our whole life as one person, virtually, and because we really have a strong affection for each other, we easily adjust our small differences. We live in a state of constant compromise."

"As to dress, we might consult our individual tastes as to hats, hose, boots and gloves, but as we wear only one gown at a time, the effect would be bizarre. So we select everything else to go with certain gowns. Three days out of the week we wear my favorite combination, and on the other four the choice is Rosa's, because she is cleverer than I am in these matters."

"Now that is very nice of you," said the smiling face on the left, while one of the little left hands patted a cheek on the right.

"When you dream," I said, "do you have one dream between you? Or—"

"Yes," broke in the head on the right.

"No," answered the head on the left in the same breath.

"Why, Rosa, don't you remember that awful nightmare we had in Berlin?"

"Josefa, you know very well that was because of the beer and frankfurters you insisted on consuming the night before."

"But is it true," I asked eagerly, "that there was only one nightmare between you?"

"Perfectly true," was the answer from both heads.

"As a general thing, though," continued the head on the left, "our dreams are wholly different. I dream of gay and merry things, while Josefa's dreams must be quite awful, considering the dismal groans she utters in her sleep."

This dig in a sensitive spot brought a pout to the lips on the right. How strange, I thought. Here were really two distinct entities with a single body. And duplex functions throughout—what problems they have to solve between them. There are two hearts and two minds. The intellects and the senses are normal. Then it one with the Siamese Twins. Both Rose and Chang loved, married and had normal children. I glanced in the eyes of the head of the left. As though divining my thought, Rosa said:

"You must not think that because we must always be side by side we do not receive attentions individually from interesting young men."

The head on the left made a vain motion of protest.

"When Josefa's sweetheart comes a-courting," said Rosa, mischievously pinching the arm of the twin sister whom nature has joined to her indissolubly, "I really regret, for her sake and his, that we are so closely attached to each other. Usually I pretend to read a book, but when he steals a kiss I can't help jumping a little."

"Rose!" exclaimed the head on the left, while one of the feet on the left gave a vicious little stamp.

"Why, Rosa!" exclaimed the head on the right, reproachfully.

"It is true Josefa; you know it is. You have a mania for the roast beef of old England, and you persist in stuffing yourself with it when you know that the sight of it makes me ill."

Hastily, to prevent further recriminations, I changed the subject.

"I am most considerate," retorted Josefa. "When Rosa's sweetheart calls to see her I take up a book and read it in earnest. I haven't the slightest idea what they are about."

"But," said I, "if one wishes to go for a walk with her sweetheart, or to dance"—

"Being bohemians, of course, we dance," said Rosa. "If it's a waltz it has to be a case of three is company, the partnerless twin having all she can do to keep her own feet out of the way; but we can manage it—with one man."

"You seem to me often able to divine each other's thoughts," I said. "Is it usually so?"

"It would make you laugh if you saw me when one is suddenly frightened at the sight of a mouse which the other does not see," said Rosa. "Once, when I was doing up my hair, Josefa uttered a shriek and jumped on a chair, giving me an awful wrench. When I looked the mouse was gone."

"How do strangers usually regard you—as one or two?"

"When we travel by train there is no end of fun with the conductor," chattered Rosa. "Josefa hands him one ticket and I just look stupid.

"'And you ticket, mademoiselle, says the conductor, holding out his hand to me.

"'But we are one person,' I answer, telling him how nature has joined us together; for one person it is one ticket.' And you never can tell what the conductor will do about it."

I hastened to change the subject. "You look as though you were fond of being outdoors?"

"Oh, very," said Josefa, her dreamy eyes brightening. "At home we romp all over the country."

"We have at least one advantage over everybody else in this world," laughed Rosa. "With one body and two pair of legs and arms we can climb trees like a monkey. That is what we were doing when the Duke of Bavaria called to see us. His Grace was delighted, and gave us a lot of money and jewels."

"The late Empress of Austria had us brought before her," said Josefa. "Her Imperial Highness complimented our parents on our healthy appearance."

"I remember," said Rosa, vivaciously. "The Empress called us beautiful children and gave to each of us a valuable brooch."

"This stuffy London room oppresses me," said Josefa," glancing out into the fog through the window.

"I didn't mind so much having to stay in bed when Rosa had influenza," said Josefa, "but I did think it rather hard that they made me live on gruel just because Rosa had 'flu."

She broke off and glanced sidewise into Rosa's eyes, who said quickly:

"No, I cannot bear to go out. There are such crowds in London!"

"Undoubtedly they stare at you," I said, sympathetically.

"They never seem to make up their minds whether we are one or two," said Josefa.

All at once they became very serious. They looked at me appealingly, as though for a final decision on some vexed question.

"Please, tell me; am I one or two?" said Rosa and Josefa together. This question seemed to be the one perpetual enigma always before them.

Suddenly a feeling came over me that my impressions on that point up to the present moment had been wrong. After all, individuality is more a matter of the mind and the temperament than of the body. It was plain that Rosa and Josefa in their separate heads and hearts were as widely different as two sisters well could be.

"You are two persons," I answered, and repeated the reasons here given.

"You are right," said both in a breath, seeming much pleased.

"There's no doubt about it in this hotel," said Josefa.

"Yes," laughed the merry head on the left. "We occupy but one room and one bed, but they have to feed two mouths—it really amounts to three mouths, considering Josefa's enormous"—

"Stop!" said the head on the left, while the lips pouted, "or I will box your impertinent ears for you. If I did not eat heartily of wholesome food we should starve—with your dainty picking about."

They were in such a good humor that I made bold to revert once more to the great question of their "duality," or their "singularity."

"Considering the amount of travelling you have done," I said, "I should think that the question of whether you are one or two would have been established by decision of the court."

"It has," said both heads with what seemed to be a single voice.

"Indeed? In what court?"

Then the head on the left—the one called Rosa—told, with great animation, of an experience which seems natural, but which certainly was ludicrous.

"We were leaving Prague to go to Paris. I suggested that we put this question to the most practical test, and so we took but one ticket. When the guard demanded tickets I gave it to him. He held out his hand to Josefa.

"'But no,' I said. 'We are only one person; you have one ticket.'

"'There are two heads and four arms,' muttered the man in a dazed fashion. 'For two heads and four arms it is two tickets.'

"'And,' said I, 'for one body occupying one seat it is one ticket.'

"I had him now. He shook his head and walked away. At the next important station he returned to us accompanied by a pompous official of the company.

"'Which is the passenger who refuses to pay?' he demanded.

"'This one,' said the guard—and he was careful to indicate the head of Josefa, instead of her side of our single body.

"'Your ticket, Mademoiselle,' said the official, curtly.

"Josefa refused to pay. The pompous official was in a terrible rage at my injured dignity. He threatened to put Josefa off the train.

"'But I have paid,' I said. 'You can't put me off. And as we are one we defy you.'

"So the fuming official had to let us go on to Paris on the one ticket. But the company promptly brought suit against Mlle. Josefa Blasek for the amount of one fare, and the Paris court decided in his favor."

The two heads laughed heartily over this reminiscence.

"Just one thing more for our feminine readers," I said. "You know that dressmaking is something that worries most ordinary women sorely to death, with the draping of the skirt, the fit of the waist, and the modelling of the bodice. Let me tell them how in the world you manage, with one skirt, which appears to fall so gracefully about two pairs of legs, yet which must be attached to two separate bodices, each with two arms. How in the world do you manage it?"

There was a merry duet of laughter.

"It is Rosa," said Josefa. "She is a genius for dressmaking."

With that I made my bow—two separate bows—and departed, marvelling.

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"Of Course, I Was Wise to the Kind of Place the Waldorf-Astoria Is and I

Told by the Tramp who Dined at the Waldorf-Astoria

Knowed I'd Be Marched Out by the Ear if I Blew in Among Them Plutocrats and Fine Ladies Wearing me Every Day Full Dress."

ABOUT 10 o'clock the other evening an astonishing discovery was made in the dining room of New York's fashionable Waldorf-Astoria—a genuine professional tramp had actually passed the scrutiny of the waiters and had not only filled his eager stomach with a luxurious dinner, but he had ordered and been served with a $4 cigar!—Joseph R. May was the tramp.

With an ancient silk hat which he had picked up as it dropped from the head of a drunken, reeling clubman, a suit of clothes carefully acquired for the very purpose of making himself presentable, with a handkerchief tucked round his throat to hide the fact that he had neither shirt nor collar, and with two rolls of white pasteboard pinned to the inside of the sleeves of his coat doing service as cuffs, Mr. May, tramp, had actually succeeded in getting into the dining room in which sat J. Pierpont Morgan and many other fashionables.

Why he did this and how he did it is explained in Mr. May's own words, dictated to a reporter from his cell in Jefferson Market Prison, New York, the morning after his adventure.

By Joseph R. May—Tramp.

TRAMPS gets as hungry for a swell feed as people that rides in automobiles. And a good smoke goes as good with them as it does with Pierpont Morgan. Feelin' the need of a extra fine, I blew in and tackled the Waldorf-Astoria, and I'll bet Morgan in there eating little fried fishes with a fork!

The only difference between me and Morgan was, he paid for his and I didn't. He had the price. I'm telling you right now, I say I don't own any Steel stock—no steals in mine. But I've had a ten-dollar dinner and that four-dollar cigar you want to know about. Well, it's a long story—and six months on the Island—but what it cost me.

Of course, I was wise to the kind of place the Waldorf-Astoria is, and I knowed I'd get marched out by the ear if I blew in among them plutocrats and fine ladies wearing me every day full dress. I says to meself, I've got to have a make-up to fit the part. I am a better looking feller than Morgan, thanks I, and if his face is good for a steam yacht, mine ought to be good for a meal. Now, all I needed was a little better layout of clothes. What I had wasn't bad, they just wasn't proper. Now, for a starter, I had two pairs of flannel pants on. They would look kinder middle-class you know, when I cheated in, but after that they would be under the table. I had two coats—one leaked a little at the elbows—

Joseph R. May in the costume he wore when he invaded the fashionable Waldorf-Astoria, and the $4 cigar.

the other was no bum I think Russell Sage must have chucked it. I was all to the good on me sky-piece—aw, you knows what a sky-piece is, it's a lid, a cake, a bonnet, a dicer, a hat; sure you know.

I MEET FOR A DRUNKEN "ANGEL."

How did I get it? Well, two years ago this Christmas I was [illegible] kickin' my number tens 'gainst the coping and [illegible] way of gettin' a drink. I was thinking of [illegible] front of a booze parlor, when an angel blew along. [illegible] himself—this angel was. They put him out of the [illegible] to serve him any more drinks. His [illegible] and he was a broker. I flagged [illegible] deal. I steered him 'round to a place where [illegible] all near-sighted, and he could get some more [illegible] me his vainy, which I guess is a blame good [illegible] I took him in the morning I had his silk hat and

(1) Probably fried white bait.
(2) Walked.
(3) I broke it away.
(4) Beer.
(5) Saloon.
(6) Person with ready money.
(7) Drunk.
(8) Balled.

large wad I was afraid of pickpockets. That's how I landed [illegible] hat.

You want to now about the dinner, sure. Well, ain't I tellin' you now I got the clothes to butt in there. Of the three years I had on two of 'em wasn't an'thin much and I gave 'em to a Guinea for six cents and bought a bay rum shave.

Then it was me for the Salvation Army barracks, punchin' out the dents in me silk lid on the way. I had to hand out a little diplomacy to the guy that charities[12] the clothes there. I explained that I was a minister in reduced circumstances, on account of havin' thrown up me job because I had moral doubts. He dove into the pile and pushed out this pair of black pants. Then he found a coat that wasn't black, but was all right for a shady part of the room. There was nothin' doin' in the line of collars, cuffs and haveadashery. So I thanked him wid what you want to call simple dignity and put the coat and pants on over what I had.

Then I took a look in the first shop window. There was me pants, fine! an' me silk lid, fine again! an' me genuine bay rum shave, fine some more! me coat, plenty good enough; but no collars and cuffs. I can't four-flush[13] no millionaire without some laundry.

All those swell guys always wears laundry. So I fishes a nice white pasteboard box out of an ash-barrel an' holds up the block in a drug store for a pair of scissors. He laughed and helped me make the cuffs, which was easy, and gave me some pins to pin 'em into my sleeve. I can't make a paper collar, so I got a nice, clean [illegible] and tucked it 'round me neck.

THE UNLUCKY PAPER CUFFS.

Never mind how I got the wipe—it wasn't off the drug-store man. Now, den, I was all right for to wade into de Waldorf all [illegible] me game of talk. I was in a hurry, too, and that's what got me in trouble, 'cause I didn't stop to pin me paper cuffs in proper.

At the Waldorf there was a whole gang just going into the cafe. All the waiters got busy lugging those side lids a way and pullin' chairs for the ladies, who had enough skirts on 'em to fill two chairs. I hiked in after 'em, and in the shuffle got a chair over in the corner behind a screen, where it wasn't too bright and noticeable. There was one waiter seen me come in, and piled over, lookin' some puzzled.

Outrage! sir, says I before he had time to peep[14]. Outrage! infernal, abominal outrage, says I, lookin' him in de eye, like Morgan does, an' puttin' me hat in de chair so he couldn't see de inside. He forgot his questions what he was goin' to ask, and instead asked what was the trouble.

I took him into me confidence sort of, and told him I was ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, and that when I tried to go into the Subway by the first entrance I saw, they tore my collar and busted my hat, and if I'd had my gun with me—I ended up by lookin' fierce, like a Southerner, and orderin' two Manhattans.

While the waiter was flat-footin' it[15] to the bar I took a look around. There was everybody talking against time and paying more attention to the foolish stuff that came out of their face in the way of talk than what they were puttin' into it in the way of feed. A mug has to go hungry some before he gets some enough to know what to do at the table. Now, these young fat-heads[16] acted as if it was the talk they was paying their good dough for instead of the feed and the booze. I'd like to have one of those boys sit out on a lonely railroad track like I have, with nothin' but a dog-biscuit in his pocket.

Well, the waiter was blamed slow with the beefsteak, and I lapped up four or five more Manhattans. As I told the Judge, I'm sore on the Waldorf, but I'm not sayin' a word against their cocktails.

(9) Italian.
(10) Lives away.
(11) Pretend to be.
(12) Handkerchief.
(13) Say anything.
(14) Walking.
(15) Cancelled people.

The waiter got funny an' asked me if I liked little-necks. I took a look at some o' the women, and says I did, fairly well. He says, "All right," and I got nervous, thinkin' he was goin' to introduce me to somebody. But, no; he brings in some raw clams an' so. "On the half shell." I says "On the bum," and the fat-heads all around began to laugh.

The steak was good enough, but not very big. I was sort of sore, because he told me it would be big enough for two. I came near tellin' him that Beefsteak John, on Sixth avenue, serves a bigger one than that. But I'm not givin' Beefsteak John's place any advertisin' these days on account of their ungentlemanly way of treating me. The other day the bouncer massaged me face with a bung-starter 'cause I didn't have the price of *my* grub on me. They get careless down there.

There was some dinky little pigs and chewed-up vegetables, besides the steak. They wasn't bad, but it's like a Chinese joint. You can't tell what you are eatin', and the waiter wont tell you, because it is part of his job to give you a French alias for the real name of everything you get.

When all this lavout was eaten, the waiter says, "What next, sir?" and I says: "You're dead right—what next? The more you bring the worse it gets. This foolish little ice-cream[17], done up in a paper cuff, is the limit." The fat-heads all laughed again and the waiter looked leary-eyed[18]. I seen I had to do something to square myself So I says "I don't want any more to eat, but you can bring me the best cigar in the house, if it costs $5."

This fezzed the fat-heads all right, and they all watched to see what the waiter would bring. I looked up into what used to be the ping pong gallery and was thinkin' how I got up there once just to look round and how they threw me clear out to the car tracks.

THE $4.00 CIGAR, SERVED ON A PILLOW.

The waiter interrupted me. He had a long thin box, which he opened and showed to me. I almost did a faint. There was one thunderin' big cigar all alone in a box with a lot of plush linin' to it and a pillow for the end of the cigar to rest on, a lot of tin foil and crackely paper and lace, that had been squirted with perfume and lots of other nutty[19] things that you wouldn't believe if I told you.

I looked up quick to see if the waiter was playing a trick on me, but he was lighting a match and solemn as a cop in court. I chewed the end off from it and lit her up. It wasn't much better than lots of others I have smoked, only it was big enough for a night-stick. The waiter brought me a check for $14. That cigar cost $4. I said, "Yes, in a minute," and put my hand to my head as if I was thinking very hard about something else.

This was a mistake, cause when I looked up I seen the waiter was looking down my sleeve. He piped[20] how me paper cuffs was fixed. It was all off. I explained that the hotel people would very soon have to pay me $100,000 damages for the time they called me a drunken bum and threw me out of the ping pong gallery, and I told him to charge the bill or deduct it from the hundred thou', or anything else they liked.

WANTS TO BE INSURED AGAINST PRISON.

But no, some cheap house detectives rough-housed[21] me until they made me swear so they could bring that against me, too, and then had me pinched.

So it's me for the Island for six months. In the Spring I'll be out and sue the Astoria for $150,000.

Say! this goin' to jail is a nuisance. An insurance agent that I went on a jag with once gave me a policy free on the Louisberg—what's its name?—Company. They pay me a little something when I'm sick. But then, I'm never sick. I wish they would give me some sort of prison insurance. That's what I need. Some guarantee to keep me out of jail or to pay for my time when I am in.

Dat's about all there was to it. I'm glad to get a chance to show that hotel up. I had the idea that if I went to a gentleman's hotel I would get treated like a gent, but I wasn't. JOSEPH R. MAY.

(16) Probably Biscuit Torrem.
(17) Sassiciaus.
(18) Crazy.
(19) Observed.
(20) Jostled.

Why Multimillionaires Do Not Spend The Most Money.

SOME astounding figures as to the prodigality of an American woman being received at minor peaks of social success. In fact, a really smart party at the fashionable city more pronounced tendency among those [illegible] experience of America's [illegible] of St. James's with a half million city thousand dollars would scarcely pay home of a New York millionaire for less families [illegible] endowed with worldly goods millionaires have recently been laid dollars' worth of jewels decorating her the dressmakers' bills for those who would than ten thousand dollars. to spend their money foolishly. In other the [illegible] gage. Everybody who person has been presented to the mental scale the supreme heights. A pair of pearl- While there is no doubt that many millionaires, the greatest spenders are not always the newspapers and magazines has vision of the reader. embroidered slippers ordered last season for lions of dollars are spent recklessly every ways the people with the most money.

[illegible] told just what it costs to maintain a An income of fifty thousand dollars a A New York debutante are recorded to have year on the baubles of "Vanity Fair" by A French family, it is said, could subsist [illegible] steam yacht, a racing stable and a garage year, the reader is told, is sufficient to cost two thousand dollars. It has often the families of America's multi-millionaires, and on the food which is wasted by a family [illegible] full of imported motor cars. The spectacle asks its possessor to attain to only the been asserted that it is impossible to give it has been pointed out that there are [illegible] Americans.

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The Most Remarkable Interview with the Most Remarkable Girls on the Face of the Whole Earth.

"Please Tell Me; Am I ONE or TWO."

Very Perplexing Embarrassments Every Hour in the Life of These Inseparable Little Bohemian Twins.

By Mortimer H. Winslow.

LONDON, December 22.

FOR the first time in history the world was to read an interview with a young woman having two heads, two pairs of arms and four legs.

As the representative of the Hearst newspapers I was now in the presence of this yet more wonderful female replica of the Siamese Twins—known as the "Bohemian Twins" and was lost in amusement, mingled with admiration.

The two heads were well shaped and finely poised on graceful shoulders. The two faces were decidedly pretty, and beamed with intelligence. From four or five inches below the armpits one gazed fell in graceful lines to the trim ankles of four slender little feet.

Despite the two smiling faces, the two pairs of arms and the four little feet in their pretty slippers, I found it impossible to consider her as "twins." I felt myself to be in the presence of one individual marvelously endowed with a double set of limbs and a double mental equipment manifesting itself in two sets of most expressive features.

Which was the dominant intelligence? To which head should I address myself? A merry laugh from the lips on the left broke the spell.

"Although we are very much attached to each other," said the laughing lips, "you had better write of us in the plural number. If you should see Josefa best my correspondence you would realise that in our thoughts at least we are often two persons—yes, indeed we have quite different likes and dislikes and we disagree on a great many things."

"Then each of the two heads has a name of its own?" I asked.

"Yes, I am Rosa. I am the giddy, impudent one. Josefa is the reserved and dignified one, but you ought to deserve her opposite. You see we have two palates, and Josefa requires"—

"Rosa!" exclaimed the head to the right, "you haven't a particle of prudence about your eating. But for my discretion our stomach would suffer."

This remark gave me a most fascinating idea. I had noticed that the two faces were slightly turned from each other. It was only by turning their heads quite sharply that they could see even a sideview glance into each other's eye. This well illustrated what a celebrated medical man had told me. Their body was really one up to about the waist line, with two sets of functions, but very different from the two bodies of the Siamese Twins, which were connected only by a segment the size of a man's arm. I hastened to put the question that was in my mind.

"If one side of you is pinched or otherwise hurt, does the other side feel the pain?"

I knew you were going to ask that question," said the head on the left, while the lips smiled again. "It is very simple. If you should pinch us somewhere on our body, where we are truly joined, each of us would cry out with the pain. If you should pinch far to my side I would scream and Josefa would jump a little and vice versa."

"Suppose I pinched Josefa's arm, or her ear?"

"The experiment has been tried many times," spoke the more serious voice on the right. "I would cry out, and at the same instant Rosa would brush her ear, as though a fly had alighted on it."

"How about food, if one of you were unable to eat, could the other eat for both?"

The head on the right and the head on the left joined in a hearty laugh. The merrier one on the left answered mischievously:

"Undoubtedly it would take a long time to starve either of us if the other were unable to take nourishment. But we have never been so ill as to call for such an experiment, and we are too fond of eating to try it out of simple curiosity—Josefa especially."

"Rosa!" The eyes to the right gave those to the left a severe sidewise glance, and the voice went on:

"I didn't mind so much having to stay in bed when Rosa had influenza," said Josefa, "but I did think it rather hard that they made me live on gruel just because Rosa had to."

"After all, you have no cause to complain," laughed the head on the left. "Before I had influenza we used to eat just exactly the same amount of food. Now I eat only half the quantity; but you take your usual share, and half of mine as well."

It was quite plain that the head on the right was the dominating one, but without the vivacity of the other. It was high at least an inch above the other, and its features were somewhat larger. The feet on the left, too, were plainly the more agile ones. They were perpetually dancing out across the room, compelling the others to follow. But it was amazing—the perfect physical accord between them all. The four feet moved about as gracefully as two could have done.

I have neglected thus far to say that the age of this strange dual person is twenty-six. The family name is Blasek, and the family home is Prague, Bohemia. Until recently the father resisted every offer to allow his Rosa and Josefa to be exhibited in public. When their age was only ten, a distinguished professor of the Paris University offered $20,000 for the privilege of demonstrating with the children before his students. Indeed the father kept them at home, where they were well educated and taught to play together. Although they are musically proficient, they have been brought to London for a series of concerts.

Both of the heads were now bent over a box of chocolates, and two sets of teeth were nibbling sweet morsels. This gave me another idea.

"You have laid stress upon the keenness of your palates," I said to the head on the left. "Are your tastes in the matter of food identical?"

"No!" ejaculated the lips on the left, while one of the feet on the left gave a vicious little stamp.

"Why, Rose!" exclaimed the head on the right, reproachfully.

"It is true Josefa, you know it is. You have a mania for the roast beef of old England, and you persist in stuffing yourself with it when you know that the sight of it makes me ill."

Hastily, to prevent further recriminations, I changed the subject.

"How about dress?" I ventured. "I see the head on the right, gravely, "we have but one taste in common. That is for sweets. Otherwise our tastes, inclinations and temperaments fall to coincide. But because we are bodily one, and must live our whole life as one person, virtually, and because we really have a strong affection for each other we settle most of our small differences. We live in a state of constant compromise."

"As to dress, we might consult our individual tastes as to hats, hose, boots and gloves, but as we wear one gown at a time, the effect would be bizarre. So we select everything else to go with certain gowns. Three days out of the week we wear my favorite combination, and on the other four the choice is Rosa's, because she is cleverer than I am in these matters."

"Now that is very nice of you," said the smiling face on the left, while one of the little left hands patted a cheek on the right.

When you dream," I said, "do you have one dream between you?"

"Yes," spoke the head on the right.

"No," answered the head on the left at the same breath.

"Why, Rosa, don't you remember that awful nightmare we had in Berlin?"

"Josefa, you know very well that was because of the beer and frankfurters you insisted on consuming the night before."

"That is it true," I asked eagerly, "that there was only one nightmare between you?"

"Perfectly true," was the answer from both heads.

"As a general thing, though," continued the head on the left, "our dreams are wholly different. I dream of gay and merry things, while Josefa's dreams are of a more serious character, considering the difference in our tastes in books."

Last night in a nightmare of mine I went to the play on the right. How strange, I thought. Here were really two distinct entities with a common body. And duplex functions throughout—we have to retire between them. There are two hearts and two minds. The intellects and the senses are equal. Thus it was with the Siamese Twins. Both King and Chang married and had normal children. I glanced in the eyes of the head of the left. As though divining my thought, Rosa said:

"You must not think that because we must always be side by side we do not receive attentions individually from interesting young men."

I glanced on the left made a vain motion of protest. "Rosa! another sweetheart comes a courting," said Rosa, mischievously closing the arm of the twin sister whom nature has joined to her. Resolutely, "I really regret, for her sake and his, that we are so closely attached to each other. Usually I prefer to read a book—but when he steals a kiss I can't help jump like a little—"

"I am very considerate," retorted Josefa. "When Rosa's sweetheart wants to see her I take up a book and read it in the hall. I haven't the slightest idea what they are about!"

Rosa said I, "if one wishes to go for a walk with her sweet heart—to dance!"

Being bohemians, of course, we dance," said Rosa. "If it's a waltz it has to be a case of three in company, the partnerless twin having all she can do to keep her own feet out of the way, but we can manage it—with one man."

"You seem to me often able to divine each other's thoughts," I said. "Is it usually so?"

"It would make you laugh if you saw us when one is suddenly frightened at the sight of a mouse which the other does not see," said Rosa. "Once, when I was doing up my hair, Josefa uttered a shriek and jumped on a chair, giving me an awful wrench. When I looked the mouse was gone."

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"Then each of the two heads has a name of its own?" I asked.

"Yes, I am Rosa. I am the giddy, impudent one. Josefa is the reserved and dignified one, but you ought to deserve her opposite. You see we have two palates, and Josefa requires"—

"Rosa!" exclaimed the head to the right, "you haven't a particle of prudence about your eating. But for my discretion our stomach would suffer."

"I cannot bear to go out. There are such crowds in London!"

"I doubtedly they stare at you," I said, sympathetically.

"They never seem to make up their minds whether we are one or two," said Josefa.

All at once they became very serious. They looked at me appealingly, as though for a final decision on some vexed question.

"Please, tell me, am I one or two?" said Rosa and Josefa together. This question seemed to be the one perpetual enigma always before them.

Suddenly a feeling came over me that my impressions on that point up to the present moment had been wrong. After all, individuality is more a matter of the mind and the temperament than of the body. It was plain that Rosa and Josefa in their separate heads and hearts were as widely different as two sisters well could be.

"You are two persons," I answered, and repeated the reasons given.

"You are right," said both in a breath, seeming much pleased.

"There's no doubt about it in this hotel," said Josefa.

"Yes," laughed the merry head on the left. "We occupy but one room and one bed, but they have to feed two mouths—it really amounts to three persons now being Josefa's enormous"—

"Stop!" said the head on the right, while the lips pouted, "or I will box your impertinent ears for you. If I did not eat heartily and wholesome food we should starve—with your dainty picking about."

They were in such a good humor that I made bold to revert once more to the great question of their "duality," or their "singularity."

"Considering the amount of travelling you have done," I said, "I should think that the question of whether you are one or two would have been settled by decision of the court."

"It has," said both heads with what seemed to be a single voice.

"Indeed? In what court?"

Then the head on the left—the one called Rosa—told, with great animation, of an experience which seems natural, but which certainly was ludicrous.

"We were leaving Prague to go to Paris. I suggested that we put this question to the most practical test, and so we took but one ticket. When the guard demanded tickets I gave it to him. He held out his hand to Josefa.

"'Tickets!' I said. 'We are only one person; you have one ticket.'

"'There are two heads and four arms,' muttered the man in a dazed fashion. 'For two heads and four arms it is two tickets.'

"'And,' said I, 'for one body carrying one seat it is one ticket.'

"I had him there. He shook his head and walked away. At the next important station he returned to me accompanied by a pompous official of the company.

"'Which is the passenger who refuses to pay?' he demanded.

"'I do,' said the guard—and he was unable to indicate the head or

"When Josefa's sweetheart comes a-courting," said Rosa, maliciously pinching the arm of the twin sister whom nature has joined to her indissolubly, "I really regret, for her sake and his, that we are so closely attached to each other. Usually I pretend to read a book, but when he steals a kiss I can't help jumping a little."

Josefa's left hand made of our single body

"Your ticket, Mademoiselle," said the official curtly.

Josefa refused to pay. The pompous official was in a be[illegible] of injured dignity. He threatened to put Josefa off the train.

"But I have paid," I said. "You can't put me off. And as we are we do not pay."

So the fuming official had to let us go on to Paris on the one ticket. But the company promptly brought suit against "Mlle. Josefa Blasek" for the amount of one fare, and the Paris court decided in its favor."

The two heads laughed heartily over this reminiscence.

"Just one thing more for our feminine readers," I said. "You know that dressmaking is something that worries most ordinary women nearly to death, with the draping of the skirt, the fit of the waist, and the modelling of the bodice. Let me tell them how in the world you manage, with one skirt, which appears to fall so gracefully about two pairs of legs, yet which must be attached to two separate bodices, each with two arms. How in the world do you manage it?"

There was a merry duet of laughter.

"It is Rosa," said Josefa. "She is a genius for dressmaking."

With that I made my bow—two separate bows—and departed, marvelling.

Miss Rosa.

Miss Josefa.

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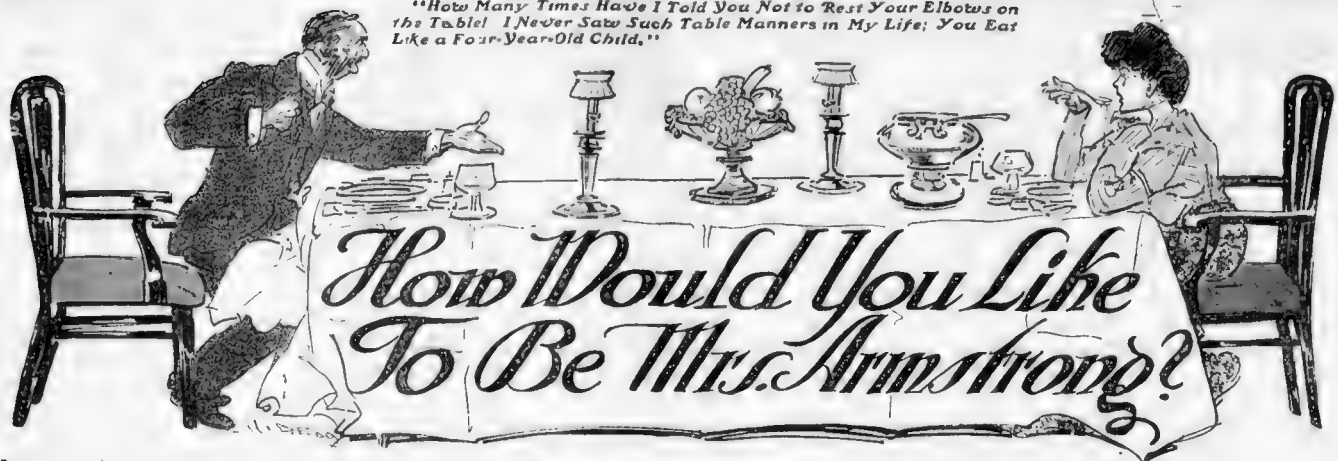

"How Many Times Have I Told You Not to Rest Your Elbows on the Table! I Never Saw Such Table Manners in My Life; You Eat Like a Four-Year-Old Child."

How Would You Like To Be Mrs. Armstrong?

How Her Husband Started in to Improve Her Manners, Habits and Speech the Minute They Were Married.

By Mrs. William P. Armstrong of Chicago

"Turned your ankle again? In spite of all I have said to you about wearing those high-heeled shoes. You will keep on until you break your neck, I suppose. From this time on just understand that you will buy no more shoes until I have seen them."

"Is it possible that you have bought that hat? I have told you over and over again that one of those hats that sit on the top of your head looks like a hen going onto a nest. Hereafter I will buy your hats myself."

"Say that word again! 'Squoiler' is the way you pronounce 'squalor,' is it? Just take this dictionary and find how that word is prosounced and say it over to yourself for just one hour and see if you will ever learn anything."

"Stop p'aying with that s ring o' pearls! You act as if you had never had any jewelry before in your life. A woman of your age in society ought to be composed and not fidgeting around for something to play with."

"There's your petticoat string hanging out! It's simply disgraceful the way you go around half dressed and your clothes falling to pieces! I should think you would have more se'f-respect."

NAGS HER ABOUT TABLE MANNERS.

NAGS HER ABOUT LACK OF TASTE.

NAGS HER ABOUT HER STUPIDITY

NAGS HER ABOUT EVERYTHING.

Does Your Digestion Decide Your Character?

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Miss Nannie Leiter's Romantic Wooing an Incidental Little Side-show to the Most Gorgeous Spectacle of Modern Times

LOST HER HEART ON AN ELEPHANT'S BACK

AT the Coronation Durbar, Nannie Leiter, on the back of one of the most gorgeously caparisoned elephants in the most magnificent of made a conquest, took part in a sideshow all her own. This was nearly two years ago at the great spectacular coronation, when King Edward was crowned and Miss Leiter was in India as the guest of her sister, Lady Curzon for the Imperial crowning.

At the time it was a secret. No one in that vast procession of princes and grandees dreamed that the courtship of Nannie Leiter, daughter of the late Chicago millionaire, and Major Colin Campbell, of the King's India Horse, was progressing with every rocking motion of the huge animal upon whose back they were both cradled in splendor.

In a howdah forward of mother of pearl and gold, with trappings of glittering jewels, surmounted by a magnificent tapestry canopy, she followed through the streets of Delhi in the wake of her sister, Lady Curzon, the Vicereine of India. In the great glittering procession, a cavalcade of Oriental splendor, a miracle of crimson, gold and purple, rode royalty of every grade and degree. There behind heralds, pursuivants, trumpeters and troops came the Duke of Connaught, brother of the King of England, the only maharana, nizams, maharajahs, rajahs, nabobs and a... the greatest and most powerful kings and princes of India.

In the midst of these potentates of might and power rode Nannie Leiter, the American girl, whose father, Levi Z. Leiter, not more than thirty years ago measured out ribbons in a Chicago store. In the midst of this brilliant bizarre scene, the very first chapter of her romance, which is soon to end as all happy romances should, with her marriage, was begun.

A WOOING HIGH IN THE AIR.

Nannie Leiter, whom no one ever calls Nancy, although it was the name she was endowed with at birth, has as much courage as any American girl.

All the gorgeous, flashing pageant of powerful potentates didn't take her one particle. She was exquisite in a gown of white and gold, in a picture hat of lace and feathers, and she knew it before Major Campbell's eyes told her so. She has been among American millionaires all her life, and she considers them as powerful as any magnate that ever lived. But when the native bearers, black as the ace of spades, with jackets of flaring red and turbans of brilliant blue, held against the elephant's side a tall ladder of ivory for their most distinguished of visitors to climb, she trembled.

The howdah on the back of the great animal where she was to take her seat seemed so many leagues above up in the air.

She gave a gasp, and then Major Colin Campbell, the handsome, young, gallant Englishman, said:

"It's all right. Beg pardon; don't wonder you feel timid, but I assure you I'll take care of you. 'Pon my honor, I will."

"Oh, I'm so glad you're going to be up there with me!" cried Nannie Leiter, glancing gratefully at the stalwart British soldier in his suave and scan uniform, with medals and decorations hanging in quantities on his broad chest, as if to attest his tremendous worth. "Who could be afraid with you?"

The confidence of any woman is gratifying to any man, and when that woman happens to be the one girl in all the world whom he has already made up his mind is quite the loveliest of all girls, why—well Major Colin Campbell believed himself at that moment the happiest Britisher in all the Durbar.

And Nannie Leiter got her hand on his shoulder and started boldly up the ivory ladder. There above her was the gorgeous howdah of heavy, carved ivory.

"Oh, oh!" Nannie Leiter felt the huge animal sway beneath her. On account of his gorgeous equipment he had had not been forced down on his knees for the lady's mount. "Oh!" she gasped.

"Don't be afraid," cried Major Campbell. "I am here. I am to be your escort. Beg pardon, but really I'm so blessed—if you don't mind"—

The Major led her up to the boat just in the nick of time. Just before that he had himself stood beside her pony, mounted on one of exactly the same height, trained ponies of the polo pattern, both of them.

She caught her first glimpse of the boar and shuddered. He was vigorous, big, with thick black bristles and large tusks that he showed in a hideous grin. His eyes showed fire, his mouth foamed, he roared like a menagerie of beasts. He seemed absolute master of himself, defying the whole army of distinguished hunters to approach.

Nannie Leiter's blood froze within her. She couldn't help an exclamation of fear.

"Beg pardon," said the Major close at her side, "but don't be frightened. No harm will come to you, it's all right, I assure you. I'll take care of you."

And again Nannie Leiter, with that phrase in her ears, became quite calm. She sat up erect amid the hunters, stationed according to custom, along the edge of a wide patch of jungle.

There was an exciting chase. The boar had been speared from every side. When suddenly, just as it seemed to Miss Leiter that the beast was done for, the Major said to her, "Now! Now!"

He rode with her up to the animal. "Do your spear in!" he cried.

She obeyed with all her strength, and then as the animal dropped, seemed about to drop herself.

Again she heard, "It's all right, I assure you. I will take care of you."

Thus the romance grew and grew. In the land of hibiscus plants and lotus blossoms it sped more rapidly perhaps than it would have in more prosaic lands.

The Major seemed always to be looking out for her just as he had on the heights of the elephant a back and in the midst of the boar hunt. In India there seemed to be so many perilous situations.

"Beg pardon," he would say, "but I think it's a bit chilly in this mosque, don't you know."

And then Nannie Leiter, who has been a belle ever since she can remember, would show her shoulders and answer, "What's the difference?"

"The difference... Well it was some such speech as that that gave the Major his chance, they say. He protested, he assured, he vowed, he begged, and by every present symptom he won.

The Major has followed the second daughter of the late Levi Z. Leiter over to America, into the capital city of Washington, where very soon she is to become the British soldier's wife.

The Leiter-Lane affair has been more or less spectacular. The accumulation of the late millionaire's wealth, the speculations of the son, Joseph Leiter, the reign of Lady Curzon, who was once Mary Leiter, in India, the romantic wooing of all the Leiters have kept them constantly in the limelight.

It is fitting that Nannie Leiter should have been won spectacularly. She has herself a dash and originality of her own. It came first when Carolus Duran, [illegible] her portrait, after he had published remarks about others of [illegible] women, proclaimed her beauty with all the frankness [illegible] The praise had a special [illegible] Duran is [illegible] most authoritative critics [illegible] Nannie Leiter was the most beautiful [illegible] he seemed to say that she was perfect.

THE END OF THE WOOING OT.

After that her fame spread as a real Leiter-ess, on the wings of [illegible] she was hailed [illegible] Illinois, she was [illegible] and [illegible] to move millionaires [illegible] captivated Washington, New York, the West, Paris, [illegible] she went to Simla, where Major Colin Campbell seemed [illegible]

He has a celebrity of his own. He made his mark first when he served as military secretary to Sir Bindon Blood, commandant of the [illegible] Then he became major of the Indian Horse, one of the [illegible] regiments in all India. Handsome, popular and a scion of the house of Argyll, whose present head married the Princess Louise, one of the daughters of Queen Victoria, he quickly became a recognized catch wherever he cared to go.

Gradually gossip ran good him positively to Nannie Leiter. It was, all things considered, flattering comment to both of them, for they were both of [illegible] distinction. Every one awaited the announcement, but for some reason or other it was withheld. Gradually the reason itself was given. It was said that Mrs. Leiter had taken exception to the Major's extravagances and debts in [illegible]

As every one knows, the Kipling Durbar was nearly two years ago. Whatever objections Mrs. [illegible] had have been removed. The Major has retrieved himself. He has [illegible] they say, studiously, and now at last Miss Leiter and her lover are together in Washington busily finishing the final plans for the wedding which will take place in a few days.

"If I hadn't met him first on the back of an elephant, I might have yielded," says Nannie Leiter. "But rocked in a howdah, and swaying with the help of a man's strong arm is such a consolation to do [illegible] that is.

LORD CURZON - LADY CURZON, NANNIE LEITER.

Miss Leiter at Lord Curzon's Famous Tiger Hunt.

Miss Leiter and Major Colin Campbell Out for a Trip on the Royal Barge in India.

"Don't mind!" cried Nannie Leiter. "Oh, whatever would I do without you?"

The gallant major took his seat beside her, while around them on every side flitted and flowed a vast carnival of colors.

"Isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed the American girl.

"Yes," breathed the Major, with his eyes riveted upon her face.

And the gilded, glittering festival started to the trumpetings of an army of elephants and the clash of a dozen bands in and about the ancient city of Delhi, through the historic gates of Lahore.

Nannie Leiter gasped and gasped again.

"Beg pardon, but won't you take my arm?" said the Major.

"Oh, thank you. I do feel shaky. We're pretty high up, aren't we?"

"Indeed we are—twenty feet or so—but there's nothing to fear. I'll take care of you."

Again that phrase! It rang in Nannie Leiter's ears and she found that each time the Major repeated it she rather liked it better. She leaned ever nearer to him and felt indeed that no harm would come to her.

THE BRAVE, BRAVE MAJOR.

Four miles they went at a snail's pace; cradled in their gorgeous howdah, to the great amphitheatre, where twelve thousand people heard Edward of England proclaimed Emperor of India.

Not one of that vast assemblage paid the slightest attention to the fast growing romance of Nannie Leiter.

As the days went on and festivity followed on the heels of festivity, every one grew accustomed to seeing the British soldier in constant attendance on the fair American. It aroused comment, but not wonder.

In India, dressed in gold embroidered fabrics, surrounded by representatives of the great from every land, Nannie Leiter was as exquisite as we have known her to be always.

In the Punjab Circuit House, where Lord Curzon had his headquarters, lived Lady Curzon and Lady Curzon's sister. And with them the gallant Major on duty spent his time.

At the receives and the illuminations, at the fireworks and the balls, he was in constant attendance.

The state ball in the Diwan-i-am, a temporary extension built on to the ancient Hall of Audience of the Great Mogul, with a banquet served upon the marble terraces of the Diwan-i-khas, followed close upon the date of the regal procession. Nannie Leiter was still in a whirl of bewilderment over the strangeness and magnificence of the sight.

She wandered through the ballrooms, decorated in white and gold, splashed here and there with crimson, flooded with music and the glare of a million lights, followed always by the eyes of Major Campbell.

When he was not dancing with her he waited, leaning against a wall until his turn should come again, and envying the man whose turn it was. Gradually, however, it came to be understood that Major Campbell was to have more than a major share of the lovely American girl's attention.

After the Durbar festivals were over he continued to be her guide. He led her over the remains of ruined cities, and into old mosques and tombs and temples and palaces. He taught her how to climb up elephants' sides without a tremor. He accompanied her to boar hunts and saw that she gathered in a collection of tusks as trophies. He showed her the mysteries of India as probably no American girl has ever seen them before.

She attended the famous tiger hunt given by the Shikar in h... Lord and Lady Curzon, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

For her benefit Sir Bindon Blood, the general commanding at Delhi, arranged, as he had once for her sister Daisy, what the Anglo-Indians call a "pig sticking." And, of course, the Major was assigned as her escort.

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XMAS Health Recipes for the Shop Girl and Others

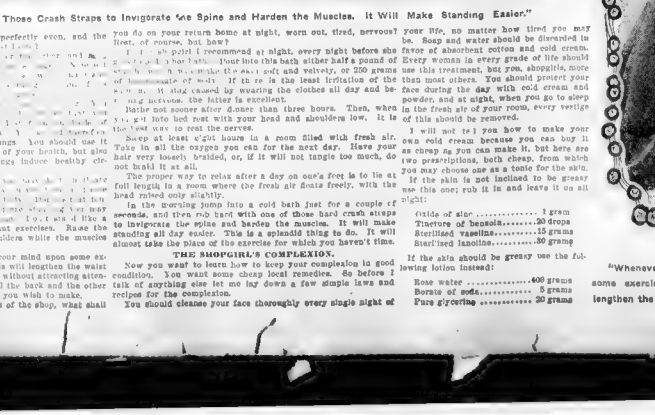
"Don't Reach Up to the Strap—Use Your Umbrella."

By Dr. Caissarato, Doctor of Beauty.

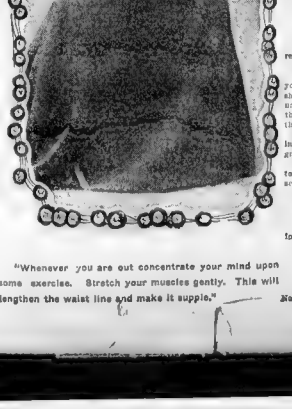
"The Proper Way to Relax After a Day on One's Feet—Lie at Full Length in a Room Where the Fresh Air Floats Freely, with the Head Raised Only Slightly."

"When you have a chance to sit down relax every muscle in your body. Don't sit at tension."

"Stretching up beyond the reach will ruin the most beautiful figure in the world."



"Rub Hard with One of Those Crash Straps to Invigorate the Spine and Harden the Muscles. It Will Make Standing Easier."



"Whenever you are out concentrate your mind upon some exercise. Stretch your muscles gently. This will lengthen the waist line and make it supple."

Copyright, 1904, by Rowthyn Stanlaws.

[illegible] stomach to. The shoulders should be perfectly even, and the weight of the hair should be evenly distributed.

As a rule, women stand on one foot more than the other, and as a consequence one shoulder is higher than the other. Now, a difference of less than an inch in the height of the shoulders throws the whole body out of balance. Women who have to stand all day long should change the weight of the body frequently from one foot to the other.

Many shop girls suffer from headache, which is caused by their having to breathe the vitiated air of the shop. Take a deep breath whenever you can. Open your mouth and inhale the air through your nose a dozen times. This will help to clear the head, although not only on account of your health, but also to preserve your beauty. Healthy lungs induce healthy circulation.

And now are at last ready to speak of the [illegible] of your skin. If you [illegible] to attain perfection you must [illegible] exercise without interfering with any [illegible] statue. Do what are known as resistant exercises. Raise the head, stretch the limbs, move the shoulders while the muscles are at rest.

Even when you are not concentrate your mind upon some exercise. Stretch your muscles gently. This will lengthen the waist line and make it supple. You can do this without attracting attention. For instance, put one hand behind the back and the other on the neck and think of the movement you wish to make.

Rub your day in the dust and germs of the shop, what shall you do on your return home at night, worn out, tired, nervous? Rest, of course, but how?

I [illegible] point I recommend at night, every night before she goes to bed, a hot bath. Pour into this bath either half a pound of Every woman in every grade of life should [illegible] which will make the water soft and velvety, or 250 grams use this treatment, but you, shopgirls, more of bicarbonate of soda. If there is the least irritation of the than most others. You should protect your skin, it will cause by wearing the clothes all day and be- face during the day with cold cream and [illegible] nervous, the latter is excellent.

Bathe not sooner after dinner than three hours. Then, when powder, and at night, when you go to sleep you get into bed rest with your head and shoulders low. It is in the fresh air of your room, every vestige the best way to rest the nerves. of this should be removed.

Sleep at least eight hours in a room filled with fresh air. I will not tell you how to make your Take in all the oxygen you can for the next day. Have your own cold cream because you can buy it hair very loosely braided, or, if it will not tangle too much, do as cheap as you can make it, but here are not braid it at all. two prescriptions, both cheap, from which

The proper way to relax after a day on one's feet is to lie at you may choose one as a tonic for the skin. full length in a room where the fresh air floats freely, with the If the skin is not inclined to be greasy head raised only slightly. use this one; rub it in and leave it on all

In the morning jump into a cold bath just for a couple of night:

seconds, and then rub hard with one of those hard crash straps to invigorate the spine and harden the muscles. It will make standing all day easier. This is a splendid thing to do. It will almost take the place of the exercise for which you haven't time.

Oxide of zinc	1 gram
Tincture of benzoin	20 drops
Sterilized vaseline	15 grams
Sterilized lanoline	30 grams

If the skin should be greasy use the following lotion instead:

Rose water	600 grams
Borate of soda	5 grams
Pure glycerine	20 grams

THE SHOPGIRL'S COMPLEXION.

Now you want to learn how to keep your complexion in good condition. You want some cheap local remedies. So before I talk of anything else let me lay down a few simple laws and recipes for the complexion.

You should cleanse your face thoroughly every single night of your life, no matter how tired you may be. Soap and water should be discarded in favor of absorbent cotton and cold cream.

Let this lotion dry and remain on the face all night. In the morning wash the face in tepid water and the least bit of soap, then rinse the face off in a little cold water, not freezing, to which add 25 or 30 drops of lemon. This acts as a tonic, strengthens the muscles and puts the skin in condition to resist sudden changes of temperature.

While I am speaking of the face, let me caution those who are still young about the use of massage. If your skin is firm and fresh and young, do not use it. Don't massage because you have heard about it and because other people do it. It should be a resort of those who are too fat or too thin, or too wrinkled or too flabby.

If, for any of the above reasons, you find yourself forced to use massage, do it in the morning and use the following astringent cream, which is cheap and excellent:

Vaseline	30 grams
Lanoline	30 grams
Borax	1 gram
Oxide of zinc	2 grams
Tincture of benzoin	30 drops

If you massage yourself go to work very gently and bear in mind that the great principle of facial massage is to rub the skin or smooth it in a direction always opposed to the lines or wrinkles.

On account of the dust and impure atmosphere in which she lives the shopgirl is subject to blackheads, pimples and other small miseries.

When the blackheads first begin to appear wash the face twice a day with borax or bicarbonate of soda. Put a little in the water, just enough to taste. After washing, which will dissolve the grease that clogs the pores, rub the places gently with spirits of camphor or cologne water, or a very weak solution of ammonia.

While the blackheads are small this is an excellent treatment but something more strenuous must be done the minute they grow big. When that happens, here is a remedy simple and efficacious and inexpensive.

Massage the blackheads with a little cold cream for ten or fifteen minutes. Then wash the spots with hot water and sulphur soap. Then press out the blackheads and bathe the spots with a little of the following simple mixture:

Distilled water	240 grams
Sulphuric ether	10 grams
Borax	10 grams

Next to blackheads, or on the trail of them, pimples are sure to come. Electricity is expensive, although it is the surest cure. The shopgirl can't afford it. The next best and quickest remedy that I know is the following, and, by the way, it is the only one I know that does not leave behind it ugly red lumps where the pimples have been.

At night, before going to bed, wash the pimples with hot water and Hebridal soap. Then spread over them the following pomade, which may be had very cheap, and leave it on all night.

Resorcin	4 grams
Starch powder	5 grams
Oxide of zinc	5 grams
Vaseline	10 grams

The next morning remove the pomade first with olive oil and then with hot water and soap. If the face feels dry afterwards powder it with starch or talcum powder

Another evil arising from the [illegible] atmosphere in which you are obliged to live is a [illegible] skin. To bring it back to its normal state here is a cheap remedy

Wash the face at least twice a day with very hot water, to which add a big tablespoonful of vinegar, and after this bathe it with the following inexpensive solution

Alum	8 grams
Borax	8 grams
Tincture of benzoin	6 grams
Rose water	200 grams

USE ANTISEPTIC WASHES.

If you want to have a good skin, of course, you must keep your digestion in good condition. A peril that menaces you is eating fast, swallowing your food whole, so as to get through quickly. You need all the nourishment you can get. Eat plenty and masticate your food thoroughly. Eat only strengthening things, plenty of meat, milk, eggs. Don't take stimulants because waiting on people, trying to please them, inclines you to be nervous; stimulants will brace you up momentarily, but not permanently.

When you have indigestion try a simple remedy. Take a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in a little cold water immediately after each meal.

Even though you may learn to breathe through your nose you will still absorb a great quantity of dust every day. Use an antiseptic wash two or three times a day if possible. Here is a good one that is very cheap:

Salol	8 grams
Alcohol, 90 per cent	150 grams
Essence of aniseed	0.50 centigr
Essence of geranium	0.50 centigr
Essence of mint	1 gram

In a glass of tepid water put thirty drops of this and rinse the mouth with it thoroughly.

A splendid antiseptic for the nasal passages may be made with a a pinch of white salt in a glass of tepid water. Inhale this several times in succession and do it before you wash out the mouth.

Very frequently your eyes trouble you. This is natural. There may be nothing at fault with your vision, but the dust, the electric lights, the draughts all fatigue the eyes and inflame them. Try bathing them night and morning with:

Boric acid, 2 per cent	2 grams
Distilled water	100 grams

When the eyes are inflamed the eyebrows may become affected so that they fall out. In that case bathe them also with boric acid and then rub them gently with a little brush dipped in:

Tincture of rosemary	8 grams
Tincture of cantharides	1 gram
Spirits of Florvanti	50 grams
Spirits of camphor	50 grams

If there is dandruff in the eyebrows, which is apt to be the case where the atmosphere is very drying, rub a little of the following pomade on them at night.

Salicylic acid	0 grs 50 centigrs
Oxide of zinc	1 gram
Starch powder	1 gram
Vaseline	20 grams

The next morning wash off the eyebrows with hot water and resorcin soap.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE HAIR.

You should brush your hair regularly every night hard, and you should wash it once a week on your day of rest, when you should let it hang as long as possible. Wash it in resorcin or naphtha soap, because they are antiseptic, and after a week in the dust your hair needs that sort of a wash. Rinse the hair thoroughly, so that it will not be sticky

If in spite of your care there is dandruff in the hair use, instead of the soap, six yolks of eggs. Beat them up in 1,000 grams of water.

The atmosphere you are obliged to live in frequently tends to make the hair fall out. When this is the case, rub on the scalp three times a week a little of the following:

Spirits of camphor	100 grams
Essence of turpentine	10 grams
Ammonia	4 grams

When the hair becomes dry and breaks, rub on it the following brilliantine:

Alcohol, 90 per cent	20 grams
Glycerine	10 grams
Essence of lemon	q. s.

Apply this to the scalp, but do not rub it on the hair.

CAISSARATO,

No. 106 West Forty-seventh street.

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How It Feels to Be KILLED—

By a Man Who Was Shot Out of a Mile-a-Minute Racing Avolmobile and Given Up as Dead.

By Mr. George Arents, Jr., the Millionaire Motorist, Who Was Thrown from His Car in the Recent Motor Races on Long Island, While His Chauffeur Was Instantly Killed.

"BARRING accidents, I've got a mighty good chance to win the race." I said to my wife on the morning of the Long Island contest for the Vanderbilt Cup. "Accidents are what everybody expects, but it is the unexpected that always happens, so we needn't worry."

Mrs. Arents smiled feebly at my cheerful philosophy and said she hoped I was right.

These were the last words between us before the start. The next time I saw my wife I was in a strange bed and she was bending over me, and I didn't recognize her. It was sometime before I understood what had happened to me. After a while I learned that I had been widely advertised as practically a dead man—martyr to the cause of high speed, and given up by the doctors.

Not until my recovery was assured did they tell me of the fate of poor Carl Meusel, my chauffeur—the real martyr.

As I have said, I started in the contest of October 8 without any misgivings. I knew the course as well as I knew my wife's face. It begins at Jericho Hills and runs east to Queens, forming a hound's head, of which Queens is the nose. On that morning I knew the exact angle of every turn and the problems which they set for the racer. Almost with my eyes shut I could have identified every mile of the road—each swale, each curve, each ascent and descent.

Barring accidents, I had every chance to win. I had a Mercedes machine in perfect condition. I was myself in perfect form. My health was superb. I would seem to have eliminated every nerve from my body. Nerves are for tea parties and love affairs. They have no place in an automobile race.

His Wife Was Brave.

My wife, brave little woman, inwardly disapproving of automobile races and especially dreading this one, said nothing against it because she knew how my interests centred in the sport.

She smiled, shook hands with me and went to the grand stand with our friends. She stood at the corner and leaned far forward waving her handkerchief to me as we started.

The morning was frosty and the women shivered in their furs. From the helmets of the contestants scattered about the starting point gray vapors issued and curled on the frosty morning air. Every one was silent and all looked alike in their long black coats and queer, ogre-like helmets with giant eyes. Only one man could be distinguished from the rest by his smallness and his abrupt movements. It was Gabriel, the Frenchman, who had said that he was sure he would be the winner.

My chauffeur, Carl Meusel, who had been looking over the machine, came to me and said:

"Everything is ready."

I gave a final look myself and saw that the Mercedes was trig and taut and shining. We got into our seats. I gave one glance at the wide road, stretching ahead as far as I could see—a wide, gray ribbon, stretching straight before us until its two edges met and were lost in a black point in the distance. Here and there trees dotted the landscape—tall, silent sentinels of the road.

"One, Two, Three," and Off!

The lines of the emergency telephone erected for the occasion looked like dark threads against the gray morning sky. The smell of the fresh turned earth came to us, mingled with the odor of decaying Autumn leaves. The light wind carried the scent of petroleum that had been sprinkled on the road to make it soft and smooth.

I looked at my watch. It was 8:02.

Clarence Gray Dinsmore and S. B. Stevens were standing beside their automobiles. They nodded to me. The timekeeper took out his watch.

"Mr. Arents," he said.

Carl Meusel bent forward and turned on the power.

"I was hurtling through the air and beneath me the roadway was speeding backward at a frightful pace."

MR. ARENTS

MR. DEAD Chauffeur

The machine panted like a horse pants, chafing at restraint.

"One," said the timekeeper. He paused and the whirring of the Mercedes grew louder.

"Two." Carl Meusel bent lower over the machine.

"Three." With a leap the Mercedes was off. She seemed to be a bird flying low, occasionally touching the ground with her wings, then bounding forward again. So fast did we go that the car seemed to cut the air, creating a small gale about our ears. Neither Meusel nor I said a word. The speed took our breath.

We tore past Westbury like the wind. The village looked like a gray dot in a wide stretch of brown earth, and in an instant it was behind us. Through a dozen rods of uneven road the racing car went as lightly as a leaf on the wind. We had reached Queens and had covered the first half of the course when we struck a swale and a run of bad road, and in the middle of it the car brought up and stood beating against the ground like a bird with a broken wing. Meusel was ready for the exigency, and in astonishingly short time had replaced the punctured tire and we were off again.

Another Punctured Tire.

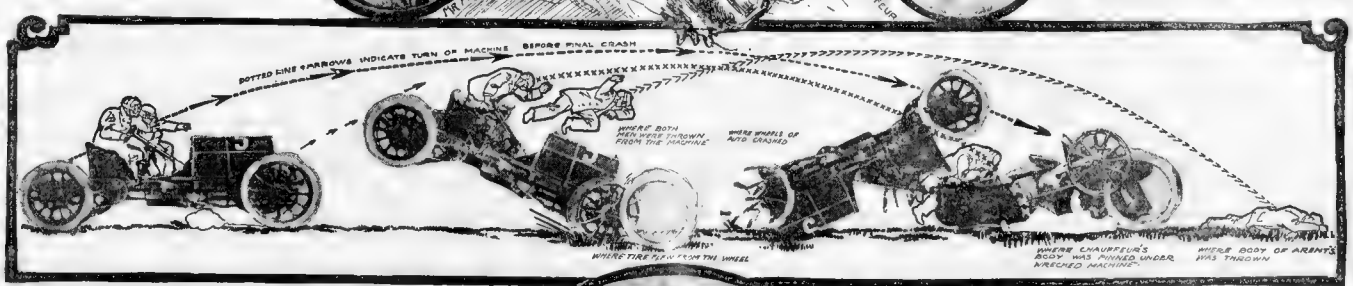
There was a bad turn at Queens, but we made it without difficulty and dashed back on the return trip to Jericho Hills. We slowed at a bad crossing near Hempstead, got up speed again and whizzed past the town. Then, once more, a punctured tire stopped us. The chauffeur fixed it and we were on Rethpaze turnpike, pumping along at a mile a minute. The turning at the turnpike to the base of the triangle, at the other end of which was our starting point, was the most abrupt in the road, the sharpest angle I ever turned.

The cross current of air was like a slap in our faces.

Meusel let the car loose and we made our fastest time on the five-mile run to the starting point. The timekeeper applauded our arrival, waving his cap. Once more he counted "One, two, three."

Off we whirled on the second lap. I was still confident. No premonition of any kind disturbed me. I felt only the thrill which the joy of record speed brings to the automobile racer. Thirty-five minutes out from the starting point

Diagram of just what happened to them both.



by my watch, which I consulted from time to time to be sure we were up to the schedule I had set, my Mercedes was doing its utmost.

"This means victory," I exclaimed to myself.

At the very moment of disaster I had no apprehensions whatever. I was exultant in my confidence and sense of security.

Before I had drawn another breath I felt the great machine tremble. A sharp, grinding sound coming from the front and right, struck upon my ears.

When one is rushing through the air at the rate of a mile a minute the least irregularity in the rhythm of the wheels and gears communicates itself to the senses of the human element—for machine and driver are really one at such moments. Then one realizes the contrast between the solid, unmoving earth and his own reckless flight. Then one feels what it would mean for that solid earth and his own flying body to meet.

Meusel showed that he felt what that would mean. He, with his hand upon the wheel, was even more a part of the machine than was I.

Meusel bent suddenly over the levers. He was quite ready to make a concession to the solid earth. He was using all his knowledge and skill to slacken our flight as rapidly as the mechanism would bear.

Yet it seemed to me that our speed was as great as ever. The grass grew sharper. It takes ten times as long to tell these things as they were in happening. But my thoughts were as rapid as our flight.

"G-r-r-r, g-r-r-r!" The mechanism could stand that strain only for a moment or two, Ed Lien

And then—there was a plunge and a jolt, and I knew that my own flight was continuing with the machine under me.

The Chauffeur's Death Cry.

I was hurtling through the air, and beneath me the roadway was speeding backward at a frightful pace.

I knew what had happened.

"Here's a header," I caught myself exclaiming.

Then, from a long way off, I heard a cry—a wail of agony.

Mr. Arents speeding up his racer.

"Meusel is hurt," I thought.

Then something struck me a sharp blow on the back of my head, and I felt myself plunged into blackness and silence

Presently a dim gray light appeared. Through it I saw the waifs of a strange, small room. My body seemed to be made of stone. I tried to stir. I tried to think, and realized that I comprehended nothing except that I was very cross, with a sense of personal injury. At length I found my tongue

"I'm not at home. I growled. "Hello, there, somebody! when it is

Where am I? What's the matter?"

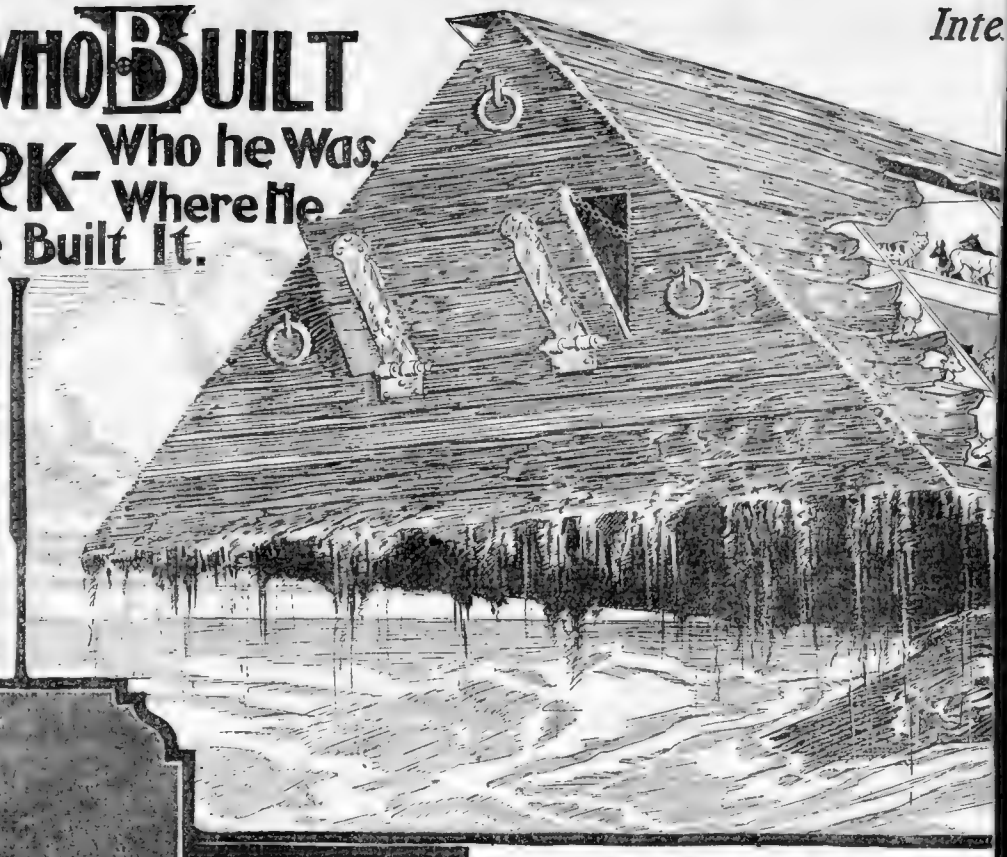
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE MAN WHO BUILT NOAH'S ARK—Who he Was, Where He Lived and How He Built It.

By Rev. Dr. Kenyon V. Millard.



A [illegible] years of research and exploration I am con[illegible] to make entirely clear the Bible narrative of [illegible]

[illegible] to in the [illegible] chapter six [illegible] an [illegible] who [illegible] three [illegible] dynasty and was without doubt, the wea[illegible] [illegible] Egypt. It [illegible] Noe [illegible] and [illegible] his [illegible] exa[illegible] [illegible] he ac[illegible] [illegible] who [illegible] [illegible] his subjects a[illegible] [illegible] n His dis[illegible] [illegible] and his fa[illegible] [illegible] tion of mat[illegible] [illegible] and who were to [illegible] [illegible] out forever the s[illegible]

THE ARK TOOK 120 YEARS TO BUILD

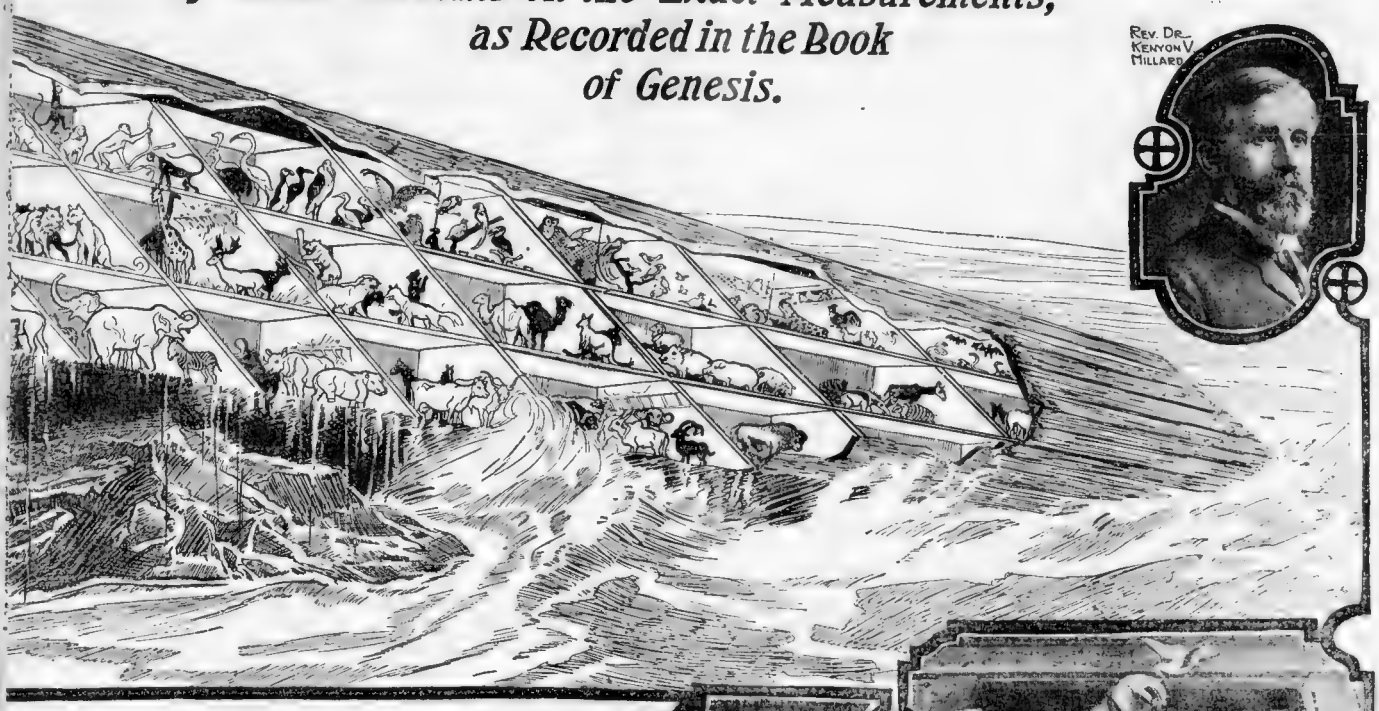
[illegible] world seen a king as powerful it[illegible] [illegible] He was six hundred years old when [illegible] flood [illegible] work for a hundred and twenty years in bu[illegible] ing his ark. Noah was a multi-millionaire and the greatest of Egyp[illegible] Pharaohs, not excepting Ramesses the Gr[illegible] [illegible] could have cost, I estimate, in modern m[illegible] something [illegible] [illegible] Noah was poss[illegible] of coun[illegible]

The Great Pyramid Noah Built for His Tomb, and the Banks of the Nile, Where Noah Built the Ark—The Great Shipyard Was Further Up the River, at Thebes.

vast monument this force erected to his memory. It was King Noe, or Noah, who built the great pyramid of Khufu, known as the pyra[illegible] [illegible]oh, and it was under his direction that the magnificent Sphinx was chiselled out of the solid rock.

Sitting on his throne at Noe-Amen, or Thebes, on the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

esting New Discoveries and Verification of the Bible Story of Noah, and Experiments With a 45-Foot Model Carefully Constructed by Bible Students on the Exact Measurements, as Recorded in the Book of Genesis.



The Copts, who are the true Egyptians, are true Christians. God has had a stone Bible carved on the palace walls and temple doors of the cities of North Africa. The hieroglyphic symbols tell the story. Noah, the Great, who could build the ark, also, as we have said, built for himself the greatest tomb man has seen and also the great Sphinx with its face to the East to greet the god of day. He founded the greatest of all cities—Thebes, or Noe-Amen city—and in it he caused to be built the world's greatest church, in which he himself preached, and the ruins stand to-day. His monument stands to-day and his offering to his God stands to-day

PYRAMID OF GHIZEH WAS NOAH'S TOMB.

Three hundred and fifty years after the flood, when his people were covering the earth, the anger of the Almighty God was appeased, Noah lay himself in his snow-white tomb among the mystic temples, palaces and tombs of his brothers, the Pharaohs. It was a tomb worthy of the father of mankind. It has calmly and solemnly looked over the delta and broad valley of the Nile and waited long and patiently. It has seen the earliest civilizations of the earth—all of them—rise, totter and fall. It has felt the hurling billows of the deluge wildly rush and surge about its base, rise higher and higher, conquer all but it and its builder, fall back and leave this mystic tomb the sole victor of that world-devouring flood, which, like the dread Sargasso Sea, carried on its breast the wrack and wreck of human kind

It was only after years of patient study and research of the deluge legends of the Semitic races, Aryan myths and the earliest tales of India, Greece and America, that I am convinced that these deluge legends are not mere exaggerations of traditions of local inundations. The world was submerged and the preservation of life was due to the ark built by Noah at the command of the Lord as recorded in the Bible

Until recently the seniority of Semitic legends of the deluge was given to the account of Berosus, the Babylonian, who took his account from legends that reached to the time of Jacob and Esau, grandsons of Abraham, who had an opportunity of conversing about the flood with them, son of Noah, and there is little doubt that Shem told Abraham of that awesome ride on the deep; that Abraham told his grandsons, Jacob and Esau, and they told their fellow men, and Berosus, the Babylonian, wrote these accounts in time. The Acadian original, from which hieroglyph Berosus took his story, goes back to the flood, when the God Kronos or Amen ordered Xisuthrus or Noe, the tenth king, to build the ark and save mankind and animals from the deluge.

RECORD OF THE ARK IN RUINS OF THEBES.

All these accounts agree that it was a level country, and the Jewish account agrees in detail, even to the sending out of the birds. Until recently it was supposed that the deluge story was unknown in the Nile valley. It was commonly, but erroneously, said that this was owing to the absence of sudden catastrophes of the nature of an inundation. But now it is admitted by archaeologists that there is no reason why the deluge story should not have grown in and been disseminated from Egypt. The ancient Egyptian Book of the Dead constantly refers to the sun-god Ra as voyaging in a boat on a celestial ocean, and a story of a hieroglyphic inscription of the archaic period embodies a conception entirely analogous to the narrative found in Genesis. In this myth Ra, the creator, being disgusted with man's insolence and arrogant pride, resolves to exterminate the breed. The massacre caused blood to flow to Heliopolis, upon which Ra repents and swears not to again commit such slaughter, and allows mankind to be saved

It was therefore to Egypt that I turned. I have found that, in accordance with the Biblical account of the deluge, parallel evidence of which I have found on the preserved hieroglyphs of ancient Thebes and Memphis, Karnak and Luxor, the Egyptian God of Truth Amen commanded Noe, the Pharaoh during the fourth Egyptian dynasty, to build the ark that was to save mankind from annihilation and permit the earth to remain peopled. Noah's capital city was called Noe-Amen, called from himself and the God Amen. Such was Thebes called for centuries afterward.

It was at Thebes, among the ruins of its most ancient buildings, that our search was made. It was rewarded, and I am now able to give to the world additional details of the wonderful structures built by Noe which have not been rivalled by man.

KENYON V. MILLARD.

Interesting Historical Speculations About the Ark.

It is a curious fact that just at the time several of the leading Bible scholars and archaeologists of Denmark have brought to an end a series of exceedingly interesting studies and experiments relating to Noah's Ark. In fact, a few weeks ago a carefully constructed miniature ark was launched on the waters of the Danish Sound and its seaworthy qualities were tested.

A party of engineers, public officials and students of antiquity boarded the craft with some misgivings and it was taken in tow by a tug and set free in the rather high waters of the Sound. To the astonishment of every one she proved to be a steadiest boat ever known.

There was a stiff breeze blowing the length of the Sound and enough of a sea running to make the tugs and the yachts and Copenhagen roll heavily, while the sphitha launches had all they could do to keep dry inside. Yet the strange craft and they were all observing, in spite of its shape, which is the very reverse of all nautical traditions, stood as steady as the proverbial church.

This model of the ark was, with the exception of a few minor details, built according to the proportions of the Bible specifications. But it was only one-tenth the size of Noah's boat. Noah's ark was 450 feet long, 75 feet wide and 45 feet high, according to the majority of archaeologists.

The Danish model was only 45 feet long, with other dimensions in proportion. Instead of being pointed at the very bow and broadest near the top, like all modern sail and steam ships, the model was flat as a floor on the bottom and narrowed from there to the top, like the roof of a house. Yet the model made her way through the waves without any perceptible roll and very little pitching motion. The reason for this was first pointed out by the owner of an automobile boat of the latest type.

His boat was flat bottomed and built to skim the surface of the water, and he claimed with pride that the designs of the most advanced builders were just getting back to the lines the Creator himself used. When the model swung broadside to the waves they would break on the sloping side and shoot high up toward the window, instead of rolling the vessel, as is usually the case.

The window in Noah's Ark seems to have been a slit 18 inches wide, which ran the whole length of the vessel just under the ridge pole.

Evidently the waters of the deluge washed high on the sides of the ark, and this window was made this and located as high as possible for this very reason. In the model the windows were placed high up, but were in the form of four separate openings on each side. There was a door in each end, and the whole ship was covered with paint instead of pitch, on account of its greater convenience in handling.

No less a person than King Christian of Denmark will be in charge of the next trial of the model Ark. So interested was this monarch that he was not content with watching the craft from the deck of a Government vessel, but at once announced that he must have a ride in it. The next experiment, which is to be made in a few days, will take on a royal tone and is expected to bring out excursion steamers in numbers that will simulate the great cup races.

M. Vogt constructed the model out of a fund left for this and similar purposes of investigation by the late millionaire brewer, Jacobsen. The model is to be brought to the United States if it can be towed or carried over at a reasonable expense.

Several people have volunteered to sail the boat over if M. Vogt will suspend a long sheet of rolled iron under the bottom to act as a sort of keel and put in masts, sails and some temporary changes above the water.

They want to have the windows and doors sealed and a little platform, or false deck, built at the very top. They would enter the interior through one small covered hatch built in the very top.

Whatever question there may be about the tradition itself regarding the Ark, one identifying, at least, is certain—that for the purpose for which it was intended hardly a better craft could have been designed. It was simple to build, strong, water tight and roomy, and able to stand a hurricane of wind [illegible] Moreover [illegible] animals would not be made sick. I certified in the Ark as they would in one of the staunchest of modern vessels if it were left to drift at the mercy of a storm and boiling flood.

To make sure of the correctness of their dimensions, M. Vogt, a Danish engineer, who was at the head of the work, enlisted the help of distinguished Hebraists, who made special translations of every passage in the Hebrew Scriptures that referred to the Ark. He was also aided by an ancient representation of the Ark on a coin of the date of 300 B. C. This coin seemed to have embodied ideas much more correct than the modern toy-maker's conceptions of this ancient craft. It is supposed that the designers of the coin had a more complete description even than the Hebrews had

The Ark's flat bottom would cause it to just rest nicely on the circular platform which forms the top of mighty Mount Ararat. There are two peaks to this mountain, which is the highest of the Taurus chain in Armenia. It is called by the Turks Agri Dagh ("the Painful Mountain"), and by the Persians Kohi-Noh ("the Mountain of Noah"). The highest peak is 17,210 feet above the sea, considerably higher than Mont Blanc. The higher peak, known as Great Ararat, is perpetually covered with snow. Persian and Turkish expeditions tried many times in vain to reach the summit.

Dr. Friedrich Parrot, a German, finally succeeded in 1829. He described the mountain as a mass of jagged volcanic rocks up to the very top. Here was a flat, circular shelf of about 200 feet in diameter formed of permanent ice and cov[illegible] an equally flat shelf of rock [illegible]

It is short would certainly be the first [illegible] any flood. If the Ark landed on the shelf it must have stayed there [illegible] In the air. If it had landed on any other mountain ten of the chain it would have slid and bumped its way down to the valley as the flood subsided. Ararat, therefore, is not only the first piece of land that showed after the deluge, but it is specially fitted for the reception of just such a flat-bottomed craft as Noah's.

The Ark resting on the top of this dizzy peak was [illegible] ground, and according to the traditions of the Babylonians which was put in writing by Berosus, who lived in the third century before Christ, the great bats, bound together for several centuries, preserved by the dryness and cold which must have been present even in those early balmy days. The natives of the locality, descendants of Noah, who remained near the spot, made frequent journeys to the mountain. They scraped off pieces of the bitumen or pitch with which the Ark was coated, and made amulets of it for souvenirs.

In a heavy sea the Ark would be perfectly steady and comfortable inside, all observers of the model agree. The only unfavorable criticisms to the most ancient of nautical designs is that its great length and narrowness might have made the vessel hard and strain. The Bible's specifications tell nothing about the length of timbers to be used or how they were to be joined and braced

Probably the sea pounded heavily at the ends, which were flat, when the Ark was not side to the waves. For that reason it is supposed they must have been braced, and perhaps double. M. Vogt thinks if we could find a plan of the original we might learn that the modern double hull arrangement has been modern only since Noah's time.

The Dove Returning to the Ark with the Olive Branch (From the Famous Painting by Oppenheim), *and Ruins of the Great Temple at Karnak, the Church Built by Noah, and in Which Noah Preached Before He Built the Ark.*

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Like the LOVE of OTHELLO and DESDEMONA —in New York's "400"

Pathetic Love-Tragedy of Poor "Willie" Tiffany and Maud Livingston, and How the Dead Rough Rider's Chum Won the Girl.

"I can see him now—as we lay there in the wet trenches around San Juan Hill. The one happy picture in his mind"—said Mr. Bull.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Bull, pray go on!" urged Miss Livingston.

"——his one great happiness was your love."

PHOTO. BY DUKE, McINTOSH & CO.

Young "Willie" Tiffany and Henry Bull Going on Board the Rough Riders' Transport. Last Picture of Tiffany, Who Is the Lower Figure on the Gangway.

Henry Bull and Maud Livingston Riding in Central Park, N. Y.

Miss Maud Livingston as a Japanese Girl at the Warren Studio Fancy Dress Ball.

WHEN Miss Maud Livingston, [illegible] descendant of Robert Livingston, who [illegible] signed the Declaration of Indepen[illegible]dence, and Henry Worthington Bull [illegible] married at the ancient little chapel at East Islip, in New York [illegible] of ultra fashion, [illegible] one of the most [illegible] lives and [illegible] It is the [illegible] ington [illegible] an' [illegible]

Questions were [illegible] answered [illegible] to answer [illegible]

I imagine heroic young Mr. [illegible] then admiring the co[illegible] [illegible] the lovely girl to [illegible]

I know it. But what did he [illegible] in camp in that wretched, horrid place [illegible] He was [illegible] He was [illegible] feverish. He was dying!

Othello Begins His Tale to Desdemona.

[illegible] still strong to the utmost [illegible]

[illegible]? And [illegible] how [illegible] say? What did he say [illegible]

What, Mr. Bull?" [illegible] was a hush [illegible] not was no license that one may [illegible] as if one were to rush fro[illegible] tensity of life—a cool path [illegible] note fr[illegible]

[illegible] Riders plunged through [illegible] and lined up on the [illegible] to the rush along th[illegible] to the westward and [illegible] beyond"—she interrupted, [illegible] as a trained athlete [illegible] urse of one of the tyros [illegible]

During the fight at Guasimas, which [illegible] place two hours after the landing, his [illegible] became lamed.

[illegible] Didn't I go into t[illegible] war [illegible] Margaret Chanle[illegible] and b[illegible]

[illegible] one with her nerves on edge. "Well, he suffer? Did he want for food? [illegible] starve? Is it all true what I read [illegible] Santa?"

[illegible] much of it misdrewed and grew raucid in the ruin, and, wel[illegible]th—um" hesitating "let it go at that and Desdemona hanging on every word.

"It was when Willie fell ill after the hill [illegible]bing at San Juan [illegible] he slowly pined and starved until his system had not sufficient power of recuperation to insure his recovery, even after the fever had left him."

Tell me more, tell me more.

Boys," he said, as he lay in the rain soaked trenches before Santiago during his delirium, "I would give $5,000 for a square meal for myself and twice as much more for a good dinner for all of you."

"The poor, starved boy!" she moaned.

"There were no hospital delicacies there ever. There was nothing, in fact, but strong bacon and dry hardtack."

"What is hardtack?"

Well—er—it's tough," [illegible] Tiffany's chum.

"And he said 'Maud?'"

"Yes, he constantly called out that name in his delirium. And I was [illegible] Maud [illegible] he [illegible] me on the transport in a moment of [illegible] confidence during his convalescence.

"Yes," she kept saying with vehemence after Harry Bull, "he was always a soldier. He was so [illegible] crave, so strong! He would go to the war. He was a born hero, like his [illegible] chum Commodore Perry.

"And he never complained?

"No, his patience was beautiful."

Day after day, evening after evening, Miss Livingston, hungry and thirsty for every littlest scrap of detail about her soldier lover, loved to hear the story repeated.

One night think it would almost weary Harry Bull. She would begin the question ing to the exclusion of every other topic of conversation, no matter what. It would always resort to her own absorbing passion—her dead lover.

The more the living chum praised his dead chum the more this Desdemona of today drank and drank in every word of this modern Othello, telling of "disastrous chances," of "hair-breadth escapes in the deadly imminent breach," of "battles, sieges, moving accidents by flood and field."

They were quietly falling in love all the time. She with the chum of her sweetheart, he with the sweetheart of his chum.

And we were to have been married directly he came back from the war," she would say simply.

There were five years of sympathy, of chastened comradeship, of sharing what had been a great grief for both, before the pair, who will promise in the old chapel at Islip to love, cherish and honor each other until death shall them part, had a thought of love. They had been comrades and confidants and they had undertaken to prove that the world was mistaken in its view of platonic friendships between the sexes. They set out to prove that the scoffing old world was mistaken, and the sequel is the ceremony in the chapel, for which they are already preparing.

By her friends the bride-elect is lovingly described as an old-fashioned girl.

She is founder of the old home, mellowed with memories of many generations, that of the languid life of most of the women of her set—the three months in town to winter, the twice-a-year trip to Europe, and for the rest Newport. She lived the year round at East Islip with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cambridge Livingston, content with the rare old family library, with the society of her brother, Cambridge Livingston, and her few intimate friends, and with the long gallops and Autumn hunts in the famed Jericho and Wheatley hills. It was a dreamful, delightful life of the sort that the modern girl has forgotten how to live and that we know chiefly through old novels. Maud Livingston was happy there until there came a deeper happiness, and then the great grief and with it Harry Bull. The story begins with Miss Livingston as heroine and another man as hero and the bridegroom of next month, yet it begins, to be precise, with her engagement to the late Lieutenant William Tiffany

Her First Romance with a Fashionable "Rough Rider."

If the Tiffany and Livingston families were asked how long they had known each other, they would reply: "We don't know. You see, it is a matter of quite some generations. So Willie Tiffany, brother of Belmont Tiffany and Perry Tiffany, and nephew of the late Mrs. August Belmont, had a family precedent for his friendship for Maud Livingston. It was quite the natural course of affairs that they should have known each other from the time when she wore pigtails and short skirts and he wore knickerbockers and affected to hate all girls. In time it came about quite naturally, too, that friendship turned to love and that Willie Tiffany and Maud Livingston should become engaged. Then came the war with Spain

Young Tiffany wanted to enlist and his fiancee did not try to dissuade him. What would have been the use? Besides, every girl secretly loves a soldier. Willie Tiffany sailed with the rest of the Rough Riders for Cuba. As he went aboard, the tall, dark girl who waved him farewell from shore noticed the laughing face of a young Rough Rider walking just ahead of him on the gangplank

"Who is that?" she asked with a faint show of interest. She would not show her grief and terror at this parting with her betrothed on a public pier. She must make an effort. she must talk.

"That," replied one of the Livingstons of Islip. "Oh, you haven't met Harry Bull? He and Willie have become great friends since they enlisted. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lanman Bull and is very popular."

And at the same instant Harry Bull had asked anxiously: "Who is the tall, beautiful girl on the right? She seems to be waving at us."

She is," answered Willie Tiffany.

That is Miss Maud Livingston, my fiancee."

Harry Bull made no reply, but the young man stood side by side at the deck rail looking back, and the eyes of both were fixed upon the tall figure at the right until the figure and the shore melted into the blue of the ocean, and the Rough Riders, putting sentiment behind them, talked of the fighting that might be done in Cuba.

When Harry Bull saw Maud Livingston again the grim story of the war ending in one of its saddest sequels, it was at Newport and he was one of the pallbearers at Willie Tiffany's funeral.

Within the week he wrote, as did others of Lieutenant Tiffany's comrades, asking permission to call. He wanted to tell her the story of the last days as he knew it. A small, black-bordered note arrived next day—a very brief note. "I shall be at home at 1. You are very kind."

She was very beautiful, he thought, in her trailing black gown, and with her air of girlish dignity—a composure that was sadder than a note that may have been wet with tears.

During her year of mourning, Mr. Bull saw Miss Livingston but twice. Once he was driving in the Park heavily veiled and did not see him. Once he passed her on a country road on Long Island and she bowed.

"She is more beautiful than ever," he thought.

It was a happy chance [illegible] accept that invitation to [illegible] Rosyn. He had no [illegible] Some one had told him that [illegible] to wear mourning always for [illegible] fancy, that she had doomed herself to [illegible] endless widowhood for [illegible] Rumor even whispered that she [illegible] ter a convent. "At any rate [illegible] something about [illegible] deeply was he interested in [illegible] of his dead friend.

You have met Miss Li[illegible] [illegible]," his hostess said [illegible] suaded her to dine with us to-night, and I'm sure you'll take her in."

And she [illegible]-bone may imagine the ache in her throat—in betwixt her pleasure and her pain. "Oh, will he tell me about Willie's bravery again?"

A Little Social Commonplace Which Led Love On

She was wearing white that night, and she is one of the women who are at their best in white. She wore no jewels. To Harry Bull she seemed the goddess of simplicity. And she was gracious to him at dinner. He had feared that she would be remote

They made some allusions to Cuba, to the war and to the hero sleeping in the little island cemetery at Newport after he had joined her in the drawing-room. They talked of his own career in the war, and when they parted they made each other a shy pledge of friendship—a pledge that was [illegible] kept

Harry Bull found his occasional calls at the Livingston home so pleasant that he made them more frequently. Every one knew that they talked a great deal about the dead sweetheart and comrade and thought that Harry Bull's devotion to his late friend's fiancee was beautiful. So thought Miss Livingston. So, more modestly, probably thought Mr. Bull. The years passed and inquisitive persons began to ask Harry Bull whether he intended to remain a bachelor

"Yes," he said.

"Why?" they asked

"Because, I don't quite know," he said, "but I shall."

And one who thought it such a lovely myth that she told [illegible] who told somebody else. Hence [illegible] tive.

The End of It All at the Rush for the Brush

He continued to be Miss Livingston's escort on rides and drives [illegible] hunted together with the Meadowbrook set. They were quite content [illegible] this brotherly and asterly affection [illegible] that Plato was the great [illegible] of the pansophers

And then came the hunt on Jericho Hills, when Maud Livingston was in excellent form and rode ahead of the other hunters, calling over her shoulder:

I shall get the brush!

My Brown Boy (her horse) trembled a little as he approached the high fence near a bank. She urged him. Shivering he drew back. She brought the whip down upon his flanks. He sprang at the fence, cleared it, but toppled down the bank, flinging her over his head

Harry Bull was the first to reach her. He lifted her in his arms and laid her head reverently upon his knee, which tried to revive her. When a [illegible] was secured he drove her home

Some of the Meadowbrook set suspected that Harry Bull was unlike himself after Maud Livingston's accident. He was taciturn and forsook the club. He called several times a day in this instance at the Livingston home

When after her recovery she rode again he never left her side. That it was that gossips began to say [illegible] you suppose?" I wonder whether [illegible] Why didn't we think of it before?" And when Miss Livingston's engagement was announced they said unanimously, "We told you so."

It is no easy to be a prophet of the past and wise after the event.

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THE MURDERER PAUSED AND LOOKED UP AT A FACE WATCHING HIM THRO' THE TRANSOM

Who Murdered Doctor Gebhardt? Why Did He Do It?

knife from the victim's neck and rose to his feet, still with his eye on Brooks. This broke the spell, and some idea of action came into the spectator's mind. He tried to shout: "Murderer!" But his voice couldn't get by his tonsils. He jumped from the table forward, and rushed down stairs to the street, finding his voice as he went. On the street was William Cavanaugh, whom he brought upstairs with him as soon as he could half explain.

"He's escaped," they both thought until they saw a form crouched in the shadow of the desk, which, with the chair and safe, was the only furniture in the room not overturned in the death struggle. He was sitting on his heels with his back against the wall, and apparently drying his hands on the carpet. The electric motor still drove the turning machine, and the two witnesses spoke a sentence or two to each other. Brooks asked Cavanaugh if he could see the murderer's face. Cavanaugh replied that he could, and asked if there was any way of getting in. Brooks thought not, and they ran down to the street and gave a general alarm.

F. H. Behnke and Policeman Joseph Weisenborn hurried to the scene, and were soon followed by a great crowd. Behnke put his shoulder to the door and broke the lock, and the four entered.

The doctor lay as the two had seen him last, but his murderer had disappeared. They entered Dr. Reluske's office, which opens directly from Dr. Gebhardt's room, and there found traces of the man's escape. A window which looks into an alley was open and the screen was cut halfway off through this the man had evidently made his escape, and, catching hold of the telephone wires for support, had dropped to the sidewalk below.

The police force and Sheriff William Julius at once set to work and searched all roads and trains until morning, meanwhile searching the town.

They are certain that the man who committed the deed is still in town and, in fact, is a native.

The motive, whatever it was, seems to have been in the nature of hatred, revenge or insanity, for robbery is out of the question. In the open safe lay untouched $75, and the doctor's gold watch was left in his pocket.

PHOTOGRAPHED DEAD MAN'S EYES FOR MURDERER'S IMAGE.

In all, twenty-three stabs were found in various parts of the body, two of them in the cheeks. The back of the skull was broken by a blunt instrument, evidently a mason's hammer, which was found in the room and did not belong to the doctor. Near the chair a pinch of short black hair was found, and behind the desk a linen handkerchief, blood soaked, with the initials G. R. K. upon it.

Among those who crowded into the room after the murder was A. J. Meyer, a photographer. He had heard the old theory that the retina of a murdered person's eye held, like a photograph, the last scene the living eyes had focused itself upon. With this in mind he opened one of the closed eyes and turning the head to the light, tried to look down through the pupil. He started back and called Sheriff Julius to look. They both thought the light was reflected from the left eye in such a way that a patch of white covers whatever may have been within. As to the right eye when examined by a magnifying glass, opinions differ. Some make out a face and part of a shoulder and trace the mustache. Others see nothing at all. At any rate the pictures will help little toward catching the murderer.

For clues the police have an excellent description of the young man, a mason's hammer, bloody finger prints, a shred of two of hemstitched linen, a bunch of black hair, two collar buttons and the handkerchief. The description is as follows:

"Young man, probably about twenty-two years old, medium height, very slender, dark hair, dark eyebrows and short, dark mustache, eyes also dark and drooping at the corners, nose straight, complexion rather light. Hands small, dark hair, delicate wrists, small hands and feet, dressed in dark or black clothes."

The idea occurred to the police that the murderer might be a woman from the description. But the two witnesses are certain it was a man's face that stared back at them. Moreover, it is not likely that a woman could have escaped by the telephone wires as the murderer did. Also it has been pointed out that a woman could hardly have fought Dr. Gebhardt in the death struggle, of which the room shows

Then the murderer moved. He pulled the

sample evidence. The bit of black hair is

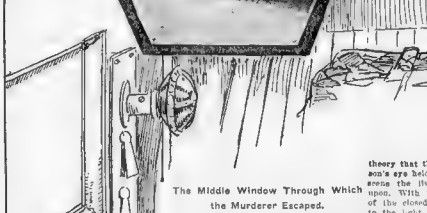
tinued to make sure of his work until two people came to look in upon him. Even then he was in no hurry, and bid beside the desk and watched them. When the crowd came in force he fled by the window at the last minute. With all his slowness and in spite of the fact that he was watched in his crime at two distinct intervals by two people, he seems safe as far as the police and the swarm of detectives about the spot are concerned.

Dr. Gebhardt was unmarried and had no known love affairs or enemies. He was a of headache cure fro

The Dead Man's Eyes Photographed to Get the Murderer's Likeness

The Open Safe, Overturned Chair and Twisted Rug in Dr. Gebhardt's Office, Taken Just After the Murde

Asa P. Brooks, Who Watched the Murderer Through the Transom.



The Middle Window Through Which the Murderer Escaped.

THE murderer of Dr. L. A. Gebhardt, of New Ulm, Minnesota, paused a moment, his work not quite finished, for close to the ceiling of the room was the face of a man watching him. With his eyes on the horrified face that peered through the transom, the murderer plunged the knife once more into his victim and fled. And yet, in spite of this most unusual clue, for the features of the assassin were distinctly seen, the tragedy is an impenetrable mystery.

The spectator was Asa P. Brooks, editor of the New Ulm Review. He had heard the sounds of a scuffle and cries from his office on the floor beneath. He came upstairs and, stumbling on a table, looked over the transom into the room of his friend, Dr. Gebhardt.

There lay Dr. Gebhardt at the foot of his dentist's chair, under the full glare of the operating light, and on his knees was a young man twisting and prying with a knife in his efforts to drive the weapon into the base of the dentist's skull. Dr. Gebhardt was bleeding from a dozen stabs, and the murderer's slender hands were red to the wrist.

The dentist's table, in the corner of the room, hummed with a loud, droning sound, which had prevented the young man from hearing Brooks move the table and climb to the transom. Brooks looked at the sight for a moment, speechless. Then, as the knife suddenly went home and his friend's body twitched with the severing of some nerve, he gave an involuntary exclamation of horror.

The murderer turned himself half round, and with one hand still on the knife handle looked over his shoulder first at one door then at the other, then the window. Finally he saw Brooks's eyes in the transom.

Both stared at each other for a minute. Both seemed hypnotized by the other, and were perfectly motionless. Brooks felt nothing but the man's eyes and the high pitched drone of the machine.

BIG FORTUNES WAITING TO BE PICKED UP BY BRIGHT PEOPLE

IN spite of the enormous inroads made on this earth's great stores of wealth, diamonds, gold, iron, coal, iron and other materials [illegible] investigations have brought to light, [illegible] interesting fact that treasure fields containing fabulous wealth still remain intact [illegible] locations of many of these are known [illegible] and treasure seekers possessing the necessary daring, energy, resourcefulness and inventive genius can help themselves to millions and billions of dollars' worth simply for going and taking it.

The United States [illegible] Albatross recently returned from a [illegible] cruise, during which she crossed every [illegible] in the world. The object of the cruise was deep sea soundings and other scientific [illegible]. In the course of these soundings [illegible] travel brought up from a depth of [illegible] miles an extraordinary collection of nodules of pure manganese. This metal, which is largely used in the arts and in machinery, is so hard that it will scratch glass. It is extremely valuable, and on land is practically never found in a pure state.

Further investigations proved that huge areas of the floor of the Pacific are strewn thick with immense deposits of this valuable substance. Invent a practicable and economical method of recovering it, and the individual who does so will at once become rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

The difficulties in the way of such an invention are many and the experiments would of necessity be costly. But it is not necessary for the ordinary man to go so far or spend so much in order to attain wealth and, incidentally, fame. For instance, there is nothing like leather for shoes, yet leather is expensive, and consequently becoming more [illegible]. The demand is always for [illegible] product of the [illegible] world increases also with it the [illegible] for boot and shoes. Find a substitute [illegible] better and your fortune is made.

It has been frequently asserted that the average inventor never makes any money. Constant repetition has made it almost a proverb. Experience proves it to be [illegible] untrue. The copper shoe tip needed [illegible] and [illegible] fail [illegible] rubber heel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Debutantes AND THEIR LATEST MODISH GOWNING

By Mrs. Osborn

CREATOR OF FASHIONS FOR THE FASHIONABLE WOMEN OF AMERICA

White muslin and blue ribbons no longer the unwritten law for the gowning of debutantes.

Expensive simplicity a feature in debutantes' gowns this season.

White used invariably in gowns for receiving.

The ultra smart debutante of the season of 1904-1905 is as elaborately gowned as her purse permits.

But no jewels, except a pendant, perhaps, or a pearl in this age de luxe.

ONE always associated the young debutante with simplicity of attire as well as of manner. In the latter respect, this association is rarely misplaced, but, generally speaking, it [illegible] season is gowned in that manner. In the matter of street gowns a debutante is not, and she is [illegible] besides dress.

There was an unwritten law, and a very rigid one, some years ago that a debutante should be gowned in white muslin and blue ribbons. That same law now compels a debutante to be gowned in [illegible] shades of blue, and that is about all.

The Poetry in the Gowning of a Debutante.

In the matter of [illegible] of course, there are some small [illegible] pared with those of a few years ago. [illegible] been "out" for several seasons, but [illegible] are not attempted during the afternoon [illegible] dressed as a debutante.

Yes, a debutante may wear one towel.

For receiving purposes an gown of the [illegible] debutante is invariably [illegible] was the popular fashion [illegible] is but little effected now. [illegible] mous in quality to satisfy the [illegible] mands for something fine. Instead [illegible] timeworn material for debutantes' [illegible] chiffon is used either in [illegible] dainty net resembling [illegible] of other decorative and beautiful fabrics of a cheap print is frowned upon. Nothing is somewhat smarter sort which has seen in boudoir caps in the front of both bodice and has produced for the adornment of women and the distraction of men.

The top of the skirt is shirred and the These materials adjust themselves admirably to the artistic lines demanded by the woman who dresses smartly.

Young girls wear little or no jewelry. It is not in good taste, and they are seldom permitted anything more than a pearl pendant or a few pearls.

It is in the wearing of jewels that the [illegible] of demarkation is most strongly emphasized between the debutante and her mother, this association is reversed, but, generally speaking, it [illegible] years ago.

In the matter of street gowns a debutante is not, and she is [illegible] besides dress.

The properly gowned debutante wears [illegible] and materials that become her, rigid one seems to [illegible] and suggests the same time variety. [illegible] be gowned in white muslin and blue ribbons. [illegible] much of [illegible] fashion has [illegible] or eighteen

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Christmas Patterns for Dolly's Clothes

Here Is an Entire Wardrobe of Them, and You Can Easily Make Them All Yourself at Home:

THE greatest pleasure in the ownership of a doll is found in dressing and undressing it. Every little girl will tell you that. Her cup of happiness is filled to the brim when she becomes the possessor of a pretty dolly who has been properly dressed and whose clothes have been made to put on or take off just like her own.

Santa Claus is going to leave millions and millions of half-dressed dolls for good little girls on Christmas morning. He hasn't time to make skirts, undergarments, frocks, capes, bonnets, kimonas, sack coats and blouse waists for all of them, so he says:

"I'll bring the doll all right, but mamma or sister will have to provide some nice smart frocks and things for her, and then you can dress and undress Miss Dolly just as much as you please."

Doll's clothes are not difficult to make provided you have the right patterns for everything. A few hours' time, a few bright bits of odds and ends of material, a little sewing, and the clothes are completed and another little girl has been made happier than she ever imagined she could possibly be.

Designs for eight garments for Miss Dolly are illustrated on this page. There is a smart little coat and a bonnet for outdoor wear, a rec' ench party dress, all lace and ribbons and things, a ful ith "nightie" to go to bed in, a morning wrapper and an underwaist, drawers and petticoat.

A complete set of these patterns and all the directions for making the clothes are offered to-day for ten cents.

The patterns have been cut in four sizes, for 12-inch, 18-inch, 24-inch and 30-inch dolls.

Fill in the blank printed on this page, giving your name and post office address and the size of doll the clothes are for. Then mail the filled-in blank and ten cents in money or stamps to CHRISTMAS DOLL PATTERNS, P. O. Box 240, New York City.

Fill in and mail this blank as directed with ten cents in money or stamps, and the complete set of patterns will be forwarded to you by return of mail.

SUNDAY AMERICAN-JOURNAL-EXAMINER PATTERNS.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DOLL'S CLOTHES SET

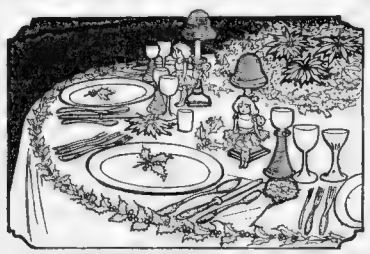
No. 431

Name.....

Address.....

Size of doll.....Inches.....

How to Decorate the Christmas Table---Some New Things for the 1904 Season.



For the Christmas dinner table—Use a flat centrepiece of maidenhair ferns, forming a bed for brilliant poinsettias, with side lights and doll decorations.

THERE is one day in the year when all personal fads for certain plants and flowers are laid aside in the decoration of the table for Christmas and the keynote of every adornment is cheerful suggestions, brightness and warmth.

Holly, of course, plays an important part in those dainty touches which every hostess gives to her table, whether invited guests will share its hospitality or members of the family alone, are imbued with a Christmas spirit as they look upon the green and red and gold which nature prepares to gladden the eyes at this festival season.

Fashion decrees that all table decorations shall be low, this season, as one must keep this in mind in arranging the table. At the same time it is desirable to add to the pleasure of a dinner or luncheon by introducing some original idea in the adornments.

While breakfast is an obsolete meal in many homes others cling to the reunion of the family before dispersion for the day, and still others do honor to a Christmas breakfast who, perhaps, never enter a breakfast room upon any other day of the year.

A very jolly looking breakfast table may have a life-sized golf bag, formed of loosely braided green straw or cane, strapped to each chair with a wide, red satin ribbon tied in a bow. Into these may be dropped a liberal supply of Christmas presents and mail, with room, besides, for a glass tube holding water, filled with long-stemmed red and white roses or scarlet chrysanthemums. A sprig of holly in each red bow and another upon the plate add the finishing Christmas touch. Around the table a wreath of smilax, caught up in scallops by sprigs of holly, at intervals, forms a charming setting for the bright ware upon the table and makes a sharp contrast to the stiff, cunning little bay trees, set at each plate in small, square pots of some faience suitable to the color of the decorations. Green and white would be most appropriate.

A real Christmas centre decoration for a breakfast table may be formed of a small auracaria pine, a very smart plant for decorative purposes or a little fir or spruce tree, grubbed from its natural surroundings in some country spot near by. These might be hung with the breakfast oranges and grapes or with peaches, lemons and oranges made of satin and velvet and hollow in the centre. Into these hollows may easily be tucked jewels, or even fine bits of lace, as presents for those about the table. In this case it would be pretty to tie a piece of red baby ribbon to the fruit with its other end at the plate of the person for whom the gift is intended. This end might be arranged with a bow and sprig of holly, holding the name card with the important legend upon it.

Another odd bit of decoration for such a tree is to hang bright red or yellow balls and other ornaments upon the little branches.

There is no home too poor or too isolated to be without some bright decoration upon the breakfast table to send the members of the family out upon the day's work or the day's pleasures filled with good cheer of the mind. There are always some bits of green along roadsides and woodlands which may be had for the gathering, and arranged with taste upon the tabs. Formality should never find place in the breakfast room. Originality should be furnished somewhere, and merry little wish cards and "favors," tied up in cute little bundles and inscribed with something funny and something sweet, add to the fun of a home breakfast.

For New Year's Day something that people are invariably amused with, could be placed at each plate, such as a prophesy for the coming year contained in a tiny dress suit case. This may be merely of some imitation material for the occasion, or it may be of fine leather and fitted up as a jewel case, holder for cards or a small note book, or as a tiny work box. In the case should be found pictures of all kinds, gathered from anywhere and many are to be had in the newspapers. Each picture should represent something that is likely to take place in the life of the person holding the case during the coming year. All sorts of funny incidents and romantic situations can be illustrated in these prophesies, and an hour's fun derived from the examination of them.

The Christmas dinner is invariably a great fete among all Christian nations, and decorations for it are planned upon a much more elaborate scale than for any other function of the day.

This season the vivid scarlet poinsettia is the fashionable Christmas flower, mingled with berries of red or white, preferably holly.

The dinner table illustrated has a flat centrepiece of maidenhair fern, forming a bed for brilliant poinsettias. Ropes of loosely laid sprigs of holly extend from this central adornment to each plate, where they terminate in a boutonniere for the men and a sprig of holly for the women. These ropes are supposed to be pulled (only they never are), after the dinner, drawing to their owners a large poinsettia from the centre of the table, or a bouquet of whatever flowers may be banked in the centrepiece. As a matter of fact, these souvenirs of the dinner are daintily lifted from their bed of green where they have served the double purpose of decorating the table and acting as gifts to its guests.

The table is wreathed in holly, and the boutonnieres for the men should be either red or white. White carnations or carnations are in vogue at present.

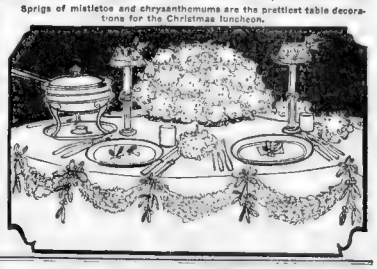
The fad of the hour for side or dome lights at a dinner. The dome lights can be converted into large Christmas bells, diffusing light over the table, by covering the shades with a bell shaped frame covered with some suitable Christmas ever green or flower. This fad is best ignored at Christmas, and the individual candles resorted to, although the fashion of using these has by no means died out.

At each of the plates in the table illustrated is a candlestick in a slender, unobtrusive stick. To this is tied a brightly dressed doll, by a ribbon around the waist, and each doll is dressed in ballet costume with bright, gauzy skirts standing away from a round bag of bonbons and Christmas motto, done up in gauze, which forms the underskirt. The bag is tied to the doll's waist by a drawing string of narrow ribbon, and as it is round, the doll has to be slipped into it.

For room decorations white, green and gold draceenas, and festoons, mingled with vines in hanging baskets, and perhaps a few ferns as an effect to the stiff leaves of the other plants, are hung in baskets or set upon stands. The table may have a dome centre formed of golden chrysanthemums with enough green to relieve the gold and sprigs of mistletoe here and there. Radiating from this golden dome are to be strewn chrysanthemums with the blossoms near the plates. Around the table is draped a wreath of asparagus fern looped with sprays of mistletoe. The glistening, pearl-white berries of the mistletoe are very decorative. Sprigs of fern support sprays of these berries. A spray of mistletoe must, of course, be placed at each plate, and to this may be added any white or gold blossom or bunch of flowers that would be proper to offer as a souvenir.

Wherever a dish may be properly garnished with either holly or mistletoe, at their respective seasons, it should be done. For instance, ice cream served in boll shapes, topped by a sprig of holly, would be pretty for Christmas, while for New Year's the cream might be served in a little boat, representing the voyage of the New Year, with a bunch of fancy "favors" at one end and a spray of mistletoe at the other.

Sprigs of mistletoe and chrysanthemums are the prettiest table decorations for the Christmas luncheon.



Place a gift at each guest's place around the table a candle and candlestick to which a brightly dressed doll is tied.

Little bay trees and a small auracaria pine are tasteful decorations for the breakfast table on Christmas morning.

Cupid boat for ice cream and candy doll.

Latest Photograph of Miss Carrie Wilson, 3728 64th Place, Chicago.

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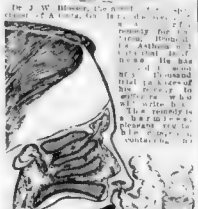

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POLITICS & ART

EDITORIAL SECTION

SCIENCE · LITERATURE ·

BOSTON AMERICAN, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1904.

KING of the GUILLOTINE---HIS MEANING

Deibler Managed the Paris Guillotine. He Has Gone to That Shore to Which He Sent So Many Before Him, Minus Their Heads. There Is a Sermon in His Career, Surely

EVERYBODY in Paris and in all France knew Deibler. During his lifetime millions had crowded to the Place de la Roquette to see him cut off the heads of condemned criminals. He had chopped off the heads of many scores—women and men, young and old.

Now Time, working a guillotine more silent and more sure than his own, has come to take him. He in his turn has gone off on that strange journey upon which he started so many.

* * *

The death of this man, famous as killer of his kind, brings up interesting thoughts.

How strange is the amount of attention that men have given to killing one another.

We are here for a few moments, like candles that go out almost as soon as they are lighted. We flicker faintly and disappear, millions of us dying every year. Yet we must hasten the process, and ever we have worked with the greatest enthusiasm at killing one another.

Even to-day the greatest men, in our estimation, are those that in war have organized killings on the greatest scale.

We have killed our fellow creatures in every conceivable way, from starving them, as in ancient Jewish times, to filling them too full of water, as was done recently in the Philippines. We have put huge stones on their chests, burned them alive, strangled them in various fashions, poisoned them, killed them by drops of water falling on the head, or by depriving them of sleep, as in China; impaling them on a spit—the present fashionable method in Morocco.

Man exhausted all the ingenuity of his early brutality in new ways of killing his fellow man. The passionate instinct of self-preservation that Nature gave us when she put us here is almost equalled in the intensity of man's passionate desire to kill somebody else.

To-day, when civilization should quiet the killing instinct among us, we must invent in America the slaughter of the criminal by electricity, calling from nature's depths the mysterious power of electricity to destroy the life of the body.

Deibler was the official killer of the French Republic. He managed the murderous machine invented by Dr. Guillotin and used as a feature of the French Revolution, when humanity was pruned and trimmed rather ruthlessly. When we remember with horror the number of men officially beheaded in France for long-standing crimes against the people, we can console ourselves by remembering that England, while the French Terror lasted, lunged as many poor, miserable creatures for stealing a few shillings as were beheaded in France. The beheadings of the French Revolution at least scared the rest of the world out of the habit of hanging a beggar that stole a shilling. That is something to the credit of the tall knife that Deibler has just given up handling.

A few thousand years from now highly developed man unable to conceive of our hideous, brutal civilization, with its capital punishments, starvation, wealth, dissipation and religious fervor all jumbled together, would give a good deal to know just how we carried on the strange antics which we call civilized.

* * *

This is how Deibler, the Paris headsman, worked.

Consider that you are witnessing the beheading of Prado, a man convicted in Paris of killing miserable women to take their money from them.

Executions take place in Paris at sunrise. To avoid a great crowd, no definite day of the week is fixed for the public killing. The great crowd, in consequence, gathers every day of the week when the killing is expected.

The great public square called the Place de la Roquette is dark and gloomy in the early morning, with the high gate of the prison on one side, and on the other sides the high apartment houses, human ant hills, that have grown up with modern Paris around the old stone house of suffering. In the middle of the public square stand two high posts, and above them in a slanting position is placed the knife, with fifty or more pounds of metal above it, to give force to its swishing drop.

The crowd has been waiting for a long time, jesting and merrymaking. The men, and some of the women, too, have brought handkerchiefs, which "for luck" they will try to dip into the blood of the beheaded man. It is a delighted crowd. The gathering of the Municipal Guard forming a wall around the guillotine, proves that the man is actually to be killed this day.

The first signs of the rising sun light up the roofs and the crowd gets greater every moment. In the windows of the big apartment houses lights appear here and there you see a man and a woman leaning out in a window, hurriedly dressed, to enjoy the sight which is one of the privileges of a resident overlooking the square.

The moment arrives, and with it appears Deibler the professional killer of the people, walking through the iron passe-gate. He is old with a face like that of a typical French flunkey—he looks more like a butler or a respectable undertaker than like a killer of men, as he slowly toward the guillotine dressed in plain black, his eyes upon the ground. The people behind him, in boisterous sort of way, and so they hiss him, while waiting the greater pleasure of hissing a man that is to lose his in a few minutes.

Close behind the dark-clad Deibler comes the man soon he is to kill. He is short and squatly built. A woman with an unpleasant face sticks her head through line of soldiers and shouts to him that Deibler will soon him "shorter by a head." There is no fear in this murderer, and he sends back some insult, as the crowd howling, shouting, hissing, presses against the soldiers to get a glimpse of the man that will so soon be seen alive no more.

He walks with his hands tied behind him. A shirt and pair of trousers constitute his costume for the ceremony. shirt is cut away all around the neck, almost like a woman's low-necked dress, that no material may interfere with the swift work of the guillotine blade. His neck is terribly thick and powerful; his chest is covered with a mass of black hair. His forehead is perhaps an inch and a half high, his face wide. It is the face of a man that must inevitably have come to the guillotine in a civilization that knows how to build guillotines but not how to straighten twisted souls.

* * *

Each side of the murderer, whose hands are tied behind his back, and whose feet are shackled so that he can step only a few inches at a time, walk the jailers that guard closely. And right behind, whispering in his unheed ear that there is hope on the other side of the grave, walks a priest. The priest must be cautious. Not so very long ago one of Deibler's "patients" told the priest that wanted to kiss the large brass crucifix before dying, and when it was handed to him he brained the priest with it, with the remark that he would kill one more before he was through.

Deibler stands beside the guillotine some twenty yards from the prisoner, waiting for the prisoner in his stand. He must reach him. He must be careful as he does so, for they call the lunette around the prisoner's neck, the lunette that holds him down and guides the blade on its course, whose regulated as high in the Paris, and at the end of Deibler's thumb, with appropriate adjustment, as the lunette was fastened around the neck. Deibler learned from that time on to do his work carefully.

Deibler's task is to hold the prostrate body stands upright. Prado, cringing and defiant, walks to that plank in the dim light of the sun not quite risen. You see the solemn figure of the public murderer place his hand on the back of the prisoner's neck, that is to die. Prado's body is pressed against the upright plank, which swings downward with him, and his head is found the lunette is fastened upon his neck.

* * *

He is seen by the whole crowd, for every eye watches to see that heavy blade drop. The spring is touched. The head falls into one basket filled with sawdust, the body is pulled into another basket filled with sawdust. And in two buckets loaded into the quick hospital wagon Prado's head and with all haste to the dissecting room, his brain still active and his heart still pumping.

The learned men of Paris with their scalpels and their white aprons, stand ready to cut up quickly the fellow creature that the law has given to them. And the other unemployed men of Paris in that great crowd rush forward to see the show, to dip their handkerchiefs in it, to talk over the many steps that have been avenged, and to go [illegible] the next holiday.

Deibler, protected by the police, has earned his living until the next killing and has slipped away to his quiet little apartment, his quiet little coffee with hot milk.

Deibler is dead. Somebody else fixes the lunette in Paris and looks out carefully for his thumb, lest the murderer's head.

How long shall we await the death of the system that Deibler represented?

How long will poverty, drink and savagery bring murderers into the world? How long will miscalled law murder as grown men those that it has failed to protect and to save as children?

An Appeal for the Blind

by Helen Keller

[illegible] the blind who have lost their sight when they are too old to go to the existing institutions. But it is evident that only a small proportion of the blind now support themselves.

Mr. William B. Wait, of the New York Institution for the Blind, is reported to have said that less than eight per cent of the entire blind population of the United States, even those who have been to schools for the blind, are self-supporting.

And we may add that the percentage for the whole country will be higher than the percentage for this State; for Massachusetts is behind some States in industrial education for the blind. Others will give you the exact figures. But whether there are in Massachusetts one thousand or five thousand adult blind who might be taught to work, they are too many for us to have n[illegible] so long.

It is difficult to understand how a State which was a pioneer in the education of the blind, and which boasts of the Perkins Institution, could have so conspicuously failed to turn their education to account. Surely it is only an accidental division which has left one side of the education of the blind in the sunlight where Dr. Howe placed it, and has left the other side in the dark.

In spirit, all aspects of the education of the blind are one, and we can be sure that Dr. Howe, had he lived, would have been the leader of this movement, in which we are doing our little best. Indeed, I believe that he would long ago have rendered our labors unnecessary. Let us gratefully and lovingly render, in company with those who survive him, the honor that is his due.

But since he is dead and cannot lead us, let us push forward, guided by what light we have. Wisdom did not die with Solomon. All knowledge about the needs and capabilities of the blind did not die with Dr. Howe. There is much to do which he did not live to achieve, or it may even be, which he had not thought of.

The important fact remains that nothing of consequence has been done for the adult blind in Massachusetts since Dr. Howe's day. It was he who established the workshop for the adult blind in South Boston, in connection with the Perkins Institution, and that remains much as he left it. Two or three years ago the State appropriated a small sum of money—five thousand dollars, I think—for travelling teachers, who visit the homes of blind persons who are too old to go to the Perkins institution. This was a step in the right direction, but it was inadequate, and it is not altogether practical.

I have known old ladies who have told me how glad they were to learn to read the Lord's Prayer with their fingers. They looked forward to the weekly lesson with joy; it was a bright spot in the monotony of their life. But, after all, this is not so important as it is to teach younger and stronger men and women to earn their living.

The needs of the adult blind cannot be covered by an extension of this appropriation or by a development of this kind of teaching. Something new is necessary. We have the beginners of it in the Experiment Station. This must be established on a firm basis, and the efficiency must be increased and made permanent. He who is content with what has been done is an obstacle in the path of progress.

Up! Something must be done. We have delayed too long. If one wants to know how long we have delayed, let him read what the Bishop of Ripon said recently at the Institution for the Blind in Bradford, England. Speaking of a time thirty years ago, he said:

The workhouse and the charity of the passer-by in the street were the only hope of the blind. All that has been changed. The blind have been taught useful occupations, and have been enabled in many cases to earn sufficient to maintain themselves in comfort, so that it has come to be a reproach that a blind man or woman should beg in the streets.

This is the change in England in thirty years. There has been no such change in Massachusetts. Something must be done, that is clear. What shall we do?

There are two things to do which work together and become one. First, let the State establish by an adequate appropriation an agency for the employment of the blind. This agency should be in Boston. At the head of it should be a competent man, whose sole duty should be to study all occupations in which the blind can engage, to exhibit the work of the blind, to advise and encourage them, and to bring employers and blind employes together without expense to either.

This bureau should do for the blind of Massachusetts what is done by the employment bureau of the British and Foreign Blind Association in England, namely, provide a place in the busiest part of the city, where blind workers and their patrons can be brought together and where articles made by the blind can be advantageously exhibited.

The agent should advertise to the public that they can get blind piano tuners, note paper embossers, shampooers, masseurs, chairmakers, brushmakers, tutors, singers, church organists, tea tasters, and other useful blind people.

Then there is the second part of the work—to increase the variety and efficiency of these other useful blind workers. This means industrial schools; that is work shops, with all possible machinery and appliances which the blind can profitably handle. To every blind person should be given opportunity to serve an industrial apprenticeship.

After he has learned this trade, or that mechanical process, he would go to the agent at the employment bureau, or the agent would go to him, and the agent would then offer to employers the services of a blind workman.

In each of the large manufacturing towns—Brockton Lowell, Taunton, Lawrence, Worcester, Lynn—there should be a branch of the agency. The head of each branch bureau should know all the industries peculiar to his locality, and should know the employers of the neighborhood.

Suppose at the age of thirty a man loses his sight, and that means that he must give up his business. He did, let us say, as salesman in a drygoods house. He goes to the nearest agent of the Massachusetts Industrial Bureau for the Blind. The agent knows every occupation in the State which it is profitable for a blind man to engage in, and he tells this man that the best occupation near his home is running a machine of a certain kind.

This man then goes to the Industrial School for the Blind and learns to run that machine; in other words, he serves an apprenticeship in a free State school, and incidentally learns the other things which a blind man must learn in order to adapt him self to the changed conditions of life; that is, he gets rid of being blind.

At the end of the apprenticeship the agent, knowing what the man can do, goes to a manufacturer and asks that he give the man a chance. The agent stands behind the man during the period of probation, until the employer is convinced that this blind workman understands his business.

Am I dreaming dreams? It is no untried experiment. If is being done in Great Britain. It is being done at the Cambridge station. Remember, that to educate a blind man so that he becomes a competent workman is no magical and mysterious process. A blind man can do nothing less and nothing more than what a person with five senses can do, minus what can be done only with the eyes.

Remember, too, that when a man loses his sight he does not know himself what he can do. He needs some one of experience to advise him.

The other day the commissioner listened to a blind man forty years old, who lost his sight at the age of thirty-six, four years ago. Before he became blind, he had been a lithographer, and was for eight years a foreman. He testified that he was determined not to be a "quitter," and that he had tried one and another kind of work, only to find in each

What I asked one of the commissioners, "do you think you can learn to do?"

"I do not know," replied the man.

Do we need a stronger argument than this answer for an industrial agency? Although intelligent and industrious, this man had struggled wildly in the dark for four years, trying in vain to discover what kind of work he had best apply himself to. Think of it! Four years he had had no one to tell him what it was best for him to try to learn to do.

Now, who shall charge all this? Who shall establish the Massachusetts Industrial Bureau for the Blind? Who shall carry on the work of the Little Experiment Station? Surely the State—Massachusetts, in whose watchtowers burn continuously the beacons of sympathy and love; Massachusetts, to whom every State in our country turns for example in advance in education and philanthropy; Massachusetts, in whose beneficent institutions the deaf have learned to speak, the blind to read the printed page, the idiot clay to think.

Surely Massachusetts will not now turn a deaf ear to the cry of the helpless adult blind. Has she not lovingly nurtured and abundantly provided for the Perkins Institution and the Kindergarten for the Blind? Once the people learn what should be done, we need not fear that those whose authority is to send forth the message in loving charity will neglect the sacred duty to raise the adult blind from dependence to self-respecting citizenship. Therefore I have complete faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause.

Expansion and the Backward Races

By Prof. James Bryce

PROF. JAMES BRYCE

[illegible] Expansionism is the desire of the nation of what we like to call the business spirit, to [illegible] extend its influence, or its territory, or its [illegible] ing, not necessarily its territory, but through [illegible] until its power in the world at large. It seems to me better [illegible] than the phrase "imperialism" because that is very big, and I used [illegible] some years ago to favorably and other people unfavorably.

The sentiment of expansionism is justified in Europe sometimes by the desire to extend trade and provide new markets, and sometimes [illegible] for a growing country. It is the outgrowth

[illegible] ing, to explore new countries, to develop new lands, to get the utmost out of nature all that can supply, the desire to have a share of all that is good.

The history of expansionism is very curious, because it began with two powers, or, we might say, it began in England, for the purposes of carrying on trade, and so she came to develop colonies. She had quarrels with the native powers and she was led on into [illegible] wars.

A similar process took place in Russia.

And then, later, France and Germany came in, and so on. The greatness of England, they said, is [illegible] ding something of the same character, [illegible] on a small scale, but [illegible] pressing the experiment any further.

The ideal in European countries was that all the world should be free; where no nation would wish to encroach on any other nation, or to thrust down any other race; where the interests of one were to be the interests of all; where the backward races would be treated as weaker brothers.

And that was the ideal which the better minds of Germany, France and England and certainly in the United States, held in those days. It was acquired, this ideal, by the books of each particular people.

In Germany, for instance, it was acquired from the opinion that Germany was to be the chosen home of learning and of art and of music. In England the idea grew up that the main object of the state, the main result of peace, was to be the raising of the masses of the people and putting them into a condition of very moderate enjoyment, more enjoyment than they had.

In the United States the leading thought was that the people were to be free in the greatest possible measure.

Still the idea was substantially the same. But these ideas are different now, and neither in France nor England nor Germany can you find the ideas that [illegible] fifty years ago.

Certainly there is in all these countries far less of the sentiment of peace, far less of the sentiment that gives up a duty to the world, far less than there was then.

Now, fifty or sixty years is a short period, but it has seen a great many changes. It has seen more changes than I think any previous period of the world's history has seen. Yet how small a part it is of the ground which we will have to cover in this onward march, and how little we can conjecture what the future will be. How little can we imagine what the world will be like in the next few [illegible]

It is hard to conceive that we should go back, at least for a long period, from the progress toward social equality which has been going on.

But I don't feel the same about political changes. There is no reason to think that the political state of things that we are living now as the product of the last few years will be permanent, or will last for any length of time. The longer the world goes on the less our capacity is for predicting its future. Our planet is traveling, so the astronomer tells us, with the whole of the solar system to which we belong, to some point immeasurably distant in the heavens.

We believe it is. They tell us that no estimate can be formed of this distance, nor of the length of time it will take our solar system to receive around it, but we can [illegible] as it is to be supposed, in a circle and so comparing the amount of the known space with the amount of human history, [illegible] the time that is covered by the history that we know.

Each of us is a factor in the making of the future. Each of us has his share of responsibility for making things better or worse. Every act that we do and every thought that we think has its effect. In history, as in the economy of nature, ideals change, but there is no destruction. Everything comes, everything passes, nothing is lost.

Little Johnny

"[illegible] ran about durin the street he was a [illegible] to Rushia with a fat beard all over his face and he smiled into him and kicked him real crewel."

Tales of the Home and of the Wilderness

By Ambrose Bierce

"Rime by I herd his gun go of and fore I cold any Jak Robson a offle big Kangaroonn fu past me leepin fifty feets every bound

"The Rocky Mountain sheep has offle horns and wen the hunter pursers him to his fry it launches itself in the space and comes down on its hed and shakes the solid erth"

Who is a Christian?

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

1

Who is a Christian in this Christian land
Of many churches and of lofty spires?
Not he who sits in soft upholstered pews
Bought by the profits of unholy greed,
And looks devotion, while he thinks of gain.
Not he who sends petitions from the lips
That lie to-morrow in the street and mart.
Not he who fattens on another's toil,
And flings his unearned riches to the poor,
Or aids the heathen with a lessened wage,
And builds cathedrals with an increased rent.

2

Christ, with Thy great, sweet, simple creed of LOVE,
How must Thou weary of Earth's "Christian" clans,
Who preach salvation through Thy saving blood
While planning slaughter of their fellow men.

Who is a Christian? It is one whose life
Is built on love, on kindness and on faith;
Who holds his brother as his other self;
Who toils for justice, equity and PEACE,
And hides no aim or purpose in his heart
That will not chord with universal good

4

Though he be pagan, heretic or Jew,
That man is CHRISTIAN and beloved of Christ.

Mysteries of the Human Soul

By Camille Flammarion

CAMILLE FLAMMARION

THE selection of [illegible] I did [illegible] this [illegible] which [illegible] coming ground [illegible] which would [illegible] absurd at the end of the [illegible] apparently natural. [illegible] the beginning of the twentieth.

Not after all, is the [illegible] strange by the idea of telepathy. May not two [illegible] which vibrate in unison several miles [illegible] be moved by one and the same [illegible] force? May not the [illegible] force of the brain travel through the [illegible] manner as attraction [illegible] which [illegible] of a piano or violin at rest? Let us not forget that our brains are composed of molecules which do not touch each other, and which, however, in perpetual vibration.

But why speak of the brain? Thought with power, force of what we [illegible] has lived, can it not act from [illegible] and [illegible] through every object [illegible] dissolution in this or [illegible] Are [illegible] to the [illegible] the [illegible] sculptor to [illegible] it was to be [illegible] with us.

Are we to suppose [illegible] phenomena often seen by responsible persons that the spirits of the dead have taken a corporeal form beside the observer? That [illegible] psychic power [illegible] to see [illegible]

It is [illegible] that all the incidents in our life in which they take part seem to [illegible] source in the very fountain head of destiny.

It is above all when [illegible] that moments come unexpectedly, when a "clear presentiment" flashes across us a "present in out" of a life that does not always seem parallel to the life we know of. They [illegible] to the gates of our being.

May it not be during one of those [illegible] when his head is pillowed on a woman's breast, that the hero learns to know the strength and steadfastness of his star? And, indeed, will any true sentiment of the future ever come to the man who has not had his resting place in a woman's heart?

Yet again do we enter the troubled circles of higher conscience. Ah! how true it is that, here, too, "the so-called psychology is a hoax," in, that has usurped in the sanctuary itself the place reserved for the veritable images of the gods'. For it is not the surface that always conserves [illegible] no, it is even the deepest of hidden thoughts.

Do you imagine that love knows only of the sighs and acts and words, and that the soul never emerges from its dominion? Do I need to tell whether she whom I take in my arms to-day is jealous or faithful, save or sold, more or treacherous? Do you think that these wretched words can attain the heights whereon our souls repose and where our destiny fulfils itself in silence?

What care I whether she speak of rain or jewels of furs or feathers; what care I though she appear not to understand? Do you think it is for a sublime word I thrust when I feel that a soul is gazing into my soul? Do I not know that the most beautiful of thoughts dare not raise their heads when the mysteries confront them?

I am never standing at the seashore as I were I Plato, Pascal or Michael Angelo and the woman I loved merely telling me of her carriages, the words I would say and the words she would say would appear but the same as they float I on the waves of the fathomless inner sea that each of us would be contemplating in the other.

Let but my very loftiest thought be weighed in the scale of life or love it will not turn the balance against the three little words that the maid who loves me shall have whispered of her silver bangles, her pearl necklace or her trinkets of glass.

It is we who do not understand, because we never rise above the earth level of our intellect. Let us but ascend to the first snows of the mountain and all inequalities are levelled by the purifying hand of the horizon that opens before us.

What difference, then, between a pronouncement of Marcus Aurelius and the words of the child complaining of the cold? Let us be humble and learn to distinguish between accident and essence. Let not "sticks that mate" cause us to forget the prodigies of the gulf.

The most glorious thoughts and the most degraded ideas can no more ruffle the eternal surface of our soul than, amid the stars of heaven, Himalaya or precipice can alter the surface of the earth. A look, a kiss and the certainty of a great invisible Presence—all is said, and I know that she who is by my side is my equal.

But can we in our age of experiment [illegible] philosophy and of positive science [illegible] remain [illegible] What is [illegible] All [illegible] But truly, equal is admirable and strange, and when love comes to her even the lowest of wanton possesses that which [illegible] in her thoughts love.

Therefore it is, perhaps [illegible] instincts, and woman the unknown that are [illegible] great is the distance of men from the treasury, and when a solemn a jewel from this treasure her the paths that thither the impervious, undecyp false trinkets that their [illegible]

But the woman never forgets the [illegible] whether I find her in opulence or [illegible] in shame or in glory do I but [illegible] the virgin depths of my soul, she will [illegible] that she has never forgotten and without a [illegible] from out her inexhaustible stores of [illegible] than my own.

[illegible] though soul were always [illegible] to give [illegible] er to the loftiest appeals from [illegible] unfathomable from the ransom of a [illegible]

With reverence must we draw near to [illegible] lost in dreams, be they smiling still or [illegible] we do not know and have a lamp that [illegible]

[illegible] abiding place is at the foot [illegible] visible to them more clearly than to us [illegible] have come to them, their gravity, at which we [illegible] trifling actions they are conscious of being [illegible] gods.

I said before that they drew us [illegible] here when we are with them, that they [illegible] whispers that doubtless waited on the [illegible] for fear lest command or forbidding [illegible]

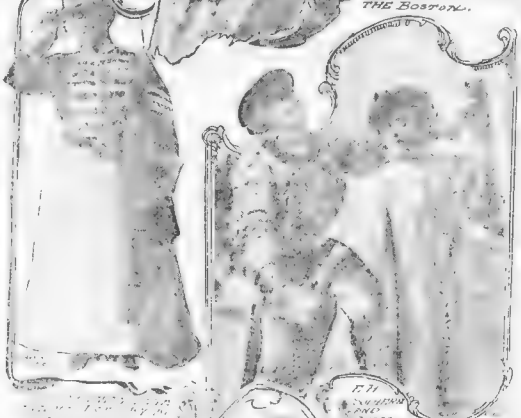
She will never cross the threshold [illegible] are the fountain heads. And when we [illegible] our bidding, her hand will still keep [illegible] stant at the man who has been sent to [illegible] in that brief moment she has learned all that had to be learned, and the years to [illegible] have trembled to the end of time.

[illegible] we never take [illegible] is always [illegible] that, besides their [illegible] have [illegible] denied to be [illegible] that [illegible] tress of the soul, behind [illegible] object of life demands [illegible] the [illegible] reason [illegible] and wards off [illegible] able circumstances [illegible] intellect [illegible] adds to the centre of her [illegible] [illegible] s "[illegible] or [illegible] we [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Grand

ATTRACTIONS AT BOSTON THEATRES FOR THE WEEK

ATTRACTIONS CONSIDERED BY FEATURES AT THE THEATRES



Amelia Bingham and Raymond Hitchcock to be the Stellar Newcomers To-morrow Night.

Park Theatre.

Amelia Bingham will appear at the Park Theatre to-morrow night in "The Climbers," by Clyde Fitch play with which her reputation was established, for it was with this play as a medium that she first won honors as a star. A revival of a modern play is usually regarded a hazardous undertaking but the present would seem to be successful for it has drawn crowds in the town in which Miss Bingham has previously appeared. It was a popular play in the eighties and those who recall Miss Bingham's performance in it her clever need be told that it provides scope for powerful emotional work as well as for the lighter touches of comedy. In the support that have characterized shows by original Boston Miss Bingham has assembled a company of her own. Among the players engaged for the engagement are Frederick Truesdell, Dorothy Dorr, Charles Hayne, Mrs. Gotthold, Adelyn Wesley, Ivy Troutman, Mozelle Linton, Grace Boston and Grace Chester. During the second week of the engagement Miss Bingham and her company will present "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" for the first time here.

Music Hall.

The vaudeville programme that will be presented at Music Hall during the coming week is one that can hardly fail to please all lovers of this class of entertainment. What is expected will prove the sensational success of the season is announced in Paul Cinquevalli, who is heralded as the world's greatest athletic, juggler and equilibrist. He will make his first appearance in America to-morrow. Among his other feats he is said to balance a complete gun carriage on his forehead. The playlet of the week will be presented by Gilbert Mack and John W. Albaugh, Jr., who will be seen in the scenes in the cinematograph will include a trip to the "land of the midnight sun."

Majestic Theatre.

Bertha Galland will begin the second and last week of her engagement at the Majestic [illegible] Miss Galland has [illegible] during her evenings here to the [illegible] Miss Galland's new play [illegible] Beyers of the [illegible] The play is one [illegible] to be popular [illegible] the story [illegible] of its [illegible] Orrin Johnson makes an [illegible] figure, while [illegible] Wilson, Henry Irving, Blanche Mary Fisher [illegible] The play is very handsomely produced and the settings are [illegible]

Globe Theatre

The Globe [illegible] play by Rupert Hughes [illegible] by the [illegible] company [illegible] week. It is a strong play, and will be [illegible] The story [illegible] in which a love [illegible] heart of a forest [illegible] of his ship is one of an [illegible] and [illegible] the redemption [illegible] to family and society, by a young woman of high character, actuated by the most exalted of human motives—love. The trend of the story, its unfolding from righteous living, the expulsion of the outcast under the ban of social ostracism, the efforts of the woman who loves him to bring him back to a right life, and the weary heart struggle she goes through before her efforts are crowned with success are all said to be depicted with compelling interest. Plenty of good comedy is provided, and the characters introduced are all of the old fashioned country sort. The entire action of the play occurs in a rural district in Indiana. A strong company is promised in the presentation, headed by O. J. Ashman and Bayone Whipple.

Colonial Theatre.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will enter upon the second and last week to-morrow night of her engagement in "Love's Lottery" at the Colonial Theatre. She has won high esteem for her courage in continuing her engagement after her affliction, when its discontinuance would have affected so many people, and a great deal of praise for her splendid work in this delightful opera. "Love's Lottery" is one of the best things musically, that has been heard in this city in a long time, and it is admirably sung by more than usually capable company. The principals and chorus [illegible] singers by their really fine singing and there is an impression of harmony given by the performance that adds much to one's enjoyment. There is [illegible] only to the opera, and its [illegible] of the score. Pictorial [illegible] presentation is as charming as it is musically.

Grand Opera House.

"Fast Life in New York," which will be this week's attraction at the Grand Opera House, is a new and sensational melodrama of city life. Its story is said to be logical and [illegible] a number of [illegible] one [illegible] of life [illegible] of [illegible] of [illegible] of

Society

Boston's Fashionable Set Busy Attending Interesting Affairs During Week—Buds Make Debuts.

DOINGS OF BOSTONIANS TOLD IN PARAGRAPHS

MISS DALTON BECOMES MRS. ALFORD W. COOLEY

FASHIONABLE FOLK AT BERKSHIRE WEDDING

CAMBRIDGE'S MOST INTERESTING SOCIETY GIRL

Miss Margaret Waldo Higginson, Daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Cambridge, Is One of the Leaders of Society, Both in Cambridge and Boston.

Worcester Debutantes Responsible for the Social Life of Heir City—Many Parties During Week.

PROVIDENCE SOCIETY BUDS, MERRY WEEK

Judge and Mrs. Arthur L. Brown, who home at Jamestown

SPRINGFIELD CLUBS GIVE ENTERTAINMENTS

MANY COTTAGERS STILL AT THE NORTH SHORE

The Boston American's Stirring Romance

Married to Mystery

Boston American's Thrilling Story of Present-day Life in Boston.

"E

"s mother, spelled me to look my [illegible]

Esther's Fears

"I

Plays and Players at Boston Theatres

Continued from Page 14.

Columbia Music Hall.

There will be an entire change of entertainment for the coming week at the Columbia Music Hall, one of the cleverest all-around companies that has yet been presented here.

Chickering Hall

Howard Athenaeum.

A very attractive and p[illegible] announced for the Howard [illegible] ing week. It will be [illegible] ment of the Imperial Japa[illegible] has been creating a sensation [illegible] past week at another theatre. There will also be seen the work of the Countess Cathleen, the prevailing and most beautiful as

Abbey and Fo[illegible] [illegible] Castle Square Theatre.

The first Boston production of "The Liars" will be given at the Castle Square Theatre to-morrow. The play is the stage work of George W. Cable's novel of the same name, and was made by Messrs. Ke[illegible]

Bowdoin Square Theatre.

"Monte Cristo" will be revived at the Bowdoin Square Theatre for the coming week. It is one of the most popular plays

Lyceum Theatre

The American Racehorses are announced this week's attraction at the Lyceum [illegible] pastimes, while there will be the usual good [illegible]

Nickelodeon.

To-night's Concerts.

Palace Theatre

Austin & Stone's Museum.

Amusement Notes.

"Way Down East" which rivals "The [illegible] Hoyt's theatre for [illegible] Monday night. It is a musical show and is said to be immensely entertaining.

William H[illegible] week from to-morrow, presenting with Wilfred North a one-act play by Israel Zangwill entitled "Six Persons."

Your Hair Will Make You Happy

It Will Grow and Become Beautiful. It Will Have To—It Can't Help Itself, If You Use Our Remedies.

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ADDRESS

A True Xmas Story - by Alan Dale

"How I Was Gagged By a Grateful Actress"

"Sit at my knee, Children. There, now, I'll begin."

A tale that covers eight seasons and has a queer climax for a year that is 1904 and not 1604.

"One cheery December night, three days before Christmas"

(Copyright, 1904, by American Journal Examiner.)

THIS is a true story.

This is, moreover, 1904; not 1604. It will be necessary to remember that.

Thankful actresses who write to me each week, telling me what a blessing I am, will enjoy this. Irate people who cast maledictions in my direction will be deeply touched. The thousands of people who are interested in the "dramatic reviews" of current plays will realize as they read that the critic willing to perjure his soul, to lie and to secrete the truth, is the only one who has an easy time.

But it is a lively and amusing Christmas story. It will appeal to all who have a sense of humor. To those who haven't, it will seem "dramatic." To all it will appear quite incredible.

Yet it is a true story, and this is 1904; not 1604.

I am going to give you, in advance, a leaf from the jubilant "memoirs" that one of these fine, crisp days I shall undertake, as soon as I find that my pen halts. (Do not weep, dear ones, for it will not be to-morrow. Just at present I have all that I can do to keep my pen from dancing a cakewalk. I have to put a brake on it occasionally.)

Sit at my knee, children. There. Now I'll begin. Very nearly eight years ago, one cheery December night, three days before Christmas, I went to a theatre on the east side of town, to see a cheap melodrama. I went there because there was nowhere else to go, hoping, as I always hope, for the best. The name of the play doesn't matter. It proved to be above the average. The point was that from its recesses I picked out a young woman who seemed to have the makings of a very good actress in her. She was unfledged but promising.

"The actress and her manager loved us both."

Accordingly I sat me down and wrote: "You are all destined to hear of her in the future, unless I am singularly mistaken, or unless the young actress misdirects her career."

Many other kind things said I, and they made a great hit. The plump old actor who was directing the young actress was delighted. I was great! My judgment was perfect. I had acumen, perspicacity, power, truth and other delicatessen. I had made the young actress. I had given her a reputation. Henceforth she would try to live up to it—and so on, and so forth. As you may well believe, being eight years younger, I was delighted—quite perked up with self-importance. I felt fudged that I was a most discerning person, and I whistled a merry tune. Nor was I the only pebble on the beach. A collegian, Mr. Acton Davies, took a similar view. The actress and her manager loved us both. Gratitude? Thev would have laid their socks and stockings at our feet.

The young actress then tried other plays, but singularly enough showed no powers. This I ascribed to the fact that her surroundings were horrible. I made all sorts of excuses, fully persuaded that when the time came she would rise to the occasion. As she was raw and unfledged, it did seem as though, in the years to come, she would materialize into an actress such as the stage always needs. I never met her, but from all sides I heard how I had made her, and how grateful she would be for the rest of her life. To me she would owe her career!

Are you listening, children? It's going to get thrilling in a moment. So.

The actress and her manager went away, and I never saw them again for eight years. They went all over the world. She tried roles that would tax Sarah Bernhardt. Rose, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Fiske and other interesting actresses. Especially she seemed anxious to imitate Mrs. Fiske in whatever we may say, is always worth discussing, either discreetly or otherwise. She used to send me clippings from A. strain, for was I not her impetus? Had I not "made her reputation"? I could not get up much interest, for instead of staying home and working off her rough edges, this foolish young person started "starring" in stock parts, urged on by her short-sighted manager.

During these eight years I had passed most of my time in London. Appalling reports of her failures reached me, and I was glad to be [illegible] when she would be far from which to [illegible] of an actress [illegible] cess came to [illegible] It seemed as though I was right after all, and that [illegible] had fulfilled her promise. Yet I [illegible] that every [illegible] thinks he is a judge [illegible] man possessed by [illegible] her success. Nothing [illegible] deciding [illegible] though will prove [illegible] I [illegible] pearls.

And so in this 1904, the actress and her manager after eight years came to N. Y. Orders went for a seat, in order for my critical [illegible] play and [illegible] Miss Berlin [illegible] Dana, Helen Ware, Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Fiske assembled [illegible] all [illegible] I [illegible] commodity. I said [illegible] she was the [illegible] and I hurried to see [illegible] evening, I [illegible] next, and perhaps [illegible]

And I was [illegible] perplexed at a display of acting, quite eighteen [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] credit. Although I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Another great educational enterprise has just been launched. Realizing the necessity for an Encyclopedia in every home, arrangements have been made to distribute 2,000 sets among the readers of this paper.

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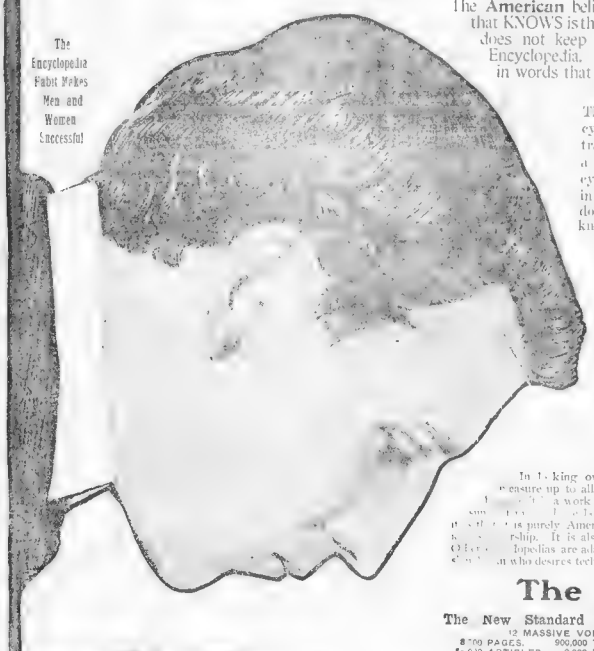

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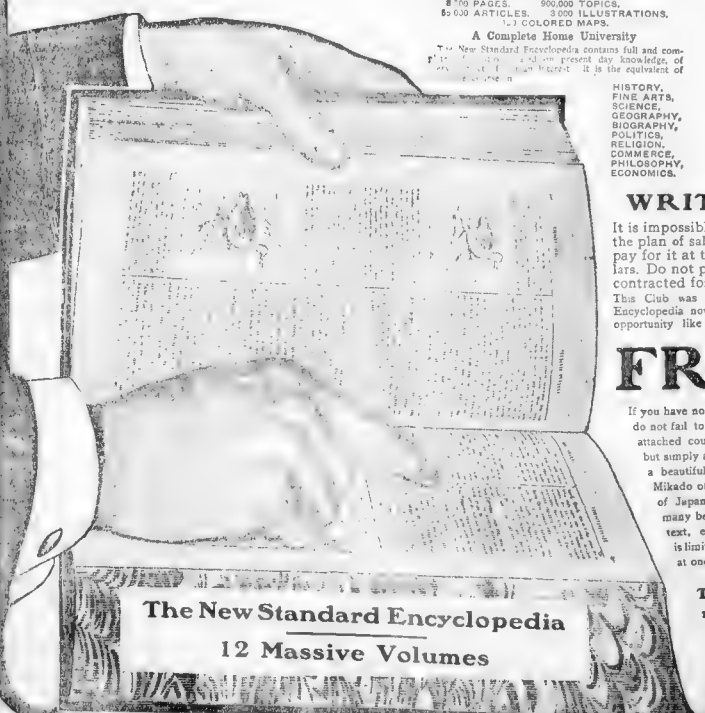
It is impossible in this limited space to describe fully the plans and purposes of the Club, and the plan of sale whereby members may have the entire library delivered to them at once, and pay for it at the rate of a few cents a day. If you are interested, write to-day for full particulars. Do not put it off until to-morrow; to-morrow may be too late. Only 2,000 sets have been contracted for, and when they have been distributed no more applications will be received. This Club was organized for your benefit. No one will be to blame but yourself if you do not get an Encyclopedia now while the opportunity is here. Tear off the coupon and mail to us to-day. An opportunity like this may never occur again in your lifetime.



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THE WEATHER.

For Boston and vicinity: Fair and continued cold Sunday and Monday; fresh northerly winds.

High water 8:26 a. m., 9:03 p. m.

Monroe Doctrine Is Obsolete, Declares Prof. Munsterberg

PROF. MUNSTERBERG ON MONROE DOCTRINE

By Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard.

Personally I believe the Monroe Doctrine is an obsolete instrument that has outlived its usefulness some twenty-five years.

I believe the Monroe Doctrine is the barrier that prevents the development of South America. I do not believe South America will ever attain true progress until its countries come under the domination of some strong central government. It should be that of Washington. It could be that of England, of Germany or France.

In my personal opinion the Monroe Doctrine tends more to destroy the trade relations of South America with the progressive nations than any instrument of such a sort that was ever devised—***From a statement by Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, Kaiser Wilhelm's personal representative in America.***

RUSSIA ON BRINK OF REVOLT

Martial Law Governs the Populace of St. Petersburg.

PEOPLE CALLED TO DOWN RULE OF TYRANTS

Inflammatory Proclamation is Posted All Over the Czar's Empire.

STERN MEASURES TO MEET THE AGITATORS

Police Ready for Riots That Are Expected to Follow at Any Moment.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 4.—What practically amounts to martial law prevails here to-day.

The principal streets of the city are lined with soldiers and police and the wildest rumors are afloat as to the possibility of a general uprising in response to a proclamation which was placarded in hundreds of places during the early afternoon yesterday.

The extraordinary precautions taken by the authorities are accepted as proof that the movement, signs of which have suddenly sprung up at every corner, is of the gravest moment.

It cannot be dismissed as one of the spasmodic outbreaks which have occurred ever since the beginning of the war, but on the contrary, seems to be well organized and thoroughly prepared.

This at least is the view taken by the authorities. No sooner had the first copies of the proclamation reached them than they sent hasty orders to the police to the barracks and to the fortress.

The Czar, who has returned from a short hunting expedition in being kept informed of every development.

It has been permitted to print any part of the proclamation, only the most casual mention of its appearance being made in the public prints.

Demands War Be Ended.

The violence of its language amazes even those who are used to such pronunciamentoes. It is said it is extreme and far from being in the nature of an appeal, like most of the recent documents of this sort, demands peremptorily that the war be ended and radical reforms being instituted.

It summons the populace to rise in its might and force the powers that be to recognize the people's rights.

The demonstration, it says, must be of such magnitude as to leave no trace of doubt as to its meaning in the minds of those who govern the country.

The entire principle of the government have been ceded on with great secrecy but enough has been made known to justify the view that no mercy will be shown its foes.

Away has not been here from other large cities, and every precaution has been adopted there. The plan is to divide to keep the concentration of all the same time.

Whether the enough police arrangements were late yesterday and during the night will be sufficient warning to prevent the outbreak, of course, is only a matter for conjecture.

Strong reasons exist for the belief that the agitation has been set on foot by the leaders of the radical element, which proposed to take no steps of consequence until the Czar's memorial has been published by the Czar, so as not to hurt the cause of the latter's ...

Radicals Are Restless.

These radicals have grown extremely restless of late. The report circulated Thursday, that the moderate liberals were preparing for peace demonstrations to be held in all of the large cities on December 18, the anniversary of the emancipation of the serfs, may have prompted the radicals to forestall this effort by taking matters in their own hands and precipitating serious trouble.

They no longer believe that Minister of the Interior Prince Svyatopolk-Mirsky and his Zemstvos friends will be successful and they seem to have determined to resort to the methods which they considered temporarily ... reform by ... agreement still seemed probable.

PRINCE FUSHIMI TO JOIN ARMY IN FIELD

PRINCE FUSHIMI. PRESIDENT ELIOT.

Posed especially for Boston Sunday American.

The Imperial Japanese Visitor and the President of Harvard on the steps of Robinson Hall, during the tour of the University Buildings.

GAS WAR IS STRONGLY WAGED.

20 Cents Fixed for ... People Will Be Large Once ... Week Ordinary.

MATERIAL PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE SO FAR

Boston American's Million-a-Half-Long Petition Before Commissioners.

PUBLIC'S EXPERT IS NOW PREPARING CASE

Hearing Will Be Resumed on Tuesday With Expert Humphreys on the Stand.

At the end of ... and week of the people's fight against ... Boston American's million-and-a-half-dollar petition ... Gas Commissioners, ... material progress ... has been made ... date.

The fight, which ... because ... of its extreme importance ... is the expected to be a long and bitter contested one, is now ... although the most ... portions of both contests ...

The Massachusetts ... and Edward ... counsel ... engaged in the ... of the ... of all ... cases for ... The ... meeting of ... was ... chiefly taking ... of ... Gaskell ... Wednesday ... the people demand ... Gaskell, ... for such ... consideration ... AMERICAN ... case ... was ... ness in ... which ... petition.

Crowds of Citizens.

On Wednesday ... crowds ... large ... when ... dealing ... representing ... was ... Gaskell ... Wednesday ... before ... Gaskell ... Wednesday ... Gaskell ... Wednesday ... Gaskell ... Wednesday

FALL RIVER MILL OWNERS ORDER THEIR TENANTS EVICTED

BITTER STRIKE BEGINS 19TH WEEK.

Strike Remain Firm, and Are Hopeful of Success.

Many Mills Are Running Part Time for Lack of Help, but Most Mills Are Idle.

Special Features of Operations.

[illegible] WATCHING FOR CHILD LABOR

Special to Boston Sunday American.

[illegible]

Photo by Woodward

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WOODWARD, OF FALL RIVER, FOR THE BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN.

FAMILIES OF STRIKING MILL WORKERS EVICTED BY MILL OWNERS AT FALL RIVER.

The heads of the families in the south row, in Mrs. Hebert's yard, have been working in the "Knobsticks" mills at the 12½ per cent. cut, and have just been evicted from corporation block by the Merchants' Manufacturing Company.

[illegible] AMERICAN correspondent entrusted to [illegible] the rumor this evening, but was unable to find any confirmation, either from manufacturers or strikers.

STRIKERS HUNGRY AND UNSHOD, BUT FIRM AND UNITED

By Eleanor Ames.

W[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

GOV.-ELECT DOUGLAS BACK FROM SOUTH, ANNOUNCES GEN. MILES CHIEF OF STAFF

TO MAKE MILITIA BEST IN THE NATION.

Former Army Officer in Staff He Is Honored in Long Service and Gladly Stepped Has Acceptance

STATE MILITARY MEN APPLAUD THE CHOICE

Governor-elect William L. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas arrived at the house in Beacon street yesterday afternoon from [illegible]. The Governor-elect received a number of congratulatory telegrams on his arrival and was kept busy for some time after reaching his home shaking hands with friends who called to see him. Mr. Douglas and his wife left Washington on SUNDAY AMERICAN special train at 8 o'clock Saturday morning, and during the long journey home [illegible] the best of rest.

Miles to Be Adjutant-General.

In regard to the reported acceptance [illegible] Governor-elect Douglas said: "I have [illegible] on his staff. Mr. Douglas added that he had no further statement to make.

[illegible] Governor-elect Douglas said that he will [illegible] progressive ideas of the Democratic party. [illegible] for next Tuesday to discuss [illegible] migration and matters of [illegible] to be considered during the coming [illegible].

[illegible] question of appointments will be [illegible] the features of his message [illegible] will be invited to [illegible] certain Flaherty, [illegible] Charles [illegible] Lieut.-Gov. [illegible] Governor-elect [illegible] the militia [illegible] Massachusetts should be [illegible] Governor-elect Douglas [illegible] good state [illegible] and [illegible] Governor-elect [illegible] Governor-elect [illegible] Governor-elect

MOTHER FIGHTS TO KEEP DAUGHTER FROM MADHOUSE

IMMURED FOUR YEARS BY HER HUSBAND.

Relea...
Mother ...
Decree ...
Not Later Than ...

PATHETIC TALE BY UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

By Eleanor Ames.

If a ... heart ... and ... her ... If she ... ability ... she out ... If ... where ... be ... On ... visiting ... to ... ... father in ... proper ... There ... have been ... ... the Beacon ... door to ... has been ... In ... a physician ... confession ... in the ... Mrs. ... Bangor ... sent ... York ... For ... mother ... threaten ... were ... hasten ... ... self ... wife ... no ... I ... tion.

Court to Decide December 30

Justice ... Dewolfe ... men ... will ... ...

CAR BREAKDOWN OF NAN PATTERSON TO-MORROW.

Florodora" Girl Will Face Jurors for the Second Time on Charge of Slaying Bookmaker Caesar Young in a Cab

New York, Dec. 3.—The second trial of Nan Patterson for the murder of Bookmaker Caesar Young will begin Monday the defendant is said to be very ill. Her worst illness was more severe than she was allowed to suspect and that other illness, the cause of the most fatal Miss Patterson has had several hemorrhages and ...ph is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis.

It is probable that more than ordinary difficulty will be experienced in procuring a jury when the proceedings are begun on Monday, ...

NEWS OF THE WOMEN'S CLUBS IN THE CITY AND STATE

Federated Presidents Meet at the Vendome Saturday to Discuss Club Influence in Community.

A conference of the presidents of the Federated Clubs of Massachusetts will be held Saturday, Dec. 10, at 2:30 p. m. at Hotel Vendome. Invitations have also been extended to members of the standing committees of the State Federation.

The general subject for discussion will be "The Influence That the Woman's Club May Exert in the Community." This will be treated under the heads of education, health, industrial conditions and civic improvement.

* * *

The Dorchester Women's Club and on Tuesday Morning Festivity, ... and girls from fourteen to seventeen years ... become ... by ... to become skilled workers with the needle ... with the power ...

SAY CHAPDELAINE'S ARREST FAILS TO CLEAR MYSTERY.

Special to Boston Sunday American.

Leicester, Dec. 3. Despite the fact that fifteen year old Hebble Chapdelaine was arrested charged with the murder of Fiona Hellena in the woods ... on November 25, there are the citizens of this town who ... the mystery is by no means ... and that there are still many ... circumstances to be explained.

John Riley, who was arrested in ... as a suspect, and who was taken to ... center to show where he was ... on the day of the murder, ... witness until ... Chief ...

MUST PICK ALDERMEN FROM BALLOT WITH 43 NAMES

Boston's Municipal Ticket the Most Complicated in City's History—Leaders Fear "Bullet" Votes.

The names of the three candidates for ... will be placed on the Board of Aldermen will appear ... year on the ticket at the coming municipal ... election and of these only seven may be voted for by any one voter. This is the ... result of the ... which ... this city and ... the ... such a case ... that ... of that the voter will have a ... to ... an ordinance or a ... marking it. ... It is even possible that there may be ... which ... will ... ticket will ... to ... ballot. If in certain Aldermen can be elected and ... voter party ... ticket will be ... the ... ballot.

If the voters ... as it is ... eight ... of the ... leaders that at least ... ballot ... of ... Aldermen, ... will be ... ... in every ward in the city by the ... ... Democratic City Committee for the coming ... election.

The Democratic ... for the Board ... ...

SHALL WOMAN HANG? VERMONT EAGERLY AWAITS THE ANSWER

COMMITTEE FAILED TO REPORT ON MRS. ROGERS.

BRIDE AND GROOM WED THEMSELVES

BOLD HOLD-UP ON CAMBRIDGE STREET

BOSTON AMERICAN "BEST NEWSPAPER"

ADDICKS SETTLES SUIT OUT OF COURT

NEW NAVAL OFFICE.

MRS. LEDERER TO BE FREE.

INSTRUCTOR'S NEW PLACE

TOM THUMB COACH PRESENT TO MIDGETS

GROSS & STRAUSS

Washington and Bedford Streets

Important Stock Reduction Sale

$20,000 in New Winter Outer Wearing Apparel for Women, Misses and Children, at

LESS THAN THE COST OF PRODUCTION

Velvet Suits

15.00 (40) Velvet Suits in blue, brown and black. Former price $25.00

21.75 (50) Velvet Suits, Eton coat effect, collar and cuffs of Persian lamb. Former price $30.00 29.75 (40) Velvet Suits, blouse models and vest effects. Value $40.00

Misses' and Ladies' Coats

21.75 Squirrel Lined Broadcloth Coats, 42 inches long, all sizes and one model.

5.00 Ladies' and Misses' Coats, lined throughout, in covert, cheviot and covert, kersey and kersey. Former price $7.50 to $10. 12.95 Loose and Fitted Back Coats. Former price $25.00.

Costumes, Shirt Waist Suits

8.75 (40) Taffeta Silk Suits, all over tucked. Former price $18.75

23.50 (12) Crepe de Chine Dresses, evening shades, made over taffeta silk 26.50 (10) Crepe de Chine and Peau de Soie Evening Dresses

Silk Waists

1.95 (60) Black Taffeta Silk Waists, hemstitched. Value $4.

3.95 Chiffon Taffeta, all colors, triple box plaits and French knots, new sleeve 7.50 All over Lace Waist, made over silk, latest styles of Yoke. Value $12.50.

Wool Waists

2.00 Fine Fancy Plaid Waists in exciting and brilliant 3.95 Velvet Waists, surplus model, tailor made, in brown, blue and black.

Separate Skirts

3.95 For Walking Skirts, mostly cheviots and fancy suitings, gold and single which cannot be duplicate. Regular value $5.00 to $7.50.

7.50 Brown Broadcloth Skirt, lined with brand new silk, velvet bound and 38 to 46 inches.

9.75 For silk lined Voile Skirts, all colors, all sizes, 38 to 46 inches, 40 to 42 inches in Black and blue.

FASHIONABLE FURS

An Entire Floor Devoted to the Sale of Furs At a Time When Most Wanted

Tomorrow We Will Sell Furs 25 Per Cent. Less Than They Can Be Bought Elsewhere.

OUR GUARANTEE
We will Refund a Cash Difference in any Instance up to Dec. 15th

Fur Sets

20.00 SIBERIAN SQUIRREL SETS, shawl collar with Skinner satin lined throughout, to match.

Muffs

5.00 SABLE OPOSSUM MUFFS, extra large flat model

7.50 NATURAL MARTEN MUFFS new square pillow shape

10.00 AMERICAN FOX MUFFS, in either taffy or Isabella shade (2 stripes).

Scarfs

7.50 SABLE OPOSSUM IMPERIALS, 2 yards long, half satin lined, trimmed, with fox tails and cord.

7.50 NATURAL MINK NECKTIES, pedal shape ends, satin lined, value $16.00.

12.50 GENUINE MARTEN DOUBLE SCARFS half satin lined—Real Tails

We Offer $1,000

For a Disease Germ That Liquozone Can't Kill. A 50c. Bottle Free.

Don't you know that a germ disease must end when the germs are killed? And that it cannot be cured until then? Then why use medicine for what medicine cannot do? Liquozone alone can kill germs. Will you let us buy you a 50c. bottle to try?

Our every bottle of Liquozone has back of it a million-dollar guaranty that it cannot kill. We do that because we know that Liquozone does kill germs.

We know that means. Every modern physician knows that. Scarcely a disease exists but what is caused by germ attacks. Everybody knows that those germs must be destroyed before the sickness can end. And they know that drugs never kill germs.

That is why modern physicians are now using Liquozone. And millions who once believed in drug-made cures are well by its use. The cured ones include some of your friends. Want proof about Liquozone?

Before you buy you can prove by your own health in a single day that Liquozone does what we claim. Then you can judge for yourself as to the cause. And we will leave it entirely with you.

What Liquozone Is.

Liquozone is not a drug. It is not a poison. It is not a medicine. It is not a tonic. It is not a food. It is not a stimulant. It is not a habit-forming drug. It is not alcohol. It is not a mineral. It is not a coal-tar product. It is not a patent medicine. It is not a secret remedy. It is not a proprietary medicine. It is not a nostrum. It is not a quack remedy. It is not a cure-all. It is not a specific. It is not a panacea. It is not a universal remedy. It is not a cure-all. It is not a specific. It is not a panacea. It is not a universal remedy.

Liquozone is the result of a process which for more than 20 years has been in constant use in the laboratories of scientific and medical research. The process is to get into a liquid and thus into the blood, a powerful, yet harmless gas. Another result is to make a sterilizing tonic with which no other known product can compare.

Acts Like Oxygen.

The great value of Liquozone lies in the fact that it does what oxygen does. Oxygen is the vital part of air, the very source of vitality, the most essential element of life. It is the blood food, the nerve food, the scavenger of the blood. It is oxygen that turns the blue blood to red in the lungs; that eliminates the waste tissue and builds up the new. Too little oxygen always causes lack of vitality. An excess of it gives strength to every function of Nature.

Oxygen is also a germicide. The reason is that germs are vegetables and an excess of oxygen, the very life of an animal, is deadly to vegetal matter. Liquozone is like oxygen. But it does more than oxygen because it is stable. It carries its virtues into the blood, to go wherever the blood goes. It is a remarkable tonic—the best thing in the world for you. Yet it is a germicide, so certain that we put it on every bottle an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill.

The discoverer of Liquozone has the great problem of killing germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. And there is no other such drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Liquozone is the only way known to end the cause of any germ disease.

One Million Dollars

Have been spent by us to give Liquozone away. Our offer to buy the first bottle has been accepted by 1,800,000 people. And we have spent this vast sum to publish the offer and to fulfill it.

The result is that millions now use it. These people have told others about it, and the others told others. Your own neighborhood wherever you are, is full of Liquozone users. And half the people you meet know some one whom Liquozone has cured.

We tested this product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others, before we made the first bottle. We proved it in every kind of germ disease, in thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. We cured 90 per cent of every disease which was considered incurable. Then we paid $150,000 for the American rights and the British rights. Since then, a like sum. We tell you these facts because they indicate the great value of Liquozone.

Germ Diseases.

The cause of all known germ diseases is the presence of the poisons which germs create. These are the diseases which medicine does not apply, for drugs cannot kill disease germs.

All that medicine can do for these troubles is to act as a tonic, aiding Nature to overcome the germs. All those results are indirect and uncertain. They depend on the patient's vitality. When drugs were prescribed for these troubles, nobody knew of germs. Now every good physician knows that they call for a germicide.

Liquozone alone can destroy the cause of these troubles. It goes wherever the blood goes. No germ can escape it and we have found no disease germ which can resist it. Diseases which have resisted medicine for years yield at once to Liquozone, and it cures diseases which medicine never cures. In any stage of any disease in this list, the results are so certain that we will gladly send to any patient who asks it an absolute guaranty.

Asthma	Heart Disease
Bronchitis	Indigestion
Boils	Kidney Troubles
Blood Poison	Liver Troubles
Bright's Disease	Malaria
Catarrh	Neuralgia
Consumption	Nervousness
Colds	Piles
Coughs	Rheumatism
Catarrhal Deafness	Scrofula
Dyspepsia	Skin Diseases
Eczema	Throat Troubles
Erysipelas	Tuberculosis
Female Weakness	Tumors, Ulcers
Fevers	Varicocele
Gall Stones	Wasting Diseases

All weaknesses and diseases not here named which have resulted from impaired blood or shattered nerves. Liquozone is as a vitalizer, applies to and cures all.

First Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never used it, please send us the coupon below. We will then send you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle—a 50c bottle—and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This applies only to the first bottle, of course—to those who have never used it.

The acceptance of this offer places you under no obligations. We simply wish to convince you, to let the product itself show you what it can do. Then you can judge by results as to whether you wish to continue.

This offer itself should convince you that Liquozone does as we claim. We would certainly not buy a bottle and give it to you, if there was any doubt of results. You want these results; you want to be well and to keep well. Then be fair enough to yourself to accept our offer to-day. Let us show you, at our expense, what this wonderful product means to you.

Liquozone costs 50c and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to the Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is .....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

Only one full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

We guarantee that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription does not contain alcohol, opium, or any harmful drug. It is a pure compound of medicinal plants scientifically combined. Persons making false statements concerning its ingredients will be prosecuted.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

PRESIDENT.

FATHER SAVES TWO BABIES FROM PERISHING IN SMOKE

MR. JONES CHRISTINE JONES THOMAS N. JONES, FREEM JONES

Somerville father who braved death in smoke and his two children whom he saved from death.

Fights His Way Into House and Staggers Out With Babe in Each Arm.

Inspector [illegible] way through the night, Mrs. Jones, with her ten year old daughter Christine, had gone to call on [illegible] Mr. Jones who is in the life saving [illegible] was going over some [illegible] the sewing room [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

STOCKS AT TOP OF BIG BULL BOOM.

SHORTS BID PRICES UP AGAINST THEMSELVES.

Highest Prices for the Year! Scored by Many Issues, and Pyrolin Leads Dropback!

MILL STRIKE GLUTS STARCH MARKET

PLAYED THE RACES TO AID CRIPPLES

$11,000 Worth of Potatoes Turned Into Starch Today.

Maine Firms ...

Presque Isle, Me., Dec. 3.—With $11,000 worth of potatoes stored in their bonded warehouses, the Maine manufacturers of starch are directly interested in the fall price of potatoes, as their product is used in the cotton mills. Should the mills use starch from the potato instead of corn, a big demand would be created, and it is said that a 60 cent price would be paid for potatoes. Many farmers in this section are holding their crops for higher prices.

Fall Race ... Meeting Today ... Feature ... Event of Annual Fair for Penobscot County Horses.

Bangor, Me., Dec. 3.—With $445 small ... The annual fair for the Penobscot County Horse Breeders' Association opened at the Bangor track this afternoon in the presence of a large crowd of horse owners and others interested in the fall fair. The track was in fine condition, as light rain fell last night, and the weather was ideal for the opening day. Several interesting events were on the card, and the first race, a 2.24 trot or pace, was called at 1:30 o'clock. There were seven entries in this event, and it was a hotly contested race from start to finish. The summary:

2.24 trot or pace, purse $445:

... successful fairs ever held in the county. A lively and attractive feature of this ... was the ... patronesses passed the races. The accountants ... Mrs. Herbert A. Joslin, president of the ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ...

200,000 TONS ICE MAINE'S SHIPMENT

Special to the Sunday American.

Tale of the Street

With prices of stocks at the highest point of the year and a slump in sight tomorrow for months, the result is all the more remarkable power of positive that ... has yet to come.

Bulls Are Jubilant.

LONDON STOCK MARKET

Bears Are Puzzled

COTTON PRICES

Reading the Day's Features

CHICAGO QUOTATIONS.

NEW YORK STOCKS

MAY WHEAT IS GETTING WARMER

KLONDIKE MAILS ARE FROZEN UP

Lyman Stocks

GOLD FIELD

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SECURITIES CO.

BANK THIEF 30 MONTHS.

Reliance

GOLD MINING CO.

A Small Investment the Foundation of an Independent Fortune.

The Reliance Gold Mining Co. is the owner of one of the richest gold mines in ... the Homestake Mine, which ... has paid over $22,000,000 in dividends.

This Magnificent Showing

is an assured fact—these are fully developed mines in actual operation. Over $250,000.00 have been expended upon the property, which is in close proximity to the famous Homestake Mine, that has paid over $22,000,000.00 in dividends.

35c The Stock now selling at 35c. a share will soon go to par, $1.00 35c

The Reliance Gold Mining Co's stock is one of the safest and most profitable investments ever offered the public. We are ... the present limited allotments of ... for the purpose of erecting a mill and suitable plant to reduce ... tons of ore ... day.

10 PER CENT. DOWN—BALANCE MONTHLY

SPECIAL OFFER For a limited time only we are offering to ... on an 8% ... basis than ... We will accept 10 per cent. in cash with your order and you may pay ... balance at 10 per cent each month. This ... is ... for ... one to obtain a generous block of stock ... small outlay. If ... invested in the Homestake Mine ... when it was organized would be worth $... to-day. The Reliance has better prospects than the Homestake had at that time.

For Further Information and ... Illustrated Prospectus, Write or Call

Make All Checks, Drafts, Express or Postal Orders Payable to

The Reliance Gold Mining Co.

60 State Street, Boston, Mass.

ROOMS 629, 630, 631

"Determining the character and financial responsibility of your Broker is as important as selection of right stocks."

Haight & Freese Co

(FOUNDED 1890)

Main Office, 53 BROADWAY, N. Y.

STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN, COTTON

85 State Street.

BRANCH OFFICE,

105 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

AMUSEMENTS.

PALACE

HOME OF BURLESQUE

MINER'S BOHEMIAN BURLESQUERS

GRAND SMOKING CONCERTS

PALACE

Evenings 2150 Matinees

PRICES 10 to 50

AMUSEMENTS.

LAST WEEK ... of the ... Engagement at CHICKERING HALL

—of—

Margaret Wycherly

... Lecture, Lyceum ... Recitals, ... Readings

... STATES

THE COUNTESS KATHLEEN

... by permission of ... and of ... Glover ... and Calderon ... Boulton

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA

Every Washington St. Car Stops at the Door.

Russo-Jap Satire

"THE JAPSKYS"

50—PEOPLE—50

Big Bunches of Show Girls
Whirlwind of Laughter
Brilliant Choruses
Swirling Lingerie

40 GIRLS | 40 GIRLS

SMOKING ALLOWED

Telephone 96 Tremont

Daily Mat. 10c and 25c only

Eve'g's. 10c-20c-25c-35c-50c All Reserved

OLIO

YEAGER, PERIN & YEAGER
Colored Singers and Dancers

5—WEEB FAMILY—5
Wonderful Athletes

LIBBY BLONDELL
New Songs

RITCHIE DUO
Eccentric Comics

2—AMERICAN MACKS—2
Juke Kabouts

HOWARD & ANDERSON
Illustrated Songs

Clark's and Parker's soil tickets at our prices

TO-NIGHT | Columbia Benevolent Ass'n | 10c-15c-25c | No Higher | BIGGEST SHOW IN TOWN! 10—GREAT ACTS—10 Grand Orchestra

PARK THEATRE

Chas. Frohman & Co. Agents, Lessees and Managers

BEGINNING TOMORROW NIGHT AT 8

Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2.

AMELIA BINGHAM

And Her Famous Company of Players

In ... FRANK WORTHING and HENRY WOODRUFF

In a BRILLIANT REVIVAL of Clyde Fitch's Greatest Play

THE CLIMBERS

Monday, December 12

MISS BINGHAM WILL PRESENT

The Frisky Mrs. Johnson

FIRST TIME IN BOSTON

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE

ISAAC B. RICH, Proprietor and Manager

CHARLES FROHMAN Presents

E. H. SOTHERN

JULIA MARLOWE

DEC. 5, Second Week Every Evening at 7:15. Only Matinee Sat. at 2.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

BENEDICK—E. H. SOTHERN. BEATRICE—JULIA MARLOWE

DEC. 12th, Third Week, HAMLET

Every Evening and Sat. Matinee

SEATS ON SALE TUESDAY NEXT.

Bowdoin Sq. Theatre

... Matinee Every Day at 2 ... Take ... to Scollay ... Square ... Cars ... Matinees every afternoon ... Monday, matinee at 2. ... Monday, matinee at 2. ... Remember the name and the location.

NEXT WEEK—The Rev. Wilson R. Pyrich, in

TO-NIGHT

SOUVENIRS

AUSTIN AND STONE'S MUSEUM

Tremont Row—Scollay Square

STONE & SIMMONS, Proprietors.

Week Beginning MON., DEC. 5

LAST SIX DAYS

BRING ALL THE CHILDREN

TO SEE THE

MONTE CRISTO

SMALLEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

SPECIAL CARD.

... The Original

TOM THUMB COACH

Col. Tom and Princess Anna

SWEET MARIE

Pink and white and only 100 ...

TRIXIE

PYTHIAN SISTERS

ROYAL WHIRLIGIGS

TWO GREAT MAGIC SHOWS

ADMISSION IS ONLY TEN CENTS

NICKELODEON

L. B. WALKER, Mgr.

—THE—

Soubrettes' Convention

Pretty Girls, Sweet Singers and Graceful Dancers

Auditorium — Iridescent Vaudeville

ADMISSION — FIVE CENTS

SYMPHONY HALL

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 10, at 2:30

MELBA

Her only appearance in Boston this season

ASSISTED BY

MISS NANNIE ... Violinist

MR. VAN HOUSE ... Accompanist

MME. GERVILLE-REACHE

Tickets $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00; On Sale ...

For Theatrical News and Notes See Pages 34 and 36.

KEITH'S

WEEK OF DEC. 5.

Doors Open at 1 P. M. Performance Continuous Until 10:30 P. M.

Special Engagement, for One Week Only, of the Favorite Comic Opera Singer,

DELLA FOX

Who Will Render a Repertoire of Her Former Vocal Successes, Including the Always Popular Song from "Wang."

First Time in Four Years.

Rose Stahl — And Company, in a Comedy of Stage Life, Written Expressly for Her by James L. Ford. First Time This Season.

Geo. W. Day — One of the Brightest and Most Original Blackface Comedians in Vaudeville. First Time This Season.

Callahan and Mack — In Their Latest Comedy Novelty Specialty. First Time This Season.

Charles F. Semon — (Formerly of Parke and Semon), in a Musical Comedy Recital. First Time Here.

Brothers St. Onge — In a Comedy and Dramatic Art Potpourri. First Time This Season.

Murphy and Francis — Two of the Cleverest Colored Entertainers in the Business. First Time This Season.

Harding and Ah Sid — The Clown and the Chinaman" in Acrobatic Comedy Specialties. First Time in Two Years.

Mlle. Olive — Novelty Juggler, Giving Exhibition of Skilful Plate Twirling. First Time in Two Years.

Edwin Nicander — In Repertoire of Song and Story. First Time Here.

Carew and Hayes — In a Novelty, "The Derby Race." First Time Here.

Tom Armstrong — English Character Vocal Comedian. First Time Here.

Marlowe, Plunkett, and Company — In Burlesque Comedy. First Time in a Year.

Duffy, Sawtelle — And Duffy, in a Comedy Sketch. First Time Here.

The Biograph — Showing New List of Humorous and Interesting Motion Pictures.

Week of Dec. 12:

Harry Gilfoil, Ora and Johnson, James H. Harvey, John Lancaster and Company, Dainty Lu, Paul Spadoni, Basque Quartet, Watts, Mullen Sisters, etc.

The Only Symphony Orchestra in Boston.

Prices 25c 35c 50c

Front Orchestra Seats, 75c. Box Seats and Front Row First Balcony, 50c.

Reserved Seats in Boxes and Front Row First Balcony can be secured two weeks in advance.

The Henry F. Miller Piano.

BOSTON THEATRE

LAWRENCE McCAREER

High-Class Attractions at Fair Prices

LAST WEEK

OF THE GREAT HIT

GEO. PRIMROSE

AND HIS BIG MINSTREL COMPANY

Under the Management of JAMES H. DECKER

The Largest, Most Costly and Elaborate Minstrel Company in the World

A Complete Scenic and Electric Production

Old-Time and Up-to-Date Songs, Dances and Humor

HAVE YOU SEEN — *The Darkey Heaven* — *The Old-Time First Part.* — *The Silver Shower Clog* — *The Dancing Picks* — *The Cotton Blossom Chorus*

DON'T FAIL TO HEAR NIKLOS SCHILZONYI'S HUNGARIAN BOYS, BAND OF 40

EVERY SONG, JOKE, SKETCH AND DANCE A HIT

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

NEXT WEEK — MONDAY, DEC. 12

Wm. A. Brady's Original Production

WAY DOWN EAST

By LOTTIE BLAIR PARKER — *Elaborated by JAS. R. GRISMER*

ALL THE OLD FAVORITES IN THE CAST

TICKETS NOW ON SALE

2 NIGHT — BIG CONCERT — "ALWAYS THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

LOOK! ALL HEADLINERS!!

BROOKS BROS. & CO. Screaming Funny Act

THREE TROUBADOURS, 20 Great Voices

ALLEN J. SHAW, marvelous one man musical act

OLIVER TROY, great comedy artiste

THE VAN DYKES, national ballroom performers

Extra Added Attraction Bold Bank Robbery

AT LITTLE PRICES

500 Seats 25c 800 Seats 15c

Box Office Open 1 P. M. Today. Tel. 722 Oxford

Don't Miss a Grand Show. Bought by Electric Motor

ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE

MUSIC HALL

TWICE DAILY 2 & 8 P. M.

EVERY SEAT RESERVED Tel Ox. 6

MATINEES, 25c. and 50c. EVENINGS, 25c. 35c. 50c and 75c

First Appearance in Vaudeville of

OLIVE MAY AND **JOHN W. ALBAUGH, Jr.**

"The Inspector from Kansas."

First Time at This Theatre

AMELIA SUMMERVILLE

"An Afternoon Tea."

DON & THOMPSON

SANDOR TRIO

PAUL CONCHAS

"The Military Heroics"

STINSON & MERTON

DICK TEMPLE

English Eccentric

GOLDEN GATE QUINTETTE

Types from the Sunny South.

American Debut of the WORLD'S GREATEST JUGGLER

Creator of all that is added and THE YEAR'S SENSATION

KINETOGRAPH

Latest Out of N. Y.

TO-NIGHT — REFINED CONCERT

Eugene Cowles, Smith & Fuller, Josephine Gassman, Lotta Gladstone, Prof. Wormwood, Zeynard's Midgets, Wills & Hassan, Kinetograph

BOX OFFICE OPEN AT 1 P. M.

JAPS

The Japanese Imperial Guards

HOWARD

THIS WEEK

THE ENGLISH COMEDIENNE

NORA

BAYES

HOLCOMBE CURTIS and WEBB

MARLO and ALDO

NAT LE ROY and MINNIE WOODFORD

WILL McINTYRE and EDITH RICE

GILDAY and FOX

GILDERSLEEVE and TOWNSEND

CARLOTTA DELMAR

LAWRENCE CRANE

MARGARET SCOTT

GRACIE and REYNOLDS

WALTON SISTERS

CHAS and HELEN MACK

HARRY JORDAN

MISS SCOTT

THE KINETOGRAPH

THE BURLESQUE

"THE GOODS"

ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING

HOWARD

PHONE HAYMARKET 1868.

TREMONT THEATRE

ONE WEEK ONLY COMMENCING TOMORROW NIGHT

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

AN ADIEU TO A GREAT SUCCESS!

HENRY W. SAVAGE

Announces the Final Appearances of

Raymond Hitchcock

IN THE COMIC OPERA SUCCESS

THE YANKEE CONSUL

The Production as First Given at the Tremont Theatre and for six Months in New York will be seen.

Brilliant Original Cast. Chair of Real Worth; the Best Singing Chorus Boston Ever Produced.

Last Times in This City Before London Engagement

The REIGN OF LAUGHTER BEGINS

MONDAY NIGHT, DEC. 12

HENRY W. SAVAGE will offer GEORGE ADE'S Quaint Comedy

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN

With the Original Company and Production which Crowded Wallack's Theatre, New York, for a Sensational Run of 413 Nights Last Season.

SEAT SALE BEGINS TOMORROW MORNING.

GLOBE

BARGAIN MAT. WED. . 25c, 50c
POPULAR MAT. SAT. 25c, 50c, 75c
EVENINGS . . 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00

COMMENCING MONDAY (Tomorrow) NIGHT, ONE WEEK

WHITE & ASHMAN ANNOUNCE A NOTABLE REVIVAL OF THE GREAT RURAL MASTERPIECE

THE NINETY AND NINE

BY RAMSEY MORRIS.

A True, Wholesome Story of Indiana Life

QUAINT AND QUIZZICAL

30 CAPABLE PLAYERS — HEADED BY D. J. ASHMAN and BAYORE WHIPPLE

The Original $35,000 Production as Presented in New York City Over 1-2 Year.

NEW SCENIC EFFECTS THAT MAKE THE ORIGINAL LOCOMOTIVE SCENE PALE INTO NOTHINGNESS

Next Week—ROSS AND FENTON in Twirly Whirly.

TONIGHT — GRAND CONCERT — Benefit Emergency Hospital — 25-50 — Ticket Office OPEN Sunday P. M.

NEVER BEFORE SO MANY FEATURES

FREDERICK BOND & CO.

ECKOFF & GORDON

MARVELOUS BELLCLAIRE BROS

CAIN & DEFOREST

Cunningham & Lord, Travers & Douglas, Merrin & Hilgemann, Henry Bowman, Frederick & Dine, Marion Munro, Clabourne.

All New Vaudeville Acts Tonight

AN ENTERTAINMENT THAT WILL ENTERTAIN TONIGHT

Majestic Theatre

EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.

SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY.

LAST WEEK

Bertha Galland

IN

DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL

(Direction of J. FRED ZIMMERMAN, JR.)

"Renewing Last Season's Great Success."

A Supporting Company of Great Merit, Including

ORRIN JOHNSON — HELEN TRACY

FRANK LOSEE — KATE DENIN WILSON

For next week Mr. M. C. WHITNEY announces the coming of his greatest attraction

PIFF, PAFF, POUF

Book by Nat Goodwin and Percy Gaunt. Lyrics by W. H. Hurlbut and Percy Gaunt. Music by Jean Schwartz.

Direct from its EIGHT MONTHS' Run at the Casino, New York

To be Presented by the Same Great Metropolitan Company, headed by

EDDIE FOY — ALICE FISCHER — ROBERT E. GRAHAM

VINIE DALY — JOHN HYAMS

THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH PONY BALLET

TWENTY GREAT MUSICAL NUMBERS

SEAT SALE

LYCEUM

Always Presenting the Leading Burlesque Attractions

Matinee Daily at 2:15 Evenings at 8

MINER'S

AMERICAN

BURLESQUERS

Presenting all New and Brilliant Features. A Show Brimful of

Mirth, Melody, Merriment and Pretty Girls

THE COMPANY

PALFREY AND BARTON
RICHY W. CRAIG
McFARLAND & MURRAY
FISHER AND CLARK
LOLA BIGGAR
DEL A. PHONE
—AND—
LOTTIE GILSON
—AND—
BILLY HART

POPULAR PRICES
10c to 50c

CASTLE SQ. THEATRE

Tel Tremont

Castle Square Theatre Dramatic Stock Co.

WEEK OF DEC. 9.

First Boston Production of Messrs. Kester & Vroom's Comedy, in 4 Acts, entitled

THE CAVALIER

Matinee Prices 15 . 25c . 50c.

Evening Prices, 15c., 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c

Down-town office, 85 Winter St. (Sorosis Building). Tel. 12 Hancock.

ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE FAIR

COPLEY HALL

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 7

10 A. M. to 7 P. M.

Luncheon ..... 12 to 2

Dog Show ..... 3 to 5

Tea with Mu .... 5 to 7

COLONIAL THEATRE

CHAS. FROHMAN, RICH & HARRIS, Lessees and Mgrs.

LAST WEEK

Mr. F. C. WHITNEY Presents the World Famous Prima Donna Contralto and Comedienne

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

In the new Stange and Edwards Comic Opera

"Love's Lottery"

During the Second Act of the Opera Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing the Famous Brindisi from the Opera of "Lucretia Borgia."

The Best Singing Organization in America. The Big Musical Success of Many Years.

Eve'gs at 8. Saturday Matinee Only at 2.

Beginning Monday, DEC. 12, Two Weeks Only. Wednesday and Saturday Matinees

CHARLES F. HOYT'S Presents CRANE in the Comedy Triumphs, Paris, Success, WM. H. BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

By Octave Thrbeau. Translated by Robert Hichens

SEAT SALE TUES., DEC. 6, AT 8 A. M.

All Seats Reserved. Reg. Colonial Theatre Prices: $1.50, $1.00, 75c. 50c., 25c.

Grand Opera House

Few Doors Above Dover Street "L" Station Tel. 1103 Tremont.

STAIR & WILDUR and MAGEE, Proprietors. GEO. W. MAGEE, Manager

EVE'GS at 8. Prices: Orchestra 30c, 50c, 75c. Bal. 30c, 50c. Fam. Cir. 20c

Matinees Tues., Thurs., Sat. at 2

SPECIAL PRICES: MATINEES, ORCHESTRA 30c., 50c.

Family Circle 20c.

COMMENCING TO-MORROW NIGHT

A. H. Woods Presents a Remarkable Story of Real Life at the Metropolis in 4 Acts and 12 Scenes

FAST LIFE IN NEW YORK

By THEODORE KREMER

Introducing

Mr. JULIAN ROSE

as SAMMY IENSTEIN

Thrilling Climaxes and Wonderful Situations

NEXT WEEK | "SKY FARM"

For Amusement News and Notes, See Pages 34 and 36.

MRS. CHADWICK NOW DEFENDS HERSELF

Mrs. Chadwick in the boudoir of her palatial home on Euclid avenue, Cleveland, which she occupied as a member of the "Women's Millionaire Club" in New York.

DENOUNCES CHARGES AGAINST HER AS FALSE.

Reassures Her Creditors That [illegible] Paid, Notwithstanding Temporary [illegible]

By Boston American Leased Wire

[illegible]

Mrs. Chadwick Defends Herself

[illegible]

Copy of Reynolds's Attest.

[illegible]

Charges Blackmail Attempt

[illegible]

Remarkable Cure by Return Mail.

[illegible]

R. H. WHITE CO.

Boston's Greatest Christmas Supply Centre

Announces Today Its Opening Sale of Holiday Goods

The 18 Shopping Days before Christmas will slip away all too soon. Will you not take advantage of these Low Price Offerings and do your buying this week? Everything is now at its best and

Your Christmas Money Will Go Further Now Than at Any Time Later On

Christmas Handkerchiefs

Opening Display and Sale Monday. Extra Space and Salespeople. The Biggest Bargains Ever

Tens of Thousands of beautiful Handkerchiefs selected with the greatest care. Hundreds of special values that can't be duplicated here or elsewhere. Many choice novelties that come only in small quantities that should be selected early. Here's a glance at prices:

[illegible] VALUES [illegible] Women's pure Irish Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs [illegible] 12½c

[illegible] VALUES FOR 81 2c—Women's pure Irish Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs [illegible] 8⅓c

[illegible] VALUES FOR 10c—Women's Swiss embroidered hemstitched and scalloped Handkerchiefs. Worth 15c each, for only 10c

INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS [illegible] 12½c

WOMEN'S LACE EDGE HANDKERCHIEFS [illegible] 25c

AT 25c EACH Stamped [illegible] Lawn Handkerchiefs [illegible] broiders Special 25c

FINE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS [illegible] 50c, 1.00, 1.50

100 VALUES FOR [illegible] pretty styles of women's fine linen [illegible] broidered and lace edge Handkerchiefs, many of them worth 1.00 each, special 50c

WOMEN'S INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS Extra fine all linen, heavy and sheer quality, in box, or single for 25c

CHILDREN'S HANDKERCHIEFS, [illegible] boxes, ⅓ dozen in box, at, per box 25c

CHILDREN'S INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS in fancy boxes, extra value, at, per box 25c

CHILDREN'S COLORED BORDER HANDKERCHIEFS, in fancy boxes, 3 in box, at, per box 15c

A Message from Toyland

To All With a Gift-Giving Spirit

Santa Claus from his grotto in the Hartz mountains sends greeting. He desires the attendance of every boy and girl at his daily court, that he may enter their names in his great book of records. His wish is that every child should confide to him his or her preference after a half hour spent in an examination of the many sands of toys he has brought for their selection.

Have You Talked With Santa Yet?

You'll find him a genial old soul. Perhaps he'll invite you into his grotto to see his reindeer. You'll find him on the fourth floor, where there is also a half acre or so of the best display in Boston of

Toys, Dolls, Games, &c.

Fourth Floor.

Dolls

Dressed Dolls	25c to 15.00
[illegible]	25c to 4.50
[illegible]	25c to 4.50

Games

Parlor Bagatelle	39c and 89c
Table Croquet	25c and 75c
Grand Prix Race Track	1.00, 1.50 and 3.00
Pretty Village	19c to 75c
Ten Pins for old and young	25c to 1.49
Combination Crokinole	98c to 4.00
Magic Ring and Parlor Quoits	19c to 89c
Blocks and Picture Puzzles	12c to 98c
[illegible]	49c

Special [illegible] devoted to all [illegible] game

10c, 19c, 25c, 49c and 98c

Miscellaneous

Pool Tables, all complete	9.00 to 30.00
Roll Top Desks	98c to 9.00
Magic L[illegible]	98c to 15.00

Miscellaneous

Children's Chairs	49c to 2.50
Doll Beds	75c to 10.00
Doll House Furniture	25c to 5.00
Doll's Wardrobes	49c to 4.00
Go Carts and Carriages	1.00 to 5.00
Doll Houses	1.00 to 6.00
Iron Toys of every description	25c to 6.50
Mechanical Toys	25c to 10.00
Mechanical Trains, with circular tracks,	98c to 18.00
Musical Toys	49c to 13.00
Tools Chests	49c to 5.00
Sleds	49c to 22.00
Wagons	49c to 8.50
Horse and Wagons	1.00 to 10.00
Chain Trains	25c to 10.00
Rubber Balls	25c to 1.00
Woolly Animals	25c to 10.00
Portable Engines	49c to 9.00
Chuck a Luck	1.49 and 2.98
Ubota	1.49
Bid	49c

Miscellaneous

Slate	50c
Sherlock Holmes	49c
Soldier Sets	65c to 1.75
Roly Poly, 3 different figures	98c
Pianos	25c to 6.75
Trumpets	25c to 2.50
Punch and Judy	19c to 5.50
Air Rifles	25c to 49c
Paints	19c to 98c
Humpty-Dumpty Shows	19c to 2.50
Noah's Ark	25c to 19c
Whips	25c
Blackboards	98c
Sabres	19c to 6.50
Tricycles	1.75 to 4.75
Jack in Box	25c
Kitchen Stoves	25c to 6.00
Kitchen Outfits	49c to 2.50
Iron Banks	25c to 98c
Printing Stamps	25c and 49c
Toy Sewing Machines	1.00 to 4.50
Printing Presses	98c and 1.50

New Books for Young and Old

The Marvelous Land of Oz, by Frank Baum a[illegible] Wizard of Oz 90c

Under the Mikado's Flag, by Edward S[illegible]

The Seawolf, by Jack [illegible] don

The Prodigal Son, by Hu[illegible] Canon

The Masqueraders, by Hallie [illegible]

Hope Huntington's Discovery, by Sus[illegible]

Beverly of Graustark, by [illegible]

Double Harness, by Anthony [illegible]

The Prospector, by Rex [illegible]

The Seeker, by Tom Gallon

Mr. Louis Taughter, by Dolf [illegible]

The Second Mrs. Jim, by Stephen [illegible]

The Sorrows of the Saved, by [illegible]

I Love Finds the Way, illustrated, [illegible]

Kitty of the Roses, by R[illegible]

[illegible] and old World [illegible]

The Master's Violin, by Myra [illegible]

The Love of Azalea, by [illegible]

A Lass of Dorchester, by Ann[illegible]

Jack Tradelch a Star, by Myra [illegible]

The American Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt, by Edward S[illegible] 94c

Winning His Way to West Point, by [illegible]

Betty Wales, Freshman, by Mary [illegible]

A Courier of Empire, by [illegible]

Jewell's Story Book, by Alice [illegible]

Cap'n Eli's Yarn, Stories of salty folk by Eliz[illegible]

The Master Key, an [illegible] party tale, by L. Frank [illegible]

Cudjo's Cave, by Trowbridge

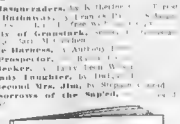
The Tale of Peter Rabbit, illustrated in colors

Peeks and Bad Boy and Real [illegible]

Peter Grandpa's Mother Goose, [illegible]

Father Goose, His Book, by [illegible]

The Flower and Gem Series, the Jewel Series and Carnival Series [illegible]



Daisy Serene, Illustrated, by M[illegible]

John Gilley, Maine farmer and [illegible]

Whosoever Shall Offend, by F. Marion Crawford

The Story of Aunt Prudence, by M[illegible]

The Child's Calendar for [illegible]

Little Leather Breeches, illustrated by [illegible]

The Visions of Theodore Roosevelt, by [illegible]

Walter Crane's Picture Book, [illegible]

Peter Grandpa, [illegible]

Pendennis, by [illegible]

Victorian Songs, [illegible]

John Halifax, [illegible]

Pride and Prejudice, [illegible]

Shakespeare's Works, [illegible]

Grandma's Attic Treasure, by Mrs. H[illegible]

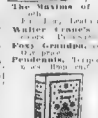
Ruth Campbell's Experiment, by Nora [illegible]

Life and Times of Queen Victoria, [illegible]

The Life of Napoleon, by Mrs. Oliphant [illegible]

The Best of Christmas Gifts

49c



A $1.00 PAIR FREE TO TRY If you have RHEUMATISM

Send your name to-day and get this Remarkable Cure by Return Mail.

To those who answer this advertisement at once will be sent free to try a pair of the Celebrated Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan discovery which is curing all kinds of Rheumatism, including even some of the worst chronic cases, on the feet. Without the least trouble on the part of the patient. No medicine to take. No appliances to wear. Simply apply the Drafts to the feet, and they will draw out all the poisonous matter from the system. Thousands of testimonials from those who have been cured by this wonderful discovery. Don't suffer another day. Write to-day. You do not risk a penny. Address

MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., Jackson, Mich.

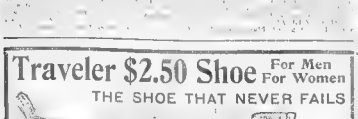
MUNYON'S COLD CURE

Relieves the head, throat, lungs and entire system immediately

I will refund your money if it fails to cure. —MUNYON.

Traveler $2.50 Shoe For Men For Women

THE SHOE THAT NEVER FAILS



All Leathers and Up-to-the Minute Styles

The LITTLE TRAVELER SHOE'S

TRAVELER SHOE STORES IN BOSTON

2315 WASHINGTON ST., 152 COURT ST., 699 WASHINGTON ST.

Good Rubbers at Low Prices in Traveler Shoe Stores

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine must bear Fac-Simile Signature

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Are You Satisfied?

837 Washington Street.

BOSTON AMERICAN
PART TWO.
SUNDAY

HEARST'S
BOSTON AMERICAN
AND NEW YORK JOURNAL.
BOSTON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1904.

NEW YORK JOURNAL
PART TWO.
SUNDAY

TO FORCE THE RAILROAD TRUST TO OBEY THE LAW AND TO RESPECT THE PEOPLE

Such Is the Object of the Hearst Interstate Commerce Bill.

THE real highways of this nation are THE RAILROADS OF THE NATION.

The prosperity of all the people and of the individual competitor depends upon facility and just treatment in the transportation and the exchange of products.

The railroads of the United States are in the hands of a few gigantic combinations, all united in selfishness, in contempt for the public rights, in merciless exploitation of the defenceless public.

There exists in the country what is known as the Interstate Commerce Commission, a body supposed to protect the public against unjust discrimination by the railroads.

This commission represents only the rights of the disorganized population. It is invariably treated with contempt by the organized capital that owns the nation's railroads.

* * *

Individual business men and manufacturers are ruined, farmers are impoverished by unjust railroad discrimination, and by a system based entirely upon the principle of the utmost possible extortion.

In the country, fruits and vegetables rot because it does not pay to send them to the city with freight rates added to the cost of manual labor.

The shortsighted selfishness of the railroads impoverishes the country, taxes the city, injures all classes of the population.

If complaints are made to the Interstate Commerce Commission, and if that body finds that the complaints are just, the railroad trust simply laughs at the finding, pays no attention, and continues its illegal course.

* * *

The great trusts, whose owners and managers control the railroads, are built up through railroad discrimination.

The railroads and an excessive tariff combined are the basis of trust criminality.

With a tariff which shuts out the competition of foreign producers, with railroads that put ruinous freight rates upon independent home producers, or refuse to carry their freight altogether, what chance have the people?

William Randolph Hearst, editor of this newspaper, has introduced in Congress a bill known as the Hearst bill. This bill, if made into a law, will give the people at least reasonable control of the national highways, and through the railroads partial control, at least, of the trusts.

THE HEARST BILL GIVES THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION POWER TO FIX A JUST FREIGHT RATE WHEN THE EXISTING RATE IS FOUND TO BE UNREASONABLE.

The Hearst bill provides for the establishment of an inter-state commerce court, which shall have power to review the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission a[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

PORT ARTHUR SCENES IN BESIEGERS' CAMP NEAR FORTRESS FRANCE DUKE DE VALENCAY TO WIN MORE TITLES ROUMANIA QUEEN CARMEN SYLVA CONFESSES HER AGE GERMANY

PORT ARTHUR'S GRIM TRAGEDY NEARLY OVER

Heroic Garrison Now Face to Face With Death or Surrender to the Mikado's Legions.

Continued from Page 40.

WAR CLOUDS GATHER.

PLAN TO FIGHT BALTIC SQUADRON NEAR FORMOSA

TUCKER'S MOTHER BRINGS HIM GIFTS

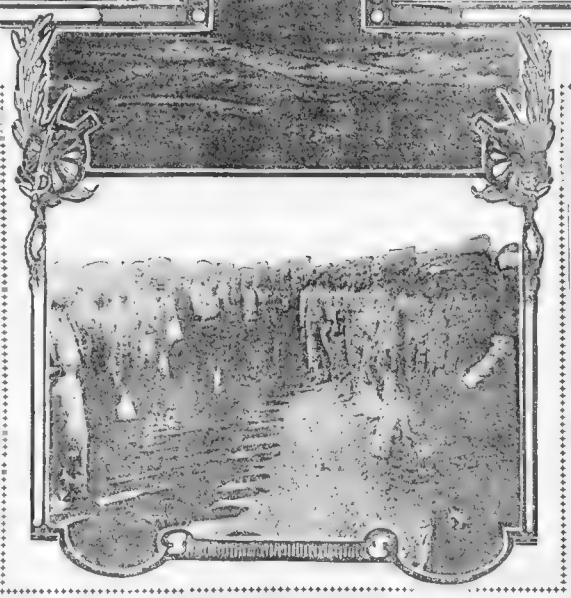
Continued from Page 40.

Tucked Paler, Thinner.

WOODBURY'S CHIEF SPECIALIST COMING.

See None of Page Family.

Not since her son's arrest has she seen any member of the Page household. With the exception of having met Harold Page, who called at the home once some time be-



(From Stereographs, Copyright, 1904, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.)

SCENES IN THE JAPANESE CAMPS SURROUNDING PORT ARTHUR.

In the upper left hand corner are shown a group of the Mikado's men cooking dinner. In the [illegible] in air, fo[illegible] [illegible] of the aw[illegible]

DUKE DE VALENCAY WILL GET MORE TITLES WITH NEW WIFE

Countess de Kanitz Will Purchase Dukedom of Sagan For Helen Morton's Former Husband.

BY THE MARQUIS DE CASTELLANE.

Special Cable to Sunday American.

Paris, Dec. 3—The divorce of Helen Morton and the Due de Valency is to have [illegible] Miss Morton is to marry [illegible] which, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

LONDON KING OF PORTUGAL IS LIKED BY THE ENGLISH DUBLIN SEUMAS MacMANUS CHATS ON THE EVENTS OF THE WEEK MADRD CHANCE FOR SPANISH TITLE FOR RICH YANKEE PARIS

KING CARLOS IS WELCOMED AT LONDON.

Lady Somerset Writes of the Visit of Portugal's King, Who Reaches England Convoyed by a Powerful Squadron

RECEPTION'S SPLENDOR IS MARRED BY FOG

By Lady Henry Somerset.

Special Cable to Sunday American. Copyright, 1904, by the Hearst News Service.

London, Dec. 3. In the midst of dense fog the festive decorations with which we welcome royal strangers were waving across the dusky streets of the city of London when King Carlos arrived in England last night, on board his yacht Victoria and Albert, and proceeded to Windsor by the King and Queen, where great preparations had been made. A splendid suite of apartments in the historic castle, named the Waterloo chamber, and the guest is likely to be a long one. It is certainly a royal welcome, and his coming is a fine thing for the appearance of a man who is to perform feats of strength, or to show skill, for the next week. Of his actual movements are told. He arrived at Victoria station, London, at 5:30 o'clock this afternoon, and was received by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Leeds, the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Portland

RACING LAST DAY OF THE SEASON AT THE RUNNING TRACK | TROTTING GOOD SPORT ON CHARLES RIVER SPEEDWAY | BOXING FINE CARD OF BOUTS AT CAMBRIDGE A. A. TO-MORROW. | OTHER SPORTS

ROUGH-HOUSE GAME WON BY TUFTS MEDICS.

Local Bowlers in Close Race for Big Honors

All the League Leaders Are Furnishing Fine Sport and Almost Everyone Has a Chance of Winning Prizes.

BOSTON BICYCLISTS WIN GARDEN RACES

LYNN TEAM WINS ROLLER POLO OPENER.

Gardner and Hill Will Meet in Lawrence Ring

Sports Are Looking for Some Interesting Mix-ups in Tuesday Night's Bouts.

E[illegible] Boston's Debut Doubtful. [illegible] Would be Physi[illegible]

By TEN STRIKE.

The coming week will bring forth some [illegible] Boston [illegible]

[illegible] Public Garden Tug-of-War and the Prudential Relay Race. Last Thursday [illegible] Physical Director Sullivan of the Y. M. C. A. football league [illegible] Cambridge [illegible]

GREATER BOSTON LEAGUE.

[illegible] Game [illegible]

Geo. McCarthy's Star Game.

CORPORATION LEAGUE.
TEAM AVERAGE AND PIN RECORD

[illegible] Y. C. A. LEAGUE.

MASSACHUSETTS INTERCLUB.
TEAM AVERAGE.

Scored in First Half.

PAPER TRADE LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD

The Lineup.

INDIVIDUAL AVERAGES.

[illegible] -COUNTY LEAGUE.

Schoolboy Hockey League Has a Strong Schedule

Many Practise and Championship Games Have Been Arranged for This Season.

NEWSPAPER LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD

MYSTIC VALLEY LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD

ACADEMIC LEAGUE

BOSTON ELEVATED LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD

PREPARATORY LEAGUE.
NEWTON HIGH

INSURANCE LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD

INTERPREPARATORY.

COMMERCIAL LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD

ODD FELLOWS LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD

INTERSCHOLASTIC.

TRUST COMPANY LEAGUE.
TEAM STANDING AND PIN RECORD

Brookline High—Dec. 10, Andover at Andover, [illegible]

Special to Boston Sunday American.

New York was on the eve of no small week of six day cycle racing fanaticism as only the famous amphitheatre has seen since [illegible]

TEAMS THAT WILL START IN SIX-DAY RACE

[illegible]

All the big cycle tenors that are to be on hand to begin the long journey. Tuesday evening, and the presence of so many prominent riders from all parts of the world will draw the thousands that gather annually around the immense oval to watch the [illegible]

PAPER TEAMS ROLL.

[illegible]

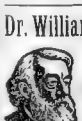
HYDE PARK WINNERS.

The Hyde Park basket ball team defeated the [illegible] team [illegible]

FALL RIVER, 10; YALE, 3.

The Fall River [illegible] basketball team was beaten by the Fall River Signal Corps, 10 to 3.

Dr. Williams Cures Men



Dr. L. R. Williams Medical Office, 6 Winter St Boston

Master specialist [illegible] that remains cured. Inquire about it.

TECH VARSITY DEFEATS 2ND TEAM

CLINKER A. A., 5; BAY VIEW, 0.

[illegible] The Lineup.

CENTRAL HIGH WON, 11 TO 0.

CIGARMAKERS ROLL.

[illegible]

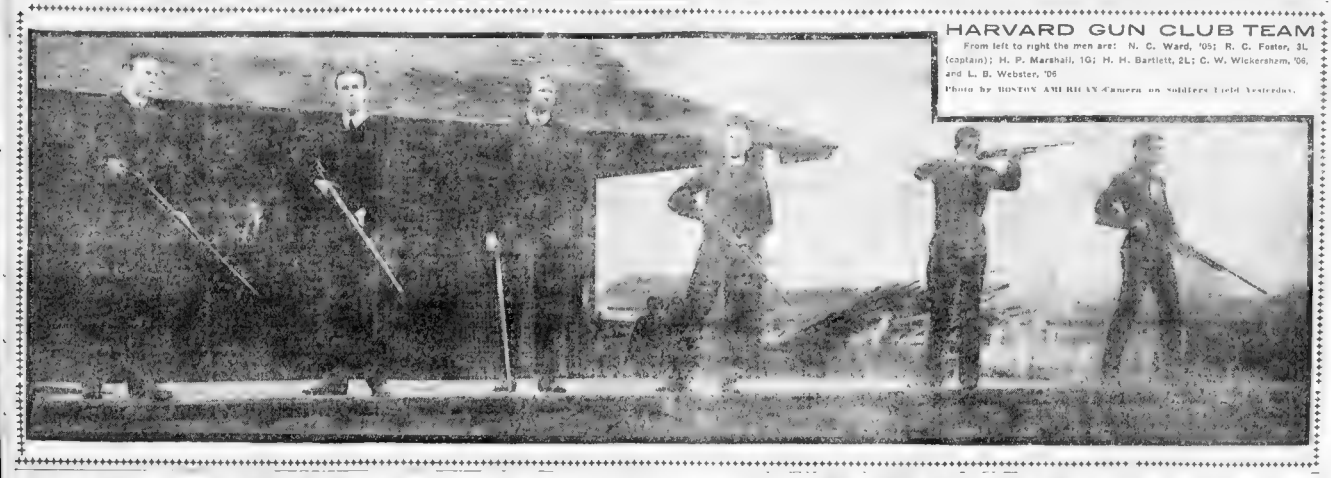
DR. LOUGEST
The Most Reliable and Only True Specialist in Boston.
CURES
Lost Manhood, sexual weakness, effects of youthful indiscretions, blotches, hair falling out, loss of ambition, nervousness, impotency, debility, kidneys, bladder, rheumatic pains, blood poisons, private diseases.
Blood poison, ulcers, stricture, varicocele, kidneys, bladder. Blood [illegible]
CALL OR WRITE
at once if you want to get well quick, and if you want your cure to last. Cure to stay cured. Cure in the [illegible]
MEN I can do away with undevelopment and make you strong, vigorous and manly. I am the only specialist in Boston who furnishes medicines free to patients.
Consultation Free
Dr. Lougest's [illegible] Dr. Lougest
IMPORTANT:
313 DR. LOUGEST COLUMBUS AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.
Back Bay Station.

DISEASED MEN Can be Cured
I want the Weak, Discouraged Man who is [illegible]
Wasting Weaknesses, Lost Vitality, Weak Organs, CAN BE CURED. Just call or write. Plain talk.
Blood Poison, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, Piles, Fistula, Stricture, Specific Blood Poison, Nervo-Vital Debility, Private Diseases, Associate Diseases
DR. BOK OFFICE 433 Tremont St.

CURE MEN

MY BEST REFERENCE IS. NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNTIL CURED.
DR. E. B. HERRICK MEDICAL COMPANY
37 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
DR. HERRICK'S ANNOUNCEMENT I am not engaging to have [illegible] methods necessarily antiquated obsolete and out of [illegible] but I do claim to have a thorough knowledge of the [illegible] and have had for [illegible] years a practice second to [illegible] in this [illegible]
Guarantee of NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNTIL CURED
SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT
[illegible] in use as of cure in the [illegible] of other old [illegible] applied by skilled [illegible]
VARICOCELE
HYDROCELE
RUPTURE
PILES, FISTULA
STRICTURE
SPECIFIC BLOOD POISON
NERVO-VITAL DEBILITY
PRIVATE DISEASES
ASSOCIATE DISEASES
In curing a disease of any kind I never fail to remove the [illegible] complications. In the case of Varicocele or Hydrocele the weakness caused by it disappears. If it has developed into Paralysis, Bladder or Kidney Affections the injured parts are restored to a perfect healthy condition. Blood Poison, all stages, [illegible] from the blood, [illegible] from the system. Nervo-Vital Debility, [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

FOOTBALL TUFTS MEDICS BEAT BOSTON UNIVERSITY. BASEBALL AMERICAN LEAGUE MEETS THIS WEEK. BOWLING HOW THE BIG LEAGUES STAND. ATHLETICS



HARVARD GUN CLUB TEAM

From left to right the men are: N. C. Ward, '05; R. C. Foster, 3L (captain); H. P. Marshall, 1G; H. H. Bartlett, 2L; C. W. Wickersham, '06, and L. B. Webster, '06

Photo by BOSTON AMERICAN Camera on Soldiers Field Yesterday.

HUB MAGNATE OFF FOR WINDY CITY BALL MEETING.

On to Chicago is the slogan within the ranks of the American League powers, and the magnates, owners and managers will convene in the Windy City on Wednesday at the Auditorium Annex for the purpose of considering the details for the season of 1905.

Manager Jimmy Collins, of the Boston Americans, left a couple of days ago for his home in Buffalo with Mike Regan, the royal rooter, and will stop off at Fort Wayne to pick up Chick Stahl, and the trio will proceed to the ball meeting. Perhaps they won't create a furore when they hit the ball pike in the live city on the West.

President Joe [illegible] the meeting for the [illegible] and [illegible] will be [illegible] the league [illegible] Secretary [illegible] will be [illegible] get good treatment at every [illegible]

Fred Lake is busy completing his plans for putting a New England League team in Lynn, and the movement in the Shoe City has caught on with the fans who are anxious to see the real league article handled after many years of the independent article. Lake is just the right man to boom the sport, and has an owner with the Lowell team sells the piece cheap, he has got the Nashua franchise and intends transferring it to the North Shore resort. It is expected that Lake will get the support of the moneyed people in his endeavor to give them high grade of diamond stuff, and once started it will be easy sailing for the popular baseball manager.

* * *

Comiskey, of the White Sox, one of our rivals plans for the early trip of the latter as the St. Louis Browns have arrangements to train at Fort Worth and Dallas, in the Texas State, and it would not be practical for the Sox to put in their early training at Waco, as was the prospect, are two [illegible] in either of the two cities with baseball on the ground.

If the Sunday dates fall to materialize, then the [illegible] March 19, and [illegible] and then start on [illegible] Mich., Monday, [illegible] and other Southern cities.

COLD WEATHER MARS HARNESS RACES ON THE SPEEDWAY.

It was too cold to snow, and too cold to make fast time in racing rigs on the Charles River Speedway yesterday afternoon. In spite of the chilly atmosphere twenty-eight horses started in races. The track was fast, with a dry cushion on top of the frozen bed, and a large crowd saw the races from carriages, or from the parlors of the clubhouse, where open fires made a cheerful side to the sport. The summaries follow:

CLASS 1, PACING.

W. S. Mosey, Fat L., b. g. (Cowles) 1 1
C. W. Marks, Two Rose, b. g. (Caldell) 2 2
Time—1:09, 1:09½.

CLASS 2, PACING.

[illegible]

CLASS 4, TROTTING.

[illegible]

CLASS 5, TROTTING.

J. C. Swift, La y Hilton, b. m. (Swift) 1 1
W. C. Corbett, Wastett, ch. m. (Corbett) 2 2
Time, 1:18, 1:18.

CLASS 6, TROTTING.

H. B. Raines, Little Bill, b. g. (Haines) 1 1
George A. Jenness, Alice Sherman, ch. m. (Gobie) 2 2
Time, 1:10½, 1:10¼.

CLASS 7, PACING.

M. A. Nevins, Nona Pointa, b. g. (Nevins) 2 1
T. Lineman, Rex, b. g. (Lineman) 1 2
Time, 1:06½, 1:06¾, 1:06¾.

CLASS 8, PACING.

A. C. Cushman, Brown King, br. g. (Cushman) 1 1 1
[illegible] 2 2 2
[illegible] 3 3 3
[illegible] 4 4 4
Time, 1:06½, 1:06½, 1:06½.

CLASS 9, PACING.

M. A. Nevins, Nona K., b. m. (Nevins) 2 1 1
A. W. Sweetzer, Gypsy Wilkes, b. m. 1 2 2
[illegible] 3 3 3
[illegible] 4 4 4
Time, 1:06½, 1:06½, 1:06½.

AGGREGATE TIME, 1:06¾.

Astello, br. g. ..... Won
Time, 1:06, 1:05¾.

GRAND TIME, 1:07.

[illegible] ..... Lost
Time, 1:18.

Boston A. A. Shooters Beat the Harvard Team

Second Match Results in a Victory for the Hub Clubmen, 245 to 220.

Some unusually good shooting marked the second match between the B. A. A. and the Harvard Gun Clubs on Soldiers Field yesterday afternoon, which was won by the former by the score of 245 birds to 220. The scores of both teams were good, but that of the B. A. A. team was far and away ahead of the average. Five men scored forty or more out of a possible fifty.

S. A. Gleason of the B. A. A. was the high score man with forty-five birds to his credit. His team mate, George B. Clark was a close second with a score of forty-four. The other men in the forty [illegible] were N. C. Ward, Harvard [illegible] B. A. A., 41, and H. P. [illegible]

The shoot was the second [illegible] B. A. A. and Harvard [illegible] first contest was held a week ago [illegible] trade and resulted in a victory [illegible] Harvard club by the score of 207 to 203 Birds. Cups have been awarded to the team making the [illegible] Shoots, so far it is still every man's [illegible] trophies of the contest with a total of 448 birds to 427. The scores:

[illegible]

PLANNING FOR BIG DOG SHOW HERE

The New England Kennel Club will hold its twenty-first annual dog show at Mechanics Building, Boston, Feb. 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1905. The Dog Show Committee is now at work on the prize list. The classification and prizes will be practically the same as those of last year, excepting where prospective entries warrant a change, and, realizing that much has happened in the dog world of which they are not cognizant, the committee is inviting all dog fanciers to suggest such changes in the classification as they wish to make for the breed in which they may be particularly interested.

Any suggestions received by the Club Committee before [illegible] will be considered, and if found practical and [illegible] will be adopted. An idea of the number of entries which would probably be made in the breed they are interested in would also be [illegible] to the committee [illegible] satisfactory.

Communications on the above or any other matter relating to the show can be addressed to H. E. Lewis, secretary for the [illegible] 41 Washington [illegible]

LONG RACES MARK BENNINGS' WIND UP

Bennings Race Track, [illegible] Gotham, burg in mid-Winter was never more unfavorable than Bennings at the wind up of the season to-day. Ice-bound and frost covered, with not a spring of green to be seen. Winter reigned everywhere. The track was a quagmire, and no doubt contributed to the form reversals which marked the day.

The three-mile chase proved one of the best cross country runs of the season. Nine horses started and finished less than a sixteenth of a mile apart. Harry Page made the pace on [illegible] with [illegible] Pere Peyser [illegible] and after a bad [illegible] at the [illegible] and [illegible] Page [illegible] Ontario last fence Woden [illegible] the leaders and, shaking away at the [illegible] pace, won [illegible] Imperialist at one and one half lengths for the place.

The maximum, the longest flat race of the year, went to Don Crockett, a four year old [illegible]

[illegible]

The Results:

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

F. K. FOSTER, LABOR LEADER, REVIEWS A. F. OF L. WORK

CONVENTION IN FULL HARMONY, GREAT GOOD DONE.

By Frank K. Foster.

FRANK H. FOSTER. Prominent Party BAY STATE LABOR LEADER.

SOCIALISTS SHOWED NO DESIRE TO NOMINATE.

What Can Be Done.

Many Brainy Men.

Little Su... Tam...

Tribute t... Gompers.

RECORD CROP SENT COTTON PRICES AWAY DOWN.

Estimate of 12... Above 10,000,000 M... Ever Before. Current ... 40 and 50 Points in Market

MISSISSIPPI HAS NOT ONE PENNY

GENII CREATE TOYLAND. FILL IT WITH WONDERS

PASTOR WONT STOP SUNDAY SHOOTING

What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and ...

...

...

MONTH STARTS WITH BOOM IN REALTY.

December Promises to Create New Record as t he Banner Month of Year if Present Lively Pace Is Maintained

December has started in with a rush in the real estate market and if the pace is kept up until the end of the year the month will prove one of the banner periods of 1904.

According to the weekly compilation furnished by the F. W. Dodge Company the amount of construction projected thus far this year throughout the New England States amounts to $150,328,000. This total compares well with $94,810,000 for the corresponding period during the last presidential year, as well as with a total for the corresponding period last year of $128,907,000. Contracts actually awarded since January 1 amount to $90,329,000, as compared with $96,920,000 for the corresponding period in 1903.

Title to the property No. 79 Chestnut street, Beacon Hill, has been transferred by Miles F. Mason and wife to Mary Mc-Kenna. The parcel comprises 1.46 square feet of land and a brick stable, upon which the total valuation is $7,800. William A. Codman & Son and Herbert Clark were the brokers.

The South End has enjoyed quite a comfortable boom of its own. The sale of No. 588 Columbus avenue has been sold by George Taylor to Charles W. Roberts. The four-story and two-family brick dwelling and the 1,716 feet of land are valued by the assessors at $18,200.

Ownership of the property No. 229 Harrison avenue has passed from the estate of the late S. Maria Bailey to Hattie B. Gilbert. The taxed valuation of the three and one-half story brick house and 2,230 feet of land is $9,900.

Dwellings Change Hands.

Annie Munk has purchased from Jacob Hashman the property No. 15 Decatur street. The parcel, consisting of a three and one-half story and basement brick dwelling and 1,068 square feet of land, is valued at $6,600. Terms are private.

Through the office of Charles S. Judkins agreement papers have been signed for the sale of the estate No. 250 Shawmut avenue, the property consisting of a brick dwelling, with 1,160 square feet of land, the last assessed valuation being $7,800. The grantor is Margaret E. Ryan. Until final papers pass the name of the purchaser will be withheld.

Frank P. Horgan has conveyed to John W. Smith, who buys for investment, the property No. 9 East Canton street. The three-story brick house and 800 square feet of land are valued at $5,000. The purchase price is understood to have been above the official figure.

The residential property No. 588 Columbus avenue has been conveyed by George W. Taylor to Charles W. Roberts, W. W. Spencer acting as broker. The parcel includes a four-story brick dwelling and 1,716 square feet of land, and carries a taxed valuation of $18,200.

Deals in the West End.

In the West End John M. Fitzpatrick has sold for Mary F. Quilter the estate in the rear of No. 34 Lynde street, consisting of a frame dwelling and 700 square feet of land, assessed for $3,000.

George T. Hogan has purchased from Charles R. Lawrence the octagonal property at Nos. 118, 120 and 122 Main street, corner Nos. 1 and 3 Chelsea street. The buildings and the 5,000 square feet of land were sold on private terms.

Lillian F. Fair is the new owner of the three-story frame apartment house No. 51 Alpine street, Roxbury, sold by George C. Beals. The property is taxed on a valuation of $5,000.

No. 34 Chestnut street, Roxbury, has passed from George M. Phinney to Charles F. Kreger. Dwelling, stable and 3,200 square feet of land are taxed on $3,300.

A parcel of 7,161 feet of land, fronting on Walnut avenue and Hartdale street, has been sold by William J. Maguire to Henry Green. The land is taxed on a basis of sixty cents a foot.

Transfers in Brookline.

William Lincoln & Son, brokers, have sold for George V. Leverett the estate No. 126 Boylston street, Brookline. The parcel, comprising a frame dwelling house and 3,242 square feet of land, is assessed on a valuation of $4,000. The name of the new owner is withheld.

The B. H. Long Shoe Manufacturing Company, now operating an extensive plant at South Framingham, has taken for a term of years a lease on the factory building at the corner of Roxbury and Gardner streets, near Roxbury Crossing. The property is taxed on a basis of $28,000.

In the Dorchester district preliminary details covering the transfer of 21,000 square feet of land, abutting on Brownlow and Talbot avenues and Bernard street, for thirty-six cottages, assessed on a valuation of $41,000, have been arranged. Edward Colegher carried through the deal. Until final papers are recorded the name of the purchaser will not be made public.

On Blue Hill Avenue.

The brick apartment house, formerly, owned by Charles A. Newhall, and numbered 374 and 376 Blue Hill avenue, has been transferred to Rose Flashman. The property, which includes 5,100 square feet of land, has a taxed valuation of $15,100. The frame dwelling and 1,440 square feet of land No. 18 Legland street, Dorchester, taxed on a basis of $4,500, has been transferred to Herbert M. Chase by Ethel G. Ball.

The following transactions were recorded on the books of the Real Estate Exchange:

Reference—Quitclaim. W. warranty, D. deed, M. mortgage, R. release.

BOSTON—CITY PROPER.

Sarah E. Moss to James M. Talbot, Goodwin place, $1, W.

Frank J. Horgan to Abraham Koshland, Bay State road, $1, Q.

Frank J. Horgan to John W. Smith et ux, East Canton street, $14, Q.

Dora L. Cashman to Annie Munk, Decatur street, $1, Q.

George W. Taylor, Warren W. C. Spencer, Columbus avenue, $1, Q.

Warren W. Spencer to Chas. W. Roberts, Columbus avenue, $1, Q.

Hattie B. Gilbert to Ida A. McKenna, Chestnut street, $1, Q.

Ida A. McKenna to Frederick G. Hopkins, $5,000, R.

S. Maria Bailey estate to Hattie B. Gilbert, Harrison avenue, $5,000, R.

Henry J. Bradley et al to Joseph A. Barnard, Summer street, Central wharf, R.

SOUTH BOSTON.

Sam Berkowitch to George H. Reed, $1, W.

Hebron A. Libby to Willie L. Libby, trustee, Linden place, four lots, $1, R.

Hebron A. Libby to Elizabeth P. Hayes, K street place, $1, Q.

John Morrish to Grace Morrish, East Third street, $1, Q.

Grace Morrish to Esther Morrish, East Third street, $1, Q.

ROXBURY.

Josephine Kreger, trustee, to Edward M. Phinney, near Regent street, $1, W.

Edward M. Phinney to Charles T. Kreger et ux, Chestnut avenue, $1, W.

Hebron A. Libby to Willie L. Libby, trustee, Longwood avenue, $1, R.

Frederick E. Dodge to Henry Green, Walnut avenue and Harndale street, $1, Q.

Frederick E. Dodge to Sarah E. Pitchfield, Hunnewell street and Dale place, $1, Q.

George C. Beals to Lillian F. Fair, Alpine street, $1, Q.

DORCHESTER.

George F. Gregor et ux, mortgage, to Nelson R. Vanderbeck, Ripley street, $2,100, D.

Albert B. Reid to Zaida L. Morse, Laurist avenue, $1, W.

Zaida L. Monroe to Mary F. Swift, Laurist avenue, $1, W.

Zaida L. Newhall to Dora F. Cashman, Blue Hill avenue and Intervale street, $1, Q.

Ethel G. Ball to Herbert M. Chase, Leyland street, $1, Q.

WEST ROXBURY.

Ina M. Clarke to Iore M. Kent, St. John street, $1, Q.

George A. Hopkins to Frederick G. Hopkins, Park place, $5,000, R.

BRIGHTON.

Francis F. Morton et al, trustees, to Mary B. Hanley, Soldiers field road, $1, W.

Sarah A. Newhall to Dora F. Cashman, Blue Hill avenue and Intervale street, $1, Q.

Harvey T. Turner, mortgagee, to Ella F. Gay, Malden avenue, two lots, $250, F.

CHELSEA.

Martha R. Goodspeed et al to Walter H. Walker et al, Garland street, $1, W.

WINTHROP.

Charles L. Turner to Elizabeth S. Barrett, Sagamore avenue, $1, W.

REVERE.

Beula B. Fagge to Nicholas A. Milano et ux, Pearl avenue and Cottage street, $1, W.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Set solid, 15c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

GREAT PIANO BARGAINS.

Steinway, used.....$160
Sohmer, new.....261
Gabler, used.....68
Chickering, used.....134
Chickering, used.....125
Miller, used.....175
Kimball, used.....198
Briggs, used.....72
Kohler & Campbell, new.....295
Shaw, new.....325
Chickering, used.....125

If you cannot call, write for special terms and complete description of the above and one hundred other new and used pianos. Terms, $5.00 per month and upwards.

STIEFF, 207 TREMONT STREET, Opp. Hotel Touraine.

WOOD PIANO CO. Highest Grade PIANOS 50 CLARENDON ST. BOSTON.

Christmas Money-Saving Sale

ALL MAKES in stock from $100 up. Hallet, $190. Fischer $190, Steinway $350, Vose $190, Chickering $490, Hardman $190, Miller $300. Rental rate, 1 per cent per month. These pieces have been put in good order, and will make perfectly satisfactory instruments. Send for complete description of each piece. Special sale of Chickering uprights at $225. Discount from factory prices. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st., Boston.

5 NEARLY good as when new Everett uprights, $125. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st., Angelus player, $1,000.

2 STEINWAY PIANOS, $125, show but little use. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st.

3 HENRY F. MILLER& splendid condition, $125, have been taken in exchange. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st.; new Cecilian player, half price.

WOOD PIANO CO., 180 TREMONT STREET.

WE WANT to sell a nice Miller piano; no reasonable offer refused; can be seen any time. G 26, Boston American.

PIANOS, WYMAN'S PIANOS. YOU CAN SAVE from $20 to $150 by purchasing from one of the largest piano house in New England. We are down town, street floor, no rent, and owing to the fact that we buy for cash and pay cash, we are enabled to offer the highest grade pianos in New England at less prices than any other house in New England, and make terms to suit the purchasers. We have a large stock to select from, both in Golden Oak, Circassian, Walnut and fine finished Mahogany cases, and we guarantee satisfaction by defect in material or workmanship for ten years. Call and see us or write us, if thinking of purchasing, and we assure you we don't delay, but call this week. Any amount down and weekly or monthly payments. Remember, the WYMAN PIANO ROOMS, No. 94 Blackstone st., Boston Mass. Established 1865.

$200 Chickering Upright Piano

SAN DOMINGO mahogany casing, miniature artistic design, full length music desk, ivory and ebony mark on scale, in splendid order, now $250 will survive now for $250. Parties desiring to examine this instrument will kindly communicate with L. 101, Boston American.

MILLER UPRIGHT

BEAUTIFUL upright piano; I will sell to quick buyer for $95 as I am in need of ready cash. E 32, Boston American.

$125—Chickering—$125

THIS PIANO has a magnificent tone and looks like new. Call and see it. L 100, Boston American.

RELIABLE PARTY would like use of upright piano for storage; best of care taken. D 2, Boston American.

RENT A PIANO—3 months, $10; allow rent within one year toward purchase of that or any piano you may select; square, $5; or $60; organs, $3 and $4 per month. WOOD PIANO CO., 180 Tremont st.; second-hand, BLAKE'S, 564 Washington st.; elevator; established 1859.

LADY WILL SELL for beautiful Steinway upright piano; has the sun stood in front and is strongly moral; money. Apply to 76, Boston American.

WE WANT to sell upright pianos; made by Hazelton Bros.; offer refused; can be seen any time. G 26, Boston American.

REAL ESTATE

BRADSHAW & CO FARMS

ANYWHERE in New England, over 500 to select from; reliable information; 212 pages in Bradshaw's Great Farm Book; have you a farm to sell? If so, send description and price at once for free publication; don't wait. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont st.

$750 for this 60-acre farm at Barre, Mass.; good house and barn, lots of wood, good neighbors, 2 miles to a town; this is a snap. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont st.

35 TONS HAY with this 85-acre farm at Derry, N. H., keeps 2 cows and 2 horses, cuts 35 tons hay, good house and barn, 2 miles to station; this is worth looking into; price $2,400; easy terms. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont st.

FRUIT and stock farm, with 10 acres best building site in Massachusetts, one large mansion, 2 barns, fine location, will exchange or sell on easy terms. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont st.

A MODERN 8-room house only 7 miles out, to exchange for a small farm, village place, lodging house or store. fine location, all train service. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont st.

BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont St.

WM. N. FOLSOM. MELROSE HIGHLANDS. 400 ACRES—ENNISKILLEN—400 ACRES. CARRIAGE ALWAYS AT THE DOOR.

7-ROOM HOUSE, steam heat, open plumbing, piazza, stable, sewer, 5-min. to car, good condition; in very desirable high location; plenty of shrubs and trees; owner moved to city and must sell; price $3,000 to $2,500 for quick sale. WM. N. FOLSOM, Melrose Highlands.

10-ROOM HOUSE, all improvements, 12,000 ft. land, plenty of fruit, stable, 2 minutes to car; assessed $5,200; price $3,750. WM. N. FOLSOM, Melrose Highlands.

155 JEFFERSON AVE., EVERETT—8-room, 2-family house, newly painted and papered, first-class condition, lawn and yard, for $2,000; $100 down, $20 per month; big bargain. Wm. N. FOLSOM, Melrose Highlands.

8-ROOM HOUSE, all improvements, first-class condition, newly papered and painted, 16,000 ft. land, extra lot, 5 minutes to electric; price $4,000, worth $4,600. WM. N. FOLSOM, Melrose Highlands.

212 MADISON ST., REVERE—One-half 4-family house, all improvements, all finish, both rented $30 per month; whole building cost former owner $6,000; will sell for $3,000; $100 down, $30 per month. WM. N. FOLSOM, Melrose Highlands.

So. Boston Bargains W. J. FITZ GERALD 429 Broadway SOUTH BOSTON

GOOD 3-family house, 18 rooms, all improvements, on Pratt street at the Point; price $6,000. W. J. FITZ GERALD.

DORCHESTER—New 3-family house, 18 rooms, all improvements, hot water, churches, cars; price $5,500. W. J. FITZ GERALD.

80, BOSTON—Good 3-family house at the Point, 18 rooms, all improvements, always let; price $2,800. W. J. FITZ GERALD.

DORCHESTER—2-family house, 14 rooms, all improvements, all let; price $4,000. W. J. FITZ GERALD.

80, BOSTON—Good 2-family house, 11 rooms and bath, handy to Thomas Park; price $3,600. W. J. FITZ GERALD.

DORCHESTER—Good 2-family house, 14 rooms, in first-class shape, near St. Margaret's Church; price $5,000. W. J. FITZ GERALD.

Some Elegenat Residences.

To be sacrificed on account of the lateness of the season. If you will buy for a home or investment this Fall, at all events you will have to do this Fall, as all property will be considerably higher in the Spring. Here's an elegant large house, all modern, two-family, hot water heated, papered, worth $7,000, for $4,500; easy terms. Another large house, all modern, $6,000 feet land, centre of city, assessed $11,000, for $5,000. Several 2-family houses, all modern, from $3,000 to $4,000 each; easy terms. Two 3-family houses, all modern, one two-family house, well located, for one or the two, let your own price. I have lots of good investment properties. FREE FOR EVERETT. Apply to

ARTHUR T. HILLS 53 STATE ST., OFFERS For Sale or Exchange

WARRENTON ST.—Brick block, assessed $30,000.

WEST RUTLAND SQ.—House rented $800 yr.

FRANCIS ST.—Apartment houses, rent $7000 yr.

BLUE HILL AVE.—Stores and apartments; rents $5000 year; price $55,000.

COPELAND ST., ROX.—Modern 4-family house.

ALLSTON—3-family house, rents $485 year.

DALE ST., ROX.—12,000 sq. ft. land, $50,000 Sq. Ft. LAND, assessed $85,000.

ALL the above properties will be sold at a great sacrifice. Don't write, but call at once and get a decided bargain. Money to loan on improved. ARTHUR T. HILLS, 53 State st.

FARMS $2 DOWN, $1 WEEK.

$100; 10 acres; good farm or small home; fruit and early vegetables, team 2 feet deep, can make a living on the fact that we have 5 churches, 2 factories and steam cars, grand sea view. G. W. BARTLETT, 89 Court st.

$200—$5 down, $5 month, house, barn, ¼ acre, lake front. BARTLETT, 89 Court st.

$300—$5 down, $5 month, farm of 100 acres. BARTLETT, 89 Court st.

$6,000, $300 down, half cost, elegant brick and stone residence, 10 rooms, all modern conveniences, fine neighborhood, can be inspected by doctor's stand. BARTLETT, 89 Court st.

DID YOU EVER stop to consider instead of paying rent how little you could own a home? Now is the time for cash buyers; good lot of land, for $200; $100 down, balance $10 per month. 528 Old South Bldg.

2-FAMILY, 11-room house, ¾ acre of land, new rented; $1100 down, balance $12 monthly; sec it at once. 528 Old South Bldg.

ROXBURY CROSSING—6-flat house, all improvements, all rented, investment, chance of your life; must say terms. 528 Old South.

1-FAMILY HOUSE, Dorchester, 10 rooms, up-to-date; $1000 down, $700 down; must go at once. 528 Old South Bldg.

MILDRED, 87,128 ft. of land, 41 location; terms to suit. 528 Old South Bldg.

4 BRICK HOUSES, 12 flats, all improvements, rent $1464 monthly, assessed $19,800; must offer; would take part in exchange. 528 Old South Bldg.

WANTED—Lodging house or store in exchange for real estate. 528 Old South.

10-ROOM brick house, Shawmut av., at a sacrifice. Room 528 Old South.

14-ROOM brick house, all rented, must sell. Room 528 Old South Bldg.

WANTED—Lodging house or store in exchange for real estate. 528 Old South.

10 TONS of good hay, must sell at once. 528 Old South bldg.

VERMONT FARMS.

STOCK, tools and crops with this 220-acre farm at Bethel, Vt.; 100 acres mowing, horses, calves all hay and fodder to winter the same; complete set buildings; price only $3,500. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont st.

114-ACRE Farm, Andover, Vt., near Ludlow, R. R. station; 50 acres mowing, 40 pasture, 24 tillage, 10 wood corn and grain land, occupied and tilled; 2-story house, 10 rooms; barn 36x60; price $2,000. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont st.

VILLAGE HOME—Brookfield, Mass., a nice, 7-room house, painted and blinded, double windows, nice lawn, wooded at back; fine neighborhood, delightful, very near stores, churches, etc.; price $800; easy terms. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont St., Mass.

BROOKFIELD, Mass.—105 acres, with good 10-room house, fine lawn and shade, 2 barns, 30x60, 40, cow-tight house, pasturing, woodland, etc., 4 miles to large lake, borders large river, fine location; price $2,000. BRADSHAW & CO., 101 Tremont st.

E. F. PRATT 244 WASHINGTON STREET. Telephone 3301 Main.

GREAT SACRIFICE HOUSE AND STABLE

IN MALDEN, nearly new house, has 9 rooms, bath and latest improvements, set tubs, hardwood finish throughout, cellar, furnace, shades and plazzas; in 7,200 feet of land, with stable and carriage house; must be sold at once; cash, $1,650; owner, Box 1, E. F. PRATT, room 62, Globe bldg.

MALDEN

7-ROOM house, bath and all improvements, West End; price $2,300; easy terms. E. F. PRATT, room 62, Globe bldg.

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE

MIGHT EXCHANGE for investment property, 8-room house, bath, set tubs, hot water heat, fine land, all front, corner; good for store property; situated at Stone's Bridge from depot; electric cars the door; 5 cents fare; the property is adapted at present for a residence, a boarding house or saloon; must be seen to be appreciated.

Dorchester Bargains R. S. FITZ GERALD 235 Bowdoin St., Dorchester NEAR HAMILTON ST.

NEW 3-family house, 15 rooms, all improvements, handy to churches, cars and stores; $5,200. R. S. FITZ GERALD.

NEW 2-family, 15 rooms, all improvements, fine location; price $5,700. R. S. FITZ GERALD.

NEW 2-family house, 18 rooms, all improvements, in good neighborhood; price $6,000. R. S. FITZ GERALD.

NEW 3-family house, 12 rooms, all improvements, hot-water heat, in good neighborhood; price $6,000. R. S. FITZ GERALD.

GOOD HOME—1-family house, 10 rooms and bath, all improvements, fine location; price $4,000. R. S. FITZ GERALD.

BEAUTIFUL 2-family house, 18 rooms, all improvements, built by the day; owner going to retire; price $8,000. R. S. FITZ GERALD.

20 ACRES, S.C. h., barn, street cars pass, city water, fruit, healthy, $2,500. D. J. CRONAN, Milford, Mass.

A CORN CRACKER, 20 acres, 12 in planting land, 100 peach trees, 2 acres grapes, 1,500 peach trees in 1905; picks 25 to 35 bbls. apples; wood for 10c.; village, blinded cottage, 11 rooms, bath, set tubs, hot-water heat, 2 fireplaces, hardwood finish throughout, large lot of hay; horse, cow, farm implements and tools; all for $2,000; terms easy; 1 mile to Milford; morning and evening mail; the most complete set of plows, harrows, chains, forks and small implements ever seen; a snap; 2 miles to electric cars; cash or exchange for city; 25 miles from Boston. D. J. CRONAN, Milford, Mass.

FOR SALE—1,000 cords of wood and timber to cut now; 7 high-grade cows, horse, all tools; 2-family house, 7 rooms each, all modern; 2 farms, 25 cows, 10-room house, 2 barns, 4 elegant farmhouses, here are everything; come to see me. I'll make a fierce bargain. D. J. CRONAN, Milford, Mass.

D. J. DALY 83 SAVIN HILL AVE., DORCHESTER.

2-FAMILY HOUSE, 20 rooms, all im.; convenient location, 5 minutes from steam and electric cars; rents for $612; price $3,900.

A very good trade. D. J. DALY.

NEW 2-family house, 15 rooms, all modern improvements; handy and convenient location; price $5,000; terms, one-third cash, balance to suit purchaser. D. J. DALY.

2-FAMILY HOUSE, 11 rooms; first-class location; all one and two-family houses on the street; near steam and electric cars; just the place for a fine home and convenient for an income; only two years; price, $4,000. D. J. DALY, 83 Savin Hill ave.

RUSH & CO., 1,752 Dorchester Ave.

BEAUTIFUL HOUSE 13 rooms, all modern improvements, open fireplaces, large stable and carriage room, 22,750 ft. land, fine location for cattle, cost about $20,000, will sell for $11,250, splendid proposition.

2-FAMILY MODERN HOUSE, 2 minutes to steam and elec. cars, always ready to lend to tenants; owner wants to sell at once; $5,100 takes it, a bargain. RUSH & CO.

50,000 FEET LAND; Neponset ave., near King and Bird; large frontage and depth; great opportunity for factory; price $2,000. Apply to RUSH & CO., 1782 Dorchester ave.

$2,000 BELOW COST

DESIRABLE HOUSE just off Warren street, all modern conveniences, hot water heat and improvements and cost; owner must sell; must place for a man of moderate means; terms easy. BERTRAM STAVTON, 2 Ames Building.

A $3,500 BARGAIN

DORCHESTER HOUSE, 8 rooms, all improvements, steam heat and large lot; owner must sell. Inquire E. BERTRAM NEWTON, 94 Ames Building.

PAY RENT NO MORE

WE sell you a home anywhere you choose; small payment down, balance like rent.

MONEY always on hand for loans; water rates and covered foundations.

WE BUY MORTGAGES, mortgages negotiated, estates, run down business, property without tenants, rents collected, and all kinds of business transacted. Money loaned at 2 per cent.

HOMESTEAD CO., 258 Washington st., Room 2.

APARTMENTS.

DORCHESTER—Well rented, well located, near everything, rents $1,140, bank rate, $9,500 at 12.

DORCHESTER—Rents $1,200, price $10,500, H. B. HAMMOND, 1,000 Dorchester ave.

LAND.

SEVERAL choice corner lots for brick apartments now for sale on the first time for this purpose. H. B. HAMMOND, 1,000 Dorchester ave.

$10—HOUSE LOTS—$10

23 choice house lots at Silver Lake Park—only $1 down and 20 cents a week; on line electric cars; a chance of your life to get a fine house lot for $10; free tickets to see lots any day. F. V. HOVEY, 89 Court st.

18 ACRES farming land, five miles out, $400; only $100 down. HOVEY, 89 Court st.

FRANK S. MASON THOMPSON SQ. CHARLESTOWN.

$1,000—2-FAMILY FRAME HOUSE, 11 rooms, stabling. MASON, or J. H. KING, Salesman.

$1,100—2-FAMILY FRAME HOUSE, 9 rooms, 700 sq. ft. land, rents $14 mo. MASON.

$1,300—SINGLE FRAME HOUSE, 8 rooms, rents $14 mo. MASON. Thompson Sq., or KING.

$1,400—11-ROOM HOUSE, 900 sq. ft. land, rents for $216 a year. MASON.

$1,500—NEAR HIGH ST., 6-room house, fine rents, easy terms. MASON.

$1,600—2 FAM. HOUSE, only $800 cash needed, rents $216 yr. MASON.

$1,700—2 FAM. HOUSE, 950 sq. ft. land, rents $264. MASON, Thompson sq., or KING.

$1,750—2-FAMILY HOUSE, 823 sq. ft. land, rents $222. MASON, Thompson sq.

$2,000—COSEY 2-FAM. HOUSE, 10 rooms and bath, 1,197 sq. ft. land, rents $252. MASON.

$2,200—ON RUSSELL ST., nice 1-family house 6 rooms. MASON, Thompson sq., or Mr. KING.

$2,400—2-FAMILY FRAME HOUSE, 11 rooms, rents $288 year steadily. MASON.

$2,500—2-FAMILY FRAME DWELLING, 10 rooms, rents for $312. Owner on the premises. MASON.

P. F. LELAND

HEADQUARTERS for farms, summer homes, shooting camps and country real estate of every description; 1,000 farms to select from; send for circular; free upon receipt of address. LELAND, 113 Devonshire st.

IMPERATIVE ORDERS

To close out every kind of kinds of modern trains, every fare to season ticket, $, mile to all parts of Boston. Address P. F. LELAND, 113 Devonshire st., Room 1, Boston. Such a chance as this, $1,650, easy terms; can show four similar beautiful mansion house and stable; free upon receipt of address. LELAND, 113 Devonshire st.

PAINTING and PHOTO all office of 90-acre farmers' exchange, 4 minutes' walk from Norfolk county city market; rich land, spring water, 2 miles to electric cars; 5 cents fare; farms circular free upon receipt of address. P. F. LELAND, 113 Devonshire st.

C. E. JENNINGS

2-FAMILY HOUSE, $300 DOWN AND $15 A MONTH—14 rooms, 2 baths, near Blue Hill ave. and Intervale st.; price $5,000. C. E. JENNINGS, 444 Broadway, Everett, or 1,004 Old South Bldg.

$1900. HOUSE AND STABLE

7 ROOMS, newly painted, large lot, near school and car; $100 down. C. E. JENNINGS, 1,004 Old South Bldg.

EVERETT, 281 Chelsea St., $3000

8-ROOM house, all modern conveniences, hot water heat, nice yard, 2,000 feet land; 200 feet deep; price $3,000. C. E. JENNINGS, 1,004 Old South Bldg., or 444 Broadway, Everett.

EVERETT, 23 Clinton St., $2500

9 ROOMS, bath, furnace, shades and range; in A1 condition; price $2,500. C. E. JENNINGS, 1,004 Old South Bldg., or 444 Broadway, Everett.

HEIRS CAN BORROW on or sell their interest; investigate; lots of money to loan on improved property; the best for the security the lower the rate." C. E. JENNINGS, 1,004 Old South.

$1,000 PROFIT. CAN SHOW IT.

CARPENTER, Monday morning only — Don't miss this; 6-room house, all modern, lot 4,000 feet; can move in by buying this 4-room house, pay $100 down, rest like rent; many other bargains. C. E. JENNINGS, 1,004 Old South Bldg.

MONEY always on hand for mortgages. H. H. J. CONNINGTON, No. 60 State st.

H. H. J. CONNINGTON, NO. 60 STATE STREET. TEL. MAIN 2,609.

LOST—Gold brooch, gold bead set with 4 diamonds; $5 reward. B 92, Boston American.

SEWING MACHINES.

Set solid, 15c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

ALL MAKES—Second-hand, $3 to $10, new, $17.50 to $25; machines rented, repaired, exchanged, bought, sold. ROXBURY SEWING MACHINE AGENCY, 2,394 Washington st., opp. Dudley st. station, telephone Roxbury 834-3.

SPORTING GOODS.

Set solid, 15c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

REMINGTON AND STEVENS single shot rifles, $10 to $20; Stevens repeating rifles, $15 to $30; ammunition wholesale and retail dealers; send for catalogue and prices. F. B. BLAKE CO., 73 Sudbury.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Set solid, 15c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

Hypnotism (Hindoo method) taught by mail; Magnetism and Mesmerism; 10 lessons, $5. MARCHAND, 1104 Tremont st.

THE BALL ROOM.

Set solid, 15c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

BY FAR THE BEST and most select school in Boston; Professor Hennessey, Academy of Music; private; beginners take any time; private lessons day or evening; will go to your residence or gentlemen teacher; send for circular. 176 Tremont st.

TYPEWRITERS.

Set solid, 15c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

SAVE MONEY—Good machines; write or call. TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, 38 Bromfield st.

JOHN B. McKENNA, 24 COURT STREET

$1,100 BUYS nice 7-room cottage at Winter Hill, Somerville; $200 down, balance on easy monthly payments; sunny lot; rents $12. McKENNA, 24 Court st.

$1,750 BUYS this little gem of a house, 6 rooms, bath, set tubs, hot water heat, open plumbing, one elaborate built in wall, enameled cellar, and piazza; $500 down, balance monthly payments; rents, balance can remain on mortgage. McKENNA, 24 Court st.

$200 CASH buys modernized building (nearly completed) in Everett; this is a good chance for a builder and a bargain. McKENNA, 24 Court st.

$3,000 BUYS nice 2-family house in somerville, square; 6 rooms, nice lot of land, good neighborhood, handy to both steam and electric cars; rents $36 per month; on monthly payments, same as rent. McKENNA, 24 Court st.

$3,000 BUYS nice 3-family block, 4 rooms and bath to each tenement, with set tubs, shed in the rear of each suite to hang clothes in, all in good condition, rents $36 per month; lot 2,000 feet; will sell and take $500 down, balance like rent; here is a rare opportunity to own a home and let the rent pay for it. McKENNA, 24 Court st.

$200 BUYS nice building lot at Revere Beach, corner, 50 feet front, 100 feet deep; this is one of the best locations in Revere; offers will be made to easy payments, either weekly or monthly. McKENNA, 24 Court st.

I HAVE a large number of houses in Boston, Brighton, Dorchester, Everett, Somerville, Chelsea, Revere and Winthrop, and it will pay you to call and see me before you purchase. If you are in the market to buy, either for investment or a home, call on me. McKENNA, 24 Court st.

FOR SALE—Three-flat brick house, located on Westminster st., Roxbury; well rented to good tenants; price $7,500. $1,500 or less down. McKENNA 24 Court st.

ROBERT LAWTON

78 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, AND 129 MAIN ST., FITCHBURG, MASS. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

IN CENTRE of handsome town, colonial estate, 2 acres; 9 rooms, modern conveniences, hot water heat, open fires, stable, sewer, water, stable and carriage house; this is a most desirable home; land has abundance fruit, many elde spreading trees; price $6,000; part cash. ROBERT LAWTON, 78 Tremont st.

GRAND VIEW; near neighbors, mile from station; 10 rooms, bath, set tubs, hot water heat, stable and carriage house, beautifully shaded lawn, fine garden, one acre land, some fruit; charming outlook; price $4,500; terms to suit purchaser; or good all year round; price $700. ROBERT LAWTON, 78 Tremont st.

CHARMING ESTATE, delightful locality near two Boston roads, within 10 minutes, 10 rooms, bath, hardwood finish throughout, open fireplaces, stable and carriage house, 2 acres land, in rear 350-ft. width, two cellars; 25 acres land, produces 100 tons hay; price $10,000; terms to suit; handsome building brook flows through it; one of the choice places in Middlesex county. ROBERT LAWTON, 78 Tremont st.

NEAR station, 2 minutes to electric, high land, open, unobstructed view, 10,000 square feet, fine shade trees, convenient to 2 churches, 2 stores; 9-room house, modern conveniences, open fireplace, brood piazza, stable and carriage house; price $3,500, $1,000 cash. ROBERT LAWTON, 78 Tremont st. Also for sale, R. H. FARWELL, 129 Main st., Fitchburg, Mass.

H. H. J. CONNINGTON, NO. 60 STATE STREET. TEL. MAIN 2,609.

DORCHESTER.

BELOW cost; beautiful single house and large lot, 9 rooms and all; set stranged baths; sacrifice; owner must sell; this is a rare opportunity for the money. H. H. J. CONNINGTON, No. 60 State st.

HARLEM—Fine 2-family house, 7 rooms each, latest type 5-family house, 18 rooms, location A1, located to separate, big profits; price $9,000. H. H. J. CONNINGTON, No. 60 State st.

ROXBURY.

BRAND new 2-family house on very desirable corner, 14 rooms, conveniences modern in every respect; price $5,000. H. H. J. CONNINGTON, No. 60 State st.

BUTCHER ST., wood three apartment, all modern throughout, 18 rooms, rented for $1,140; price $10,000; terms, $2,000 cash. H. H. J. CONNINGTON, No. 60 State st.

SINGLE HOUSE, well located, 13 rooms, fine lot, must be sold; price low. H. H. J. CONNINGTON, No. 60 State st.

MONEY always on hand for mortgages. H. H. J. CONNINGTON, No. 60 State st.

IF ADAM AND EVE had owned Parallax instead of being "tenants at will" they would have been turned out Monday morning your own home.

Here, Somerville—only 12 miles to Boston on State road and electrics, old style cottage of 11 rooms, lined and papered throughout, open plumbing and heaters; plenty shade trees; 10 large fruit trees, 2 acres land, 2 stables, 2 sheds, 1 chicken house; land will produce hay and corn; 3 acres wood and pasture; nice little brook running through it; good location that we place only with a responsible man; he can raise lots of vegetables and hay; all kinds of fruit, large and small; 2 cows, horse, harness, one, good pasture,

STUDY YOUR PRESENT CONDITION!

Do you want anything? Have you anything to sell or exchange? The party is here who has what you want and wants what you have.

DIRECTORY OF WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

AGENTS WANTED.

Set solid, 10c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

$—DOLLARS—$ IN MUSHROOMS

FOR EVERYBODY, either sex, entirely grown at home in cellars, stables, sheds, barns, entire year, no transfer, no capital needed, large farming or gardening, spare time or all time, we teach you, furnish stock, buy crop, booklet free. Address Dept. 40, EASTERN IMP. CO., Brandon Mass.

AGENTS WANTED for our $5.00 Automatic Sewing Awl; makes 2 stitches; 1,000 per day. Sells at sight; 200 per cent profit; one agent reports 20 machines sold in one day. A factory to every A. E. State still unoccupied; write for terms and particulars. A. M. SIMONDS, 53 Friend Head, 4 Liberty Square, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—To sell on sight or commission; the greatest seller ever produced; 4872 sales in one day; one agent reports 30 sales in 2 hours; 1 agent reports 7 sales in 1 hour; 1 agent reports 1,000 sales in 1 week; over 200 to town; MONROE MFG. CO., X 202, La Crosse, Wis.

AGENTS on salary or commission; the greatest article ever produced; 4872 sales in one day; one agent reports 30 sales in 2 hours; 1 agent reports 7 sales in 1 hour; 1 agent reports 1,000 sales in 1 week; over 200 to town; MONROE MFG. CO., X 202, La Crosse, Wis.

AGENTS—Sell your spare time or all time; big profit; exclusive territory; wonderful novelty; agents coining money; Parker Chemical Co., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—To quote you on our wood Sapphire stove; write for prices. DUNDEE MFG. CO., 29 Park St., Dundee, Mass.

AGENTS—Mexican Fire Opals; examination absolutely free; send no money; we trust everybody; 100% profit; Dr. Laszlo, Inventor, Madison Square.

AGENTS wanted for photo. checks, but sellers. Call or write 47 Hanover st., Boston, Room 6.

AGENTS to sell shoes from factory to consumer. CURTIS SHOE CO., Nantucket, Mass.

A BIG bonanza for Catholic agents; something entirely new; goods wanted in every town. HAYDEN, 19 Barclay st., New York.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTY CATALOGUE and Monthly Magazine for 10 cents silver, catalogue alone 2 cents. F. COMPANY, Boston.

SALESMEN wanted everywhere to handle Novelty Knife Sharpener; sells on sight; every store a prospect; sample 25 cents. KNIFE SHARPENER CO., 11 Le Yan Co., 1159 Maplewood av., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN—Advertising novelties; short article; any trade; a week taking orders; no collecting. SHELBY CUTLERY CO., Box 1, Shelby, Ohio.

SCHEMES and Fakes of America, book of mail order agents and dealers' secrets, 10 cents. Banker roll of dollar getting ideas, postpaid 10c. JACKSON, 2038 Madison av., Rm. 321 Hamlen, Chicago.

SIDE LINE (leading men can make $25 to $50 per week carrying side line of goods; no peddling; nothing like our exclusive and special designs; exclusive specialty of each town. The TRI-PERTHAS COMPANY, Pan Depot, Ste. H, Boston.

SUCCESSFUL ads explained; saves one-third expense; booklet free. ADVERTISING EXPERT, 1 Madison av., New York. Agents wanted. SYLVANIA INJECTOR SUPPLY CO., Toledo, O.

WANTED—Customers to sell the finest self-raising family and other pastry; send or call for sample. F. A. MOORE, 167 Washington st., Boston.

WANTED—Trustworthy man or woman for small local office; we train our own people; weekly cash salary; steady. Local Dept., 225 N. 24 st., St. Louis.

WANTED—Energetic agent in each town to introduce our goods; good salary paid. BERKEY CHEMICAL CO., Chicago.

WE CAN PROVE that our general agents make $25 per day; if you are looking less than $100 per month don't write us; if you mean business and mean to do it, we will prove it to you; address at once, GEO. A. SCOTT & CO., 1 Madison av., New York.

$10 PAID per 100 for distributing circulars sent us; no canvassing; send stamp for particulars. F. FRANKLIN CO., Balt., Md.

$20 WEEK steady; dedicated easy to sell; every family wants; office for canvassing agents; exclusive territory; permanent position. BRADFORD & CO., 14, Cincinnati, O.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

Set solid, 5c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

A YOUNG MAN, having three days a week to New York city, would like to hear from some responsible party who would like to have goods sold there; reference, H. H. Boston Advertiser.

ARMENIAN YOUNG MAN, 19, strong, healthy, willing to work at anything, wishes to work on private family; hours about afternoon; salary moderate. Address ARMENIAN, 1 Bellevue, Malden, Mass. cn. Boston.

BAKER—situation wanted, by baker, to go out of town and sell steady bath. G. HAGER, 212 Broadway.

BARBER—First-class young man wishes position in first-class barber shop; can furnish best of references. Address BARBER, 1 Bellevue st., Boston.

BOOKKEEPER and cashier of long experience wishes position; can furnish best of references as to honesty and ability; salary reasonable. Address BOOKKEEPER, 1 Bellevue st., Boston.

COACHMAN wishes a situation; thoroughly competent; strictly sober and reliable; can furnish best of references. Address A. C. P., No. 30 Rickenbill st., Boston.

COACHMAN, Scotch, married, wife a dressmaker; understands thoroughly care of horses; also gardening; can furnish best of references; would be useful; best references. Address COACHMAN, 1 Bellevue st., Boston.

A COACHMAN or general man wants situation in private family; understands horses, gardening, and whatever pertains; strong and obliging; good references. Address J. H. S., 1 Bellevue st., Boston, Mass.

CHOREMAN—A lady wishes to find another place for choreman; she can highly recommend. Apply at 277 Dartmouth st., between 9 and 10 a. m. and 4 and 5 p. m.

COACHMAN—Having given up my horses, I would like a situation for my coachman; he has been with me for the last year; he is a trustworthy man and a good driver; reference. Address COACHMAN, 1 Bellevue st., Boston.

COACHMAN wants place in neighborhood of 12 Marlboro st.; has had charge of horses all the same address.

GENERAL MAN wants situation on private place; has experience, horses, cows and general help; good reference. JAMES, 21 Hall st., Jamaica Plain.

GENERAL MAN, Nova Scotian, 28, wishes position in small family; understands the care of horses and cows; reference. Address GENERAL MAN, 1 Bellevue st., Boston.

WANT A PLACE in a bakery as second hand. ALEX C. DE VAGNY, 8 Ash st.

A factory or store where a knowledge of shoes can be applied. Address A. B. C., 1 Bellevue st., Bellevue Hill, West Somerville, Mass.

YOUNG MAN—American young man especially trustworthy wishes position in private family; good reference. Address YOUNG MAN, 1 Bellevue st., Boston.

JAPANESE—First-class butler, wishes a position in a private family as cook; will keep everything neat and orderly. YOE, 62 Henley st., Charlestown.

MAN AND WIFE, English, seek situations as caretaker; wife cook; good references; no objection to children. G. J. W., 229 Shirley st., Boston.

MAN, 30, strictly temperate, would accept any position; good reference. Address MAN, 1 Bellevue st., Boston.

MAN, 36, wants position as general man on gentleman's place. A. H. No. 7 Lester place, Roxbury.

PAINTER, like to work for hotel or real estate office or first-class apartment building and white-wash ceilings; can furnish best of references; if you need good workman, call on H. 282 Broadway, Everett.

SOCIAL MAN—Not up in kinds of society, but in demand by all entertainers, 25 CECIL, 4 Hamilton Place, Boston.

WANTED—Position as coachman; 10 years' experience; can furnish best of references; strictly sober and reliable. Address COACHMAN, 1 Bellevue st., Boston.

WANTED—Position as coachman; 6

DIRECTORY OF WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

STUDY YOUR PRESENT CONDITION?

Do you want anything? Have you anything to sell or exchange? The party is here who has what you want and wants what you have.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Set solid, 15c. per line; displayed, 20c. per line.

BARGAINS IN LODGING ROOMS.

16 ROOMS and bath; partly furnished; must be sold; owner going South. Rent only $30; $250.

11 ROOMS and bath; best location at the South End for roomers; only $300.

16 ROOMS and bath; rooms always occupied; owner removing to New York; must sell; $500.

A LITTLE GEM; 9 sunny rooms, 12 rooms and bath; rooms all rented; $450.

PERIODICAL STORES, cigar and tobacco; news stands, bakeries, light groceries, confectionery, soda fountains. HARRIS & DOYLE, 36 Tremont st., South End.

"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS." OTHERS ARE MAKING MONEY, WHY NOT YOU?

$100.00 Invested in our "Conservative Plan" in Stocks, Grain, Cotton should make $1,000.00 profit in a month. Write for free booklet. Let us tell you. Valid Inv. Co., 125 Frick Building, Bankers and Brokers, Keystone Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

ALASKA gold fields are open for location and prospecting by American citizens, gold and bituminous coal lands; also timber lands. Maps and information secured and reports furnished. Write for particulars. ARTHUR JEROME, 381 Parrott bldg., San Francisco.

AN INCOME for the family, dividends from investments, secured by placing $1,000 to $5,000 in a business long established; write for particulars. Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

A BARBER SHOP for sale; 12 x 1 business location. Inquire of E. SELDEN, 1 Island st.

COLORADO MINES—Labor instead of advertising. Write for lists to RAYMOND & CO., Room 12 Odeon Bldg., Paris, Ky.

CIGAR STORE and restaurant for sale at a sacrifice; account sickness. S. G. HARTIG, 379 Blue Hill av., Roxbury.

$100.00 Invested in one

Cross English Leather Goods

NATURE abhors a duplicate—every one loves a gift of individuality. What you buy here is not duplicated elsewhere.

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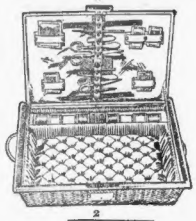
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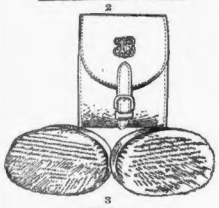
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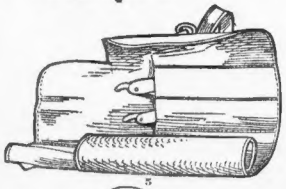
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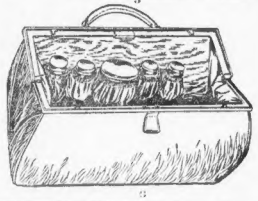
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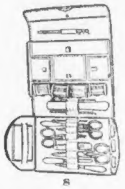
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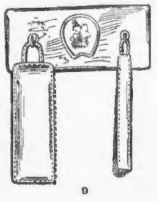
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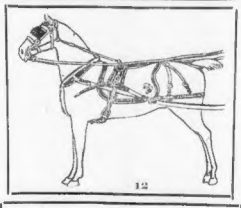
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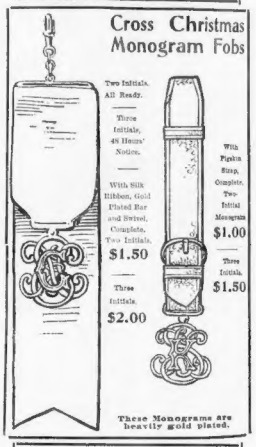
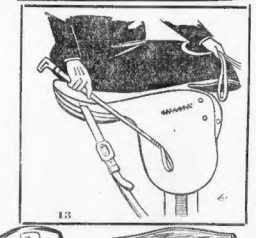
Cross Christmas Monogram Fobs

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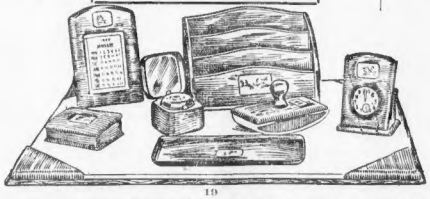
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Cross Metal Monograms

The Most Artistic in the World

LEND character and individuality to a gift. Two-initial heavily gold-plated Monogram—all ready to put on any article, 75 cents. Three initials—requires 48 hours' notice—$1.25.

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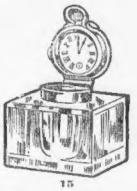
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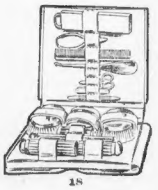
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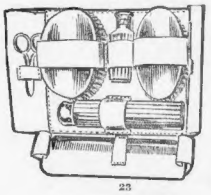
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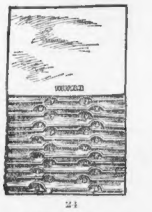
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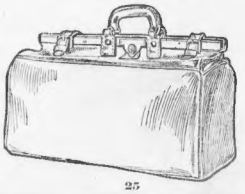
25

1. LADIES' ENGLISH BAGS—used for street or shopping—leather covered frame—green or black black Morocco or Pigskin—silk and leather lined From **$5.75**. As shown **$7.75**.

2. WORK BASKETS—Pigskin or English Morocco tops—lock and key—all necessary fittings for for sewing. From **$7.75**. As shown, **$15.50**.

3. MILITARY BRUSH CASES—hand sewn Bridle leather or Pigskin. From **$1.50**. As shown, **$2.50**.

Military Brushes—ebony or leather backs. The pair, from **$2.00**. As shown, **$4.50**.

4. BRIDGE BOXES—English Morocco or Pigskin—score sheets and compartments for cards. From **$2.50**. As shown, **$6.50**.

5. HAND SEWN PIGSKIN RAZOR ROLLS—lined with reindeer skin, excluding dampness—for 2, 4 or 7 razors. From **$2.00**. As shown, **$3.75**.

6. LADIES' FITTED TOILET BAGS—lightest weight made—2½ lbs.—Seal and Pigskin—black or brown—sold with or without fittings. From **$25.50**. Fittings extra, from **$10.50** up.

7. TOILET WATER AND PERFUME BOTTLES, in hand sewn Bridle Leather or Pigskin cases—for travelling or dresser. From **$4.75**. As shown, **$13.50**.

We have hundreds of other articles—each with character and good taste.

8. ENGLISH LEATHER SEWING CASE—compact for travelling—red or green English Morocco or Pigskin—all necessary fittings for sewing. From **$4.50**. As shown, **$14.75**.

9. LEATHER-BACK CLOTH AND HAT BRUSHES—light colored or black Pigskin or Walrus—Cloth Brushes, **$3.25** and **$3.75**. Hat Brushes, **$1.25** and **$1.75**. Brush Racks, with or without sporting reins. From **$4.75**. As shown, **$6.75**.

10. STIRRUP CLOCKS—nickel or gilt, with fair colored straps and crystal clocks. From **$4.50**. As shown, **$25.50**.

11. HANDKERCHIEF, GLOVE AND TIE CASES—red or green English Morocco or hand sewn Pigskin—lined with silk. From **$3.00**. As shown, **$6.00**.

12. CROSS LONDON HARNESS—made in our own workshops in England—the standard everywhere. Single Harness from **$65.00**. Double Harness from **$125.00**.

13. CROSS ENGLISH SADDLES—hand sewn—best pigskin. Men's Saddles from **$27.50**. Side Saddles from **$75.00**.

14. LADIES' STREET AND SHOPPING BAGS—gilt frame—with outside pocket, containing card case, purse and concave mirror—in Antelope, English Morocco, Pigskin, Walrus, Buffed Alligator or Lizard. From **$14.50**. As shown, **$14.50**.

ORDERS BY MAIL WILL HAVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

15. CUT GLASS INKSTAND, with watch in silver or nickel cover. From **$17.50**. As shown **$21.50**.

16. PLAIN LEATHER PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES—oval or square—to fit any size photograph—red or green Panne Calf, English Morocco or Pigskin. From **$1.75**. As shown, **$4.50**.

17. NICKEL STIRRUP AND WHISK BROOM—Pigskin handle, **$3.75**.

18. HAND SEWN ENGLISH PIGSKIN TOILET CASES—sterling silver fittings, **$50.00, $65.00, $100.00**. As shown, **$65.00**.

19. ENGLISH DESK SETS—red or green English Morocco or Pigskin. From **$10.50**. As shown, **$42.50**.

A MONOGRAM ADDS FIFTY PER CENT TO THE SENTIMENT AND APPEARANCE OF A GIFT.

This is an example of a few designs. They must be ordered early to get special attention and delivery.

20. HAND SEWN ENGLISH PIGSKIN CARD CASES. From **$1.00**. As shown—with 2-letter monogram, **$1.75**.

21. LADIES' HAND ENVELOPES—with Purses and Card Cases in red or black English Morocco, Pigskin, black Seal, Walrus, Buffed Alligator—silk lined. From **$4.50**. With mirror and Powder Puff, from **$8.50**. As shown, **$10.50**.

22. PIGSKIN JEWEL BOXES—hand sewn—lined with reindeer. From **$2.00**. As shown, **$10.75**.

23. HAND SEWN ENGLISH PIGSKIN TOILET ROLLS—Ebony and Electro Plated fittings. From **$6.50**. As shown, **$11.50**.

24. TELEPHONE PADS—red or green English Morocco—indexed blank pages for names most frequently called. From **$6.00**. As shown, **$6.00**.

25. CROSS KIT BAGS—English Grain Leather—lightest bag in the world for its capacity. From **$12.50**. As shown, **$26.75**.

MARK CROSS CO

The World's Greatest Leather Stores

DOWNTOWN
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Opposite City Hall, New York

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BOSTON.

UPTOWN
210 Fifth Avenue and 1,132 Broadway
Madison Square, New York